Redbook

SM

25 Cents

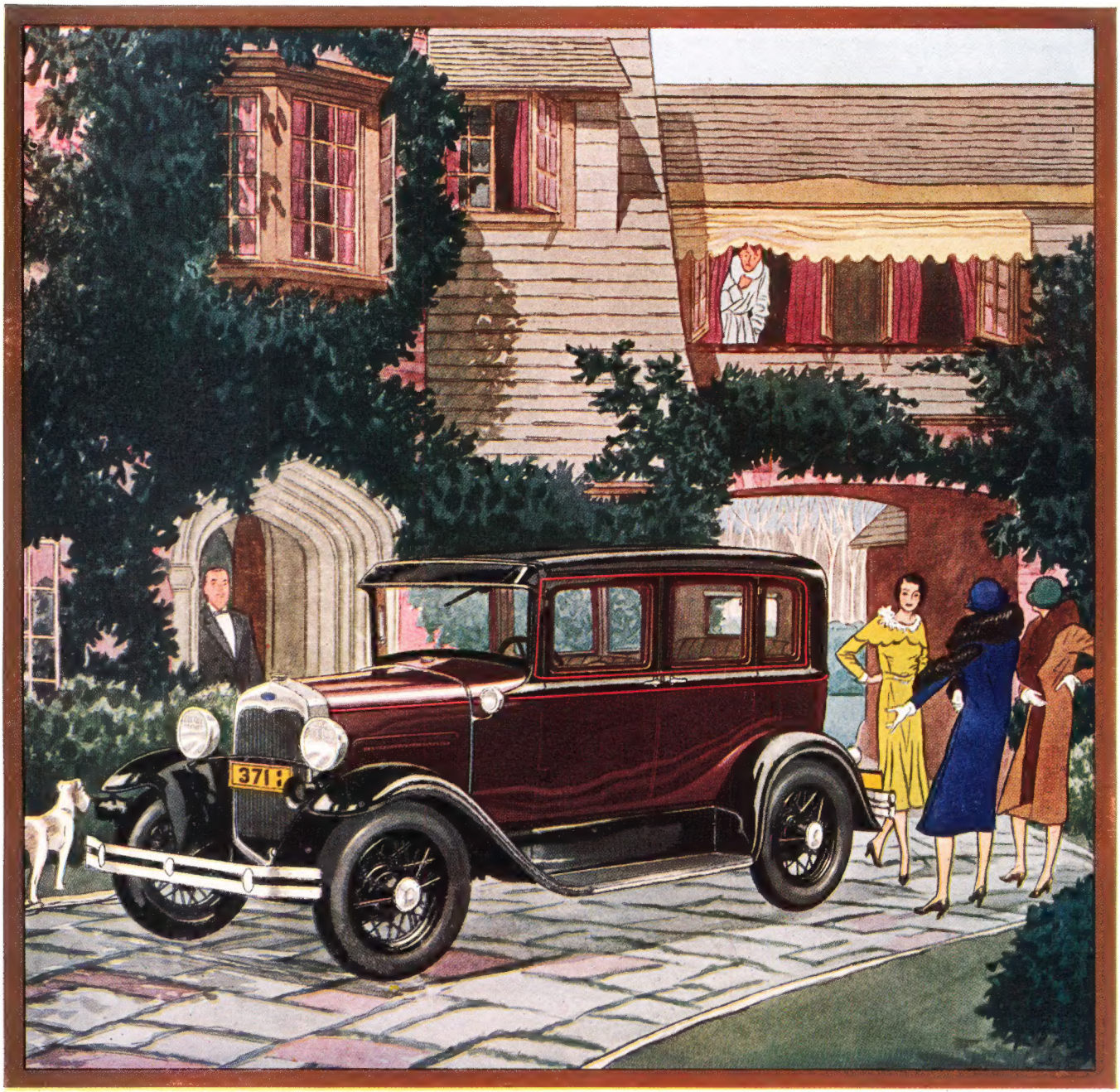
March 1930

SOME DAY HE'LL COME ALONG
by Phyllis Duganne

Bachelor Girl
by Elmer Davis

Sounds All Right
by Sam Hellman

New Beauty for the New Ford



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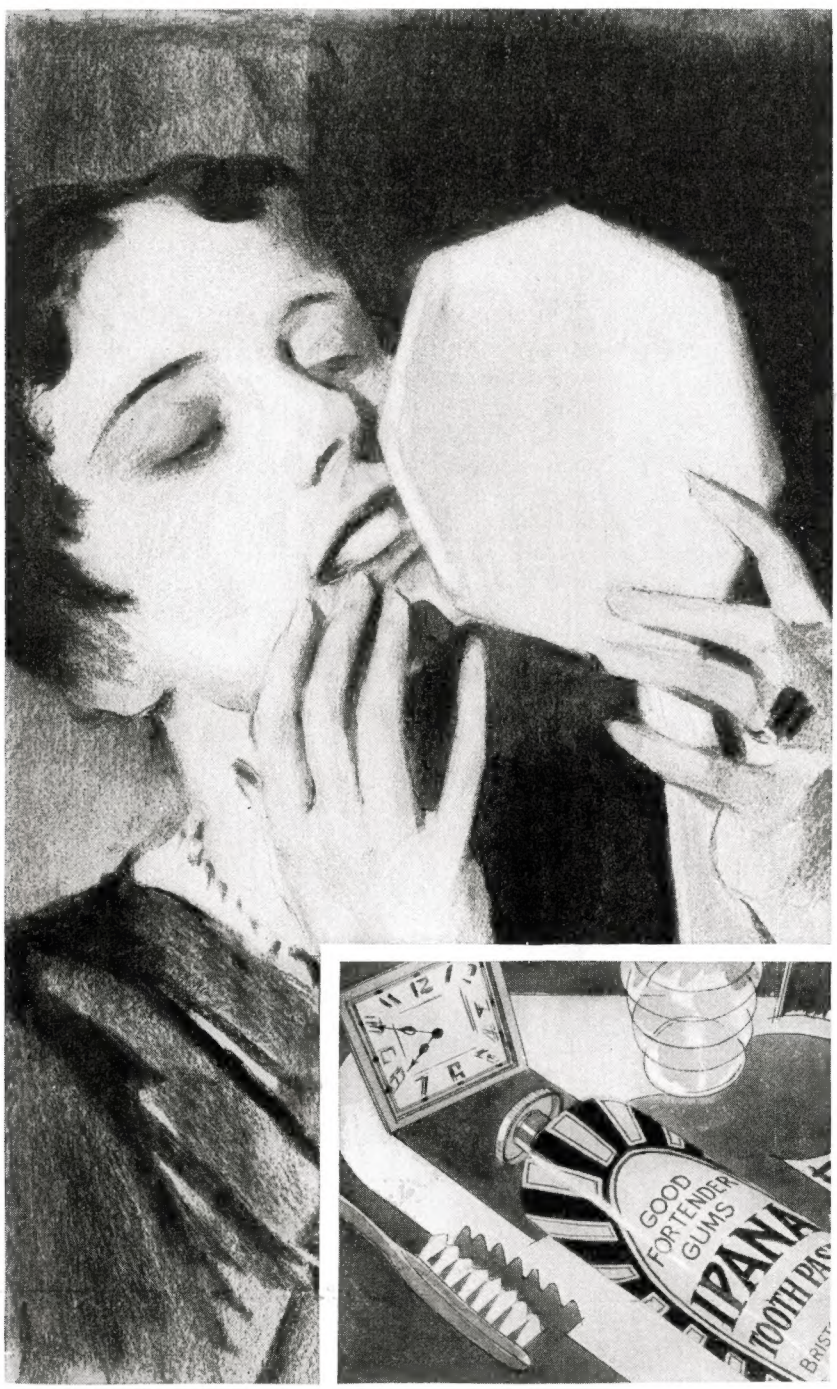

IPANA Tooth Paste

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IF your tooth brush "shows pink"—even ever so seldom—you can't neglect that sign and expect to escape scot-free from dental troubles far more serious!

For, as your dentist will tell you, gum troubles are on the rise. Every year unhealthy gums are responsible for the loss of thousands of outwardly strong, sound teeth. Gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even the dreaded but more infrequent pyorrhea, nearly always start with a slight bleeding, a tenderness and a softness of the gums.

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For Ipana has the power to tone and invigorate the gums while it cleans the teeth. Many dentists specify it as the agent for massage, for it contains ziratol, a stimulating hemostatic and antiseptic used by gum specialists for many years.

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LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Redbook

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Something very surprising and extraordinary begins next month with

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THE McCALL COMPANY, PUBLISHER, Redbook

JOHN C. STERLING, *Vice-President* — WILLIAM B. WARNER, *President and Treasurer* — FRANCIS HUTTER, *Secretary*

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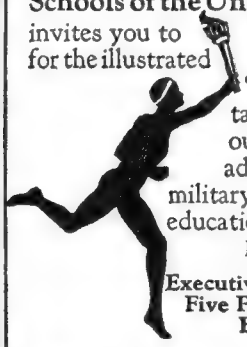

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80% of common dental ills now laid to germs

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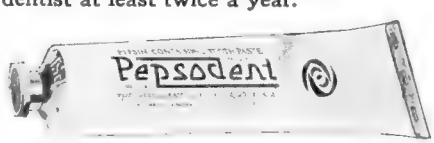

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The Captains and the Kings depart

An interpretation by José Segrelles

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The Captains and the Kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.

"Reproduced by permission of Rudyard Kipling"

THE occasion of the appearance of "Recessional" was the Jubilee which celebrated the longest reign of an English sovereign.

In 1887, when Queen Victoria had held the throne for fifty years, the empire had celebrated with splendid and solemn services in Westminster Abbey. Ten years later, when her reign had surpassed in length that of any other English ruler, the whole empire joined in the great Jubilee: Englishmen, Scotsmen, Irishmen, Welsh; Mounted Rifles from Victoria and New South Wales; from the Cape and from Natal and Canada. The Niger and Gold Coast and West India regiments marched in the pageant; zaptiehs from Cyprus, Chinese and Dyaks from British North Borneo; Imperial Service Troops sent by the native princes of India, and tall, swarthy Sikhs. The greatest fleet on the seas lay off Spithead: a hundred and sixty-five vessels of all classes drawn up in four lines, thirty miles long.

At this moment—definitely on the 17th of July, 1897—appeared in the London *Times* the tremendous "Recessional" by Rudyard Kipling, one of the sublime expressions of all time. The four lines which Mr. Segrelles has interpreted are from the second verse

TIME OUT

By ANGELO PATRI

Decoration by Franklin Booth

WHEN there is nothing to do, do it. That seems to be a very difficult idea for us to master: to let well enough alone, to take time out for self-communion, to rest and enjoy after bearing the burden and heat of the day, to drop all care and responsibility and invite the soul to take possession.

We get into the habit of working mechanically; and from there we get to believing that what we are doing involves the salvation of the world. Faster and faster we drive; closer and closer we bend to the task, making causes of routine affairs, accenting the ordinary, losing all sense of proportion.

The world will be saved without such labor. Growth is rhythmic, with long irregular pauses between spurts or waves of action. Work goes steadily forward for a time, and then comes a sense of letting down. It is time to rest, to take time out for recreation. But we shake our heads and doggedly plod on. So we come to utter confusion. Better to pause. Better to ride the crest of a wave, once having achieved it.

You remember how Shelley lay in the sunshine on the Italian hills day after day doing nothing at all? And you know now that he was brooding over the germ of a great poem, gathering his soul and substance out of the teeming silence, while his bustling neighbors stormed about his laziness. We have Shelley's poetry, but what have we of the bustling neighbors?

This power to step from under the yoke of labor is high art; and once, when we were children, we possessed it in all its dear perfection. For us the world and its fullness came first. It was for us that the sky was so high and so blue. For us the sun shone, and the wind sang among the tree-tops, and the sea whispered to the shore. It was for our enjoyment that night was wrapped in its infinite mantle of blue besprinkled with stars. The little creatures of field and forest were our cherished companions, and life was full to the brim, overflowing with care-free joy. It was then we knew the poetry that dwelt in doing nothing.

Overdoing brings tragic waste. It has cost farmers their crops because they cultivated the roots off the face of the earth, forgetting that there was a time to hoe and a time to withhold the hoe. It has cost parents their sons and daughters, because they failed to understand the principle of growth underlying their lapses from grace. It has cost employers time and money because they did not recognize the law that causes the rise and fall of power and its consequent waves of production, and adjust themselves to its principle. It has cost kings their crowns. Yet the law is as simple as it is fundamental. Shadow follows light; ebb follows flow; action is born of thought; rest follows labor.

It says more than that to the intelligent ear. It commands that we enjoy life in nature and civilization to the full. It commands us to hold a sane view of life and our relationship to it. It orders us to maintain the health of the body, and commit no sin against the spirit by starving it to death in mistaken zeal. It gives us authority to do nothing when there is nothing to do.

Illustrated by Mead Schaeffer

by Arthur D. Howden Smith

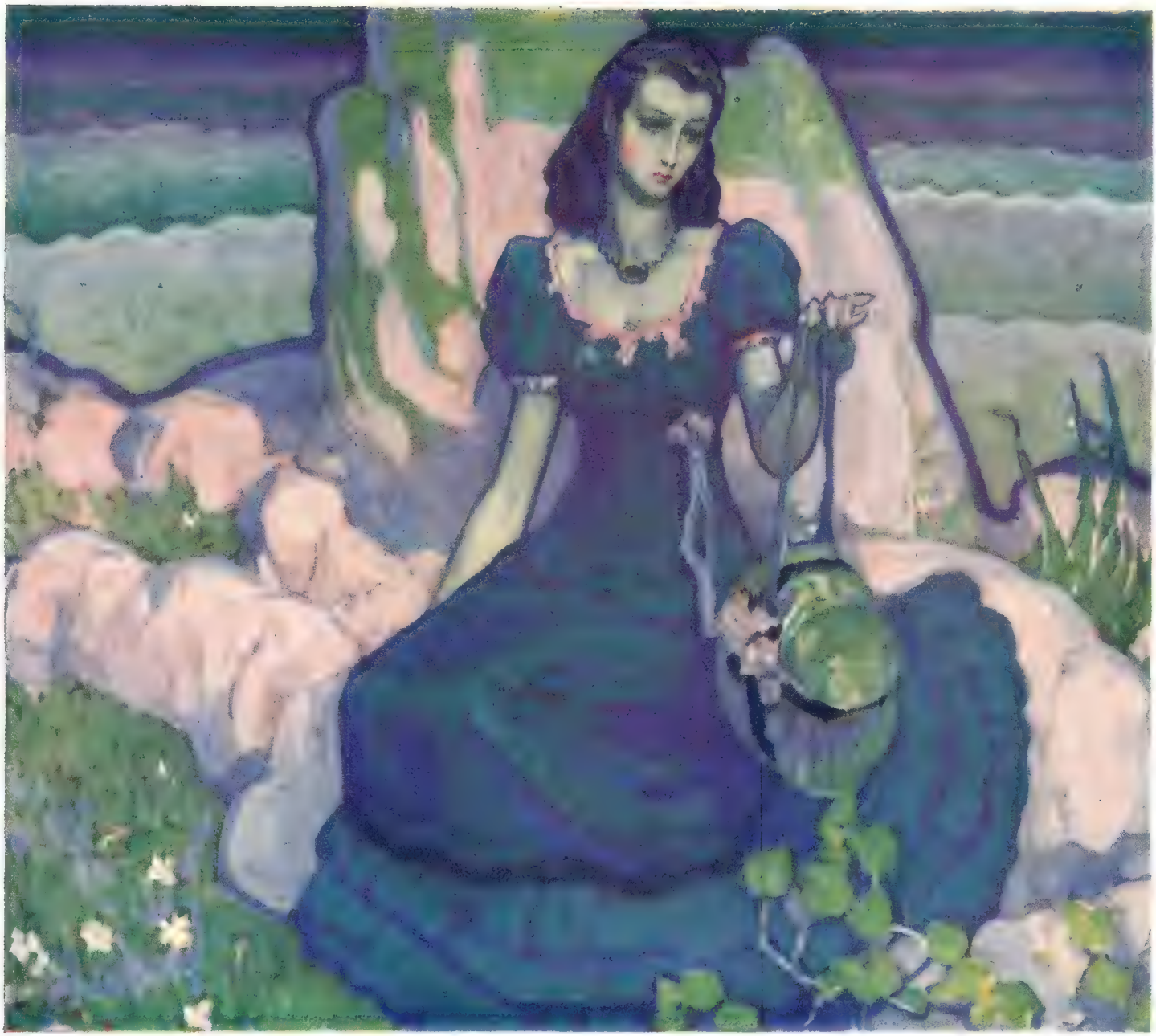
Women America Remembers—

III. Peggy O'Neil—

Third in a series of intimate portraits of women famous for personality, beauty, wit or audacity, or because of the tragedy left in their train. Next month: Peggy Shippen, wife of Benedict Arnold.

IN the early years when Washington was still a crude village huddled around a few half-completed public buildings, one of the best-known characters of the national capital was a jovial Irish tavern-keeper named William O'Neil. He conducted his house with a measure of open-handed efficiency, and his witty sayings were quoted widely by the members of Congress who lodged with him during the sessions; but perhaps his success was due first of all to the capability of his wife, who could see to it that such prominent guests as De Witt Clinton of New York, or General Andrew Jackson of Tennessee, were as comfortable as they might have been in their own homes. As for the younger guests, they were content to be amused and distracted by the impudent conversation and good looks of the daughter of the house, whose beauty was as noted as her father's pithy comments.

Brought up in a tavern, where as a child she had been accustomed to sit on the laps of the gentlemen in the taproom and win kisses and gifts by the precocity of her retorts, it was no more than natural that she should have acquired a certain freedom of



It was inevitable that Peggy should fall in love—and she did, with

conversation and manner not usually encountered in the young girls of that conventionally minded era. Her delicately cut lips could curse with all the wealth of detail peculiar to General Jackson—from whom, it is likely, she derived some of her proficiency; and the classical perfection of her profile, the limpid softness of her eyes, merely enhanced the tempestuous vigor of her frequent outbursts of temper. Peggy O'Neil was a handful. At fifteen she was a popular toast, spoiled, reckless, self-assured, a source of endless mirth to the Congressional gentry, an object of uneasiness to the good ladies their wives, and an increasingly difficult problem to her parents.

When she was apprehended one night in the act of slipping out a window to elope with a suitor not considered eligible, the O'Neils decided upon drastic action. After conferring with a number of their older patrons, they shipped Peggy to New York in charge of Mr. Clinton, who entered her at Mrs. Nau's select Academy for Females. But Peggy was too great an anxiety for Mrs. Nau, and business in the tavern fell off, and Peggy herself wrote home by every mail imploring forgiveness; so presently she was back again, queening it in ordinary and taproom. Hot-blooded and impetuous as she was, it was inevitable that she should fall in love—and she did, this time with John Bowie Timberlake, a one-time naval officer, who had very little besides his handsome face to recommend him.

However, Timberlake bore a good reputation; he was friendly with many members of Congress; and probably the O'Neils were desperate. At any rate they assented to the marriage, and Peggy and her husband settled down in rooms in the tavern—where, in due course, Peggy brought three children into the world, with a rapidity which in no wise diminished her energy. Gossip soon told of her liking for a tall, lanky, long-haired Senator from Tennessee, Major William H. Eaton, who was one of her husband's intimates. Washington wondered whether Timberlake knew what was going on, and was vastly entertained when he reëntered the Navy as a purser, with Eaton as his bondsman. For six years, then, Timberlake was mainly at sea, and Eaton spent much of his time in Billy O'Neil's tavern.

Any doubts society had harbored as to domestic difficulties between Peggy and her husband, were dissolved when word came in 1828 that Timberlake had committed suicide in his cabin aboard the *Constitution* at Port Mahon, although there was evidence of at least a secondary motive in the precarious

John Timberlake, who had little besides his face to recommend him.

condition of the dead man's accounts. It was a tangled mess of conflicting motives, with an aspect that didn't reflect honorably upon Eaton. What might have happened to the peccant Senator is a matter of conjecture. What did happen was that he promptly proceeded to marry the charming Peggy, and that his friend Andrew Jackson was elected President of the United States.

According to Jackson's code, a friend could do no wrong. Also, he had known Peggy for some years, and liked her. More, he liked and admired her parents, who had made themselves agreeable to his wife Rachel during her visit to Washington. And any possible reluctance he might have had to support the Eatons was dissipated by Rachel's tragic death, which came about as a direct result of her discovery that her lack of manners and education, and the fact that through a misunderstanding she had married Jackson when her first husband was still legally married to her, had been exploited as campaign material to oppose Jackson's candidacy. As a result of this Andrew Jackson was willing to fight his limit for any woman who was assailed by the purse-proud and class-conscious. Behind Peggy O'Neil he saw always the fat, dumpy shade of Rachel Jackson. In his eyes, anyone who criticized her or Eaton, even anyone whose interests opposed theirs, could not lay claim to right or justice. He took up their cause with all the ardor of his headstrong, impetuous nature.

Eaton he made Secretary of War, heedless of the remonstrances of his most prominent political supporters, who foresaw the social storm which would be precipitated by the intrusion into Cabinet circles of a woman with Peggy's reputation. He went farther than this. One of the *Constitution's* officers, a Lieutenant Randolph, had been so unfortunate as to be detailed to take over Timberlake's duties, and ruthless Andrew Jackson had him tried by a court of inquiry on charges alleging his responsibility for the condition of the frigate's finances. The court acquitted Randolph of any blame, but Jackson had the Treasury Department press the charges direct to himself as President; and on the basis of these charges, which the naval court had rejected, dismissed Randolph from the service—an injustice which later inspired Randolph publicly to pull the President's nose! Inasmuch as he was the only man who ever pulled the nose of that redoubtable bully, and lived,—or, for that matter, the nose of any President of the United States,—perhaps he obtained sufficient satisfaction.

Gossip soon told of her liking for a Senator from Tennessee. Washington was vastly entertained.

In the meantime, however, Peggy O'Neil's past and flamboyant present were piling up fresh difficulties for the Administration. On Inauguration Day she was left severely alone by the wives of the other Cabinet members. Two clergymen, one of whom had been Rachel Jackson's pastor, remonstrated with the President over his countenancing of Mrs. Eaton, offering testimony as to an explicit instance of her indiscretion in Georgetown. Jackson summoned them to a full session of his Cabinet, disputed their testimony and with stubborn intolerance dismissed all that they said.

Jackson then read the riot act to the Cabinet members, with negative results in the cases of those who were married —the single one who put himself out for Peggy was that astute person Martin Van Buren, Secretary of State. Van Buren was a widower, for one thing, and for another, was ambitious to succeed his chief. He joined forces with Vaughan, the British Minister, and Baron Krudener, the Russian (both bachelors, who seem to have enjoyed Peggy's humor, and to have found an impish satisfaction in setting the staider circles of the capital by the ears), and the three launched a series of entertainments in her behalf which received the President's enthusiastic support and definitely widened the breach between the hostile factions.

The situation contained all the elements of comedy, but it was equally prolific of dangerous mischances. It had passed beyond the province of drawing-room war. The very power of the frontier Democracy, just elevated into the saddle, was threatened. The men at the head of the party were divided among themselves, and the greater number were rapidly being alienated from their chief—Jackson went so far as to read a formal memorandum to his secretaries of the Treasury and the Navy and the Attorney General, asserting that the course pursued by them and their families toward "Major Eaton and his family, as reported to me, was, in my opinion, under the circumstances not only unjust in itself but disrespectful to myself." Madame Huygens, wife of the Dutch Minister, mobilized the women of the diplomatic corps to resist the pretensions of the President's protégée—and Jackson revenged himself upon her by procuring her husband's recall. He would not back water even for his niece Mrs. Donelson, who was also the official mistress of the White House. When she too refused to call upon Mrs. Eaton, he sent her back to Tennessee.

As for Peggy, she rather enjoyed it all. Next to being a social success, she liked being the center of interest. She was too hard-boiled to mind the slights offered her—it was so easy to retaliate with a piece of Irish wit that convulsed the little group of sycophants and hardy frontier Congressmen whose loyalty could be relied upon. She appreciated the newspaper publicity, and the fantastic titles conferred upon her—Bellona, the Pompadour, Rosilia, Princess of Influence. And it flattered her to have the run of the White House, and be singled out for attention by the gaunt old fire-eater who ruled there and bent his ear to her lightest wish—although she never understood the impersonal and lofty chivalry which dictated his attitude toward her, just as she never understood that she was slowly but surely working the political ruin of her husband.

In all probability she would have ruined Andrew Jackson if it hadn't been for Van Buren, who didn't want Jackson ruined because that would have convulsed the party, and spoiled his own chance to be Jackson's successor. Van Buren very adroitly terminated the situation by convincing the President that in the interests of harmony it was necessary to reconstitute the Cabinet, and in order to prove his personal disinterestedness offered to be first to resign. Jackson assented reluctantly. And nothing was left for Eaton to do, after the consideration Van Buren had shown Peggy, but to follow suit—after which the President, with a clear conscience and no little satisfaction, requested the resignations of his Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of the Treasury and Attorney General. Of his original Cabinet only one remained, Barry, the Postmaster General. Peggy had caused the most drastic Cabinet upheaval in American history.

She had the satisfaction of being assured likewise that Andrew Jackson believed in her as unwaveringly as ever. When Eaton was defeated for reëlection to the Senate,—largely a consequence of the unpleasant publicity his wife had attracted,—Jackson made him Governor of Florida; and when, after two years of this frontier post, Peggy rebelled, the President appointed her husband Minister to Spain, an experience which proved to be the apotheosis of her career. Whatever Washington had thought of her, Madrid was enchanted by her pert wit, plump curves and curly brown hair. She was a favorite of the Queen, and obtained a sensational success in society, which enabled her to marry one of her daughters by Timberlake to a French duke. Returning home in 1840, she hoped the ancient gossip had been forgotten; but it hadn't been—to the local aristocracy and the Congressional moguls, she was just Peggy O'Neil, the tavernkeeper's daughter, and no better than she ought to be. To make matters worse, Eaton quarreled with Jackson, and she lost her symbolic identity with Rachel in the old warrior's mind.

Poor Peggy! She was a good deal of a bungler. After Eaton died, and when she was on the verge of seventy, she ran off with the dancing-teacher of one of her grandchildren, who reduced her to poverty before he was through with her. She died in 1879, almost forgotten and faintly ridiculous, bereft of whatever glamour her beauty had won for her.

Stowaways

By JEROME BARRY

Decoration by John Held, Jr.

When Mother used to go away,
For weeks she'd sit and sew away;
She'd know, away before the day,
Her routes and how she'd travel them.

Her children scorn so slow a way,
For travel seems to gravel them.
They take a whim, and with a vim
They stow away.

(Before you fly the wide Atlantic,
Rummage in your tail-space!
Stowaways will drive you frantic,
Taking gas- and mail-space.)

Where ocean rollers flow away,
The sailors don't yo-ho away;
They scowl around and prowl around,
And out of every nook or two

They drag a pretty stowaway,
Who's scribbling off a book or two,
Of salty hash that brings her cash
To throw away.

(In submarines or Zeppelins,
Although the gales may blow away
Ten to one you'll bark your shins,
Stumbling on a stowaway.)

"Every complexion needs soap and water. But some soaps are harmful. They injure the texture of the skin. They contain too much free alkali . . . caustic soda . . . similar irritants. That is why I advise my clients: 'Never use any soap except Palmolive.'"

E. Massé

16 Rue Daunou, Paris

"If soap irritates your skin *you are using the wrong kind"*

says Emile Massé

whose beauty shop, in Paris, is known throughout the continent

Palmolive is pure. It is made entirely of palm and olive oils, known for generations as nature's greatest beautifiers.

"THE beauty specialists cannot work on an irritated skin," says Emile Massé, of Paris. Every woman should aid her beauty expert by using Palmolive. Its vegetable oil content is safe, soothing, non-irritating." Monsieur Massé, famous Parisian beauty specialist, explains—in those words—why 18,900 of his celebrated colleagues recommend Palmolive Soap. They want their clients to use a soap that definitely helps the expert in keeping complexions lovely. And Palmolive is their universal choice.

Why the skin needs soap and water

The pores must be thoroughly yet gently cleansed twice every day, to keep the skin from looking drawn, muddy, coarse, uncared for.

Palm and olive oils, as combined in Palmolive Soap, provide a penetrating, healing cleanliness that is the very foundation of facial beauty.

A corner of Monsieur Massé's salon on The Rue Daunou, in Paris

Since the days of Cleopatra these two famous cosmetic oils have been used as beautifiers. Nothing has ever supplanted them. "This soap," says Massé, "combines deep cleansing with the cosmetic effects of palm and olive oils."

Palmolive's color is the natural color of olive and palm oils. The natural odor of these oils makes unnecessary the addition of heavy perfume. It contains no other fats whatever . . . just nature's own cosmetic oils.

Consult your beauty expert

Visit your beauty expert regularly, to be well groomed in every beauty detail. And cooperate with your expert by using Palmolive Soap daily in this simple treatment advocated by more than 18,900 famous beauticians:

Massage a smooth lather of Palmolive gently into the skin for about 2 minutes. Then rinse it off with warm water, graduating to cold. That's all. But be sure you do it regularly night and morning—as Monsieur Massé and the other famous experts advise.

P.S. And use Palmolive for the bath, too. It costs no more than ordinary soaps, you know.

Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR – Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

5103

Redbook

MARCH 1930

EDWIN BALMER, *Editor*
DONALD KENNICOTT, *Associate*

VOLUME LIV
NUMBER 5

A COMMON-SENSE EDITORIAL

Too Smart

BY BRUCE BARTON

AN outspoken old man, who heads a big company, sent for a lawyer friend of mine.

"Our legal affairs have been handled by Mr. X, of X. Y. Z.," he said. "In the future we should like to employ your firm."

Naturally my friend was pleased, and started to say so, but the old man was not through.

"Mr. X is a smarter man than you are," he announced bluntly.

My friend was rather nonplused, but he hit right back.

"You're right," he answered. "X has made much more money than I have. But let me ask you a question: If he is as smart as you say he is, why are you taking your business away from him and giving it to me?"

The old man motioned him closer, and whispered hoarsely in his ear: "He's too damn' smart."

As you go around among the outstanding businesses of the country, you meet many men who impress you as able, hard-working, sincere. They have courage, also, but you seldom see one at the top whom you are tempted to describe as "smart."

Only recently I happened to be with a banker when he was preparing a confidential analysis of three competing companies.

"The A crowd are live merchandisers," he said. "They buy right and sell at a profit, and make big money. But they are ruthless; they have no heart.

"The B people are not quite so aggressive, but solid; they have never failed to give one hundred cents of value for every customer's dollar.

"Then there is the C outfit, much smaller, less pretentious, but I like them. They have *character.*"

Subsequently I read that the C outfit had been taken over in a three-hundred-million-dollar merger.

Usually the editor expects me to put a moral on these editorials. The moral of this one was written in the stock-market performance of last fall.

Greed and smartness are considerably deflated. The market for character is showing a stronger tone.

Prestige

All that Whitman's have learned in eighty-eight years about making good chocolates is summed up in this box of Prestige Chocolates.

The pieces are small, shaped with care, beautiful as well as tasteful.

Centers are new confections, covered with three kinds of those distinctive Whitman's chocolate coatings, vanilla, milk and semi-sweet.

The metal box containing the Prestige pieces is a step forward in the combination of art and utility.

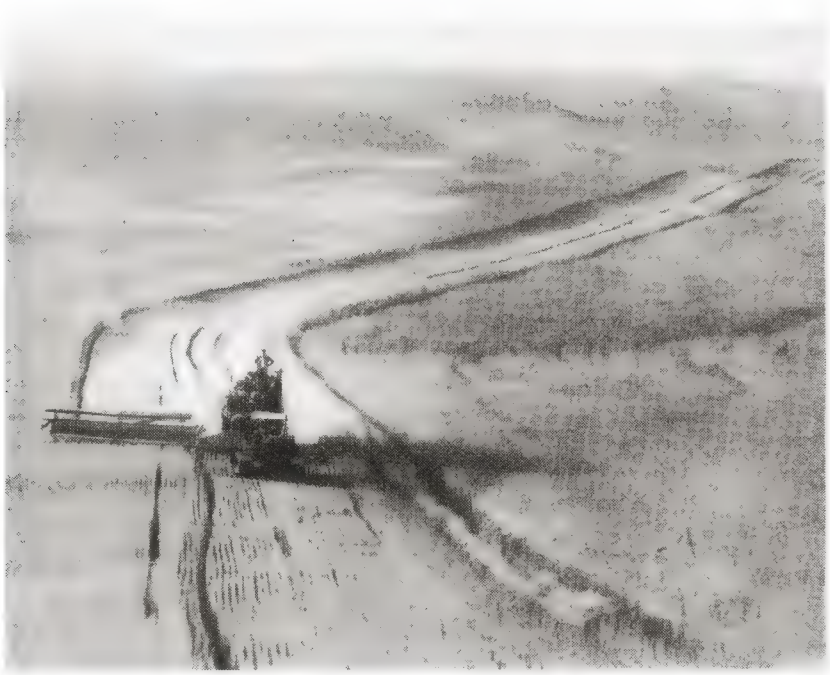
Sold everywhere by the selected stores—usually drug stores—that sell the Sampler and other Whitman's candies.

Whitman's

PRESTIGE
CHOCOLATES

in one, two & three pound—$2 the pound

Prestige



ROMANCE *and* REALITY

THE stuff of dreams is the distant and different. Romance is in the other man's life; reality is what we deal with daily.

To the man on the reaper, romance rides on the shoulders of the crowd jostled together on the city streets. As a matter of fact, the crowd standing shoulder to shoulder sees no romance in its immediate surroundings; those people packed there are busy imagining and picturing, each to himself, a romance far away. They are New Yorkers in Times Square listening to the returns of a world's series baseball game in Chicago—which is, after all, the top of the day's work to Foxx and Rogers Hornsby.

Romance for one of the players, perhaps, rides on the reaper on the wheat-ripened prairie, harvesting to the four horizons.

How many will agree upon which of the stories in this magazine is the most representative of life as it *is?* Which is the most realistic?

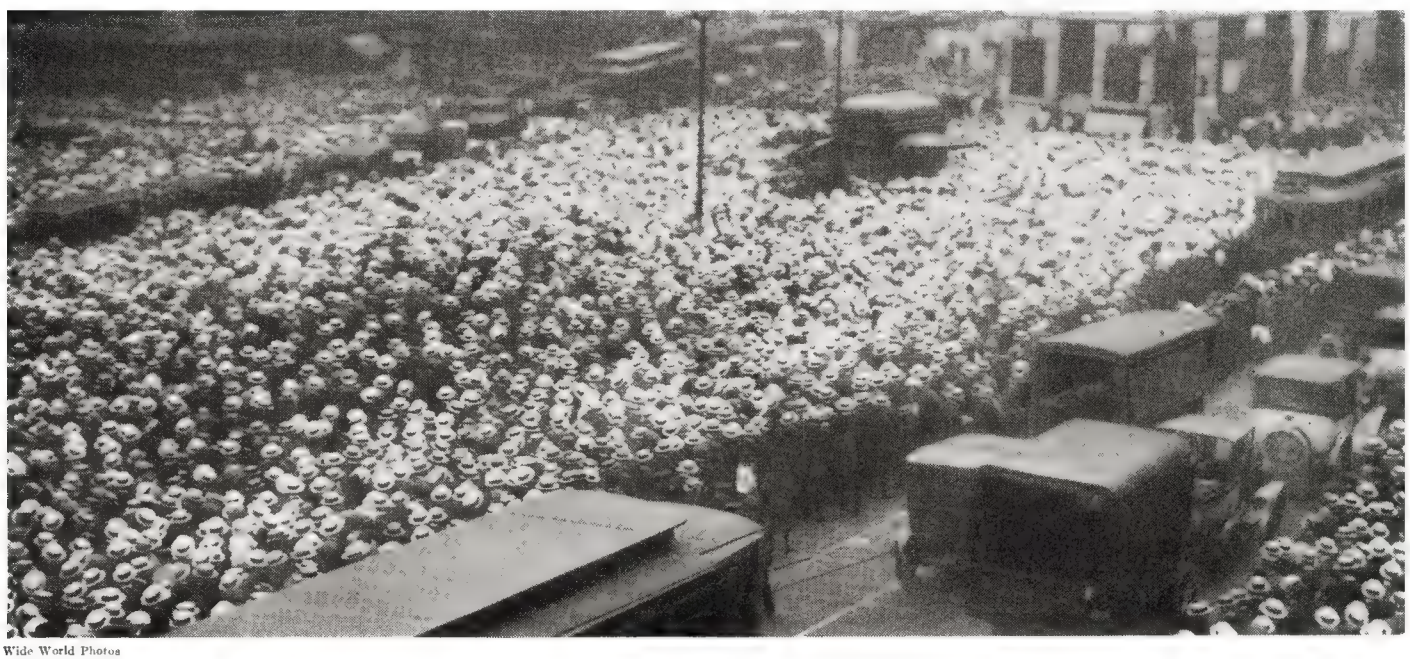
It will be for most, we think, the story of a girl desperately endeavoring to make a romance for herself out of the common materials of her own surroundings.

Perhaps the most romantic story, on the other hand, deals with another girl who forsakes the favors of fortune, which would more than fulfill most girls' dreams, to try her hand at the commonplace tasks which others would dub drudgery.

The distinction between the romantic and the realistic has little to do with what we call, for lack of a better term, reality; for the pages upon which Mr. Stefansson recounts what he actually saw and heard and did among primitive people, who had never seen a white man before, are full of that feeling which we designate romantic.

We might say that romance is the quality which most increases feeling for others, whereas realism adds most to understanding; but an answer to that is, nothing so greatly strengthens sympathy as understanding. *Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner.* To understand all, is to pardon all.

Well, here are both for you—romance and reality.



Wide World Photos

How inconvenient! How was she to explain to the family?

Some Day He'll Come Along

by Phyllis Duganne

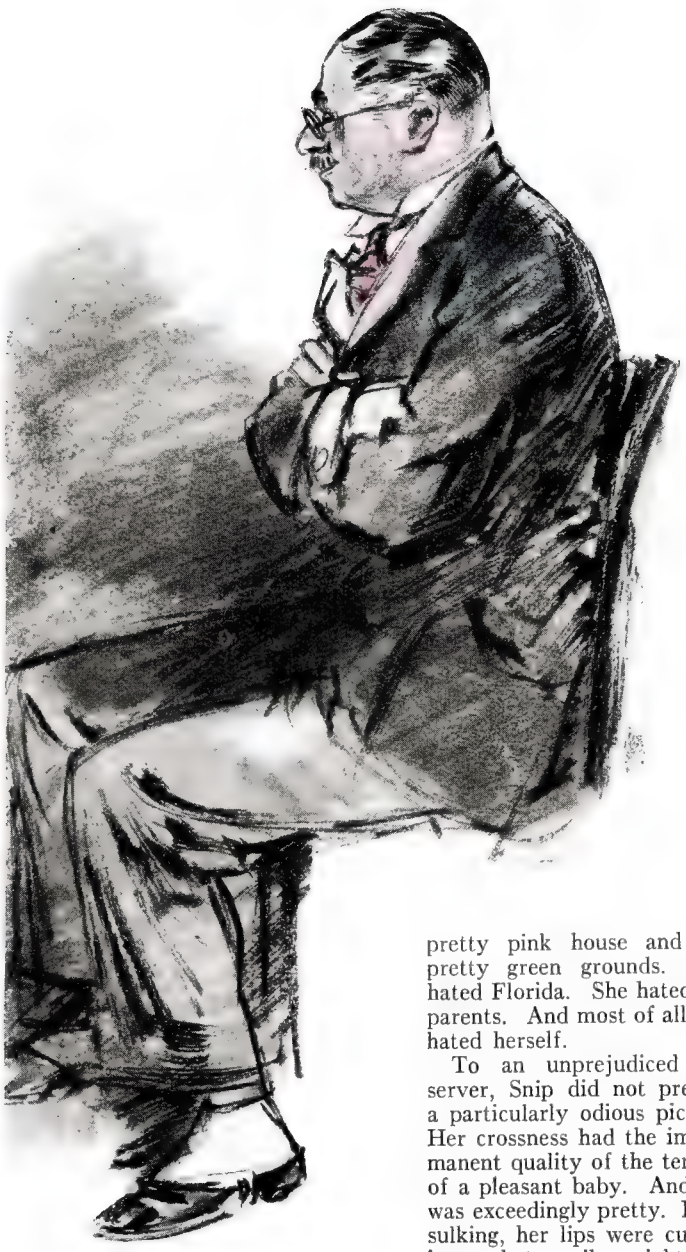
Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

SNIP HAVILANE sat on the grass beneath a palm tree, wondering if there were rattlesnakes in that part of Florida, and hoping that if there were, one would come along and bite her. Or did snakes sting? She didn't know—nor, for that matter, care. She was only a little New York débutante, and her knowledge of life among the lower animals was practically nonexistent.

Behind the palm tree, behind her erect, angry little back, the new stucco villa of Babs and Bobs Lorillard was pink and pretty in the late afternoon sunlight. "The Palms," Babs and Bobs had christened it. "One must be original, at any cost," Babs had explained solemnly.

Snip's expression became even more ferocious, because she had nearly smiled as she remembered that. And she didn't want to smile. Not ever again! She hated everything. She hated the

The romance of a girl who stepped *from* what she had to what she wanted



pretty pink house and the pretty green grounds. She hated Florida. She hated her parents. And most of all, she hated herself.

To an unprejudiced observer, Snip did not present a particularly odious picture. Her crossness had the impermanent quality of the temper of a pleasant baby. And she was exceedingly pretty. Even sulking, her lips were curved into what easily might become a smile; her wide gray eyes couldn't quite achieve sullenness. On the whole, she simply wasn't fitted for looking disagreeable.

As though she knew that, she contorted her small features into a grimace. Perhaps if a rattlesnake should come sliding along over the grass, she'd bite him instead of letting him bite her. She'd like to bite something! Her slender body, beneath the short, straight linen dress which former generations would have described as a "shift," stiffened with irritation. A shadow was slanting across the bright grass just beyond her toes; and she looked up, savagely, into the smiling olive face of Prince Arturo Matabelli.

"Snip!" said the Prince, a shade too fervently.

"Snap!" replied Snip, and looked disgustedly away from him, out over the pretty blue water. (She hated the pretty blue water.)

"May I sit here beside you?" asked the Prince.

"I'd much rather you didn't," answered Snip, very distinctly.

Prince Matabelli sat down amiably. "What's the matter?"

"Matter!" cried Snip, and flung out her bare arms in a gesture which was meant to convey the utter futility of all life.

The Prince missed the expression of futility, but not the pretty curve of her brown young arms in the sunlight. He caught one of her clenched fists and held it fast in his cool white hand. It was rather like trying to fondle a hedgehog.

"Dear little Snip!" he said tenderly.

"Dear little nothing!" retorted Snip. "You know, I *do* wish you'd go away!"

Holding her hand tightly, he directed a John-Gilbertian look at her cross little face: one of those looks that need no wordy caption to interpret them, a look that almost creaked beneath the weight of emotions it expressed—passion and tenderness and yearning and devotion.

"Buck up, old kid," advised the Prince.

The Prince's English was one hundred per cent American. Son of Italy he might be, heir to a dank and drafty stone palace, but he was also the son of an American mother. Snip, ignoring his throbbing glance, reflected. It was some twenty-five years since his mother had become an Italian princess, and the Matabelli acres must be needing a fresh American mother.

"Thanks, I'm not having any," Snip murmured.

"Huh?" asked the Prince. His lips were brushing her hard little fist, and his dark eyes had not spilled a drop of their emotion.

Snip looked at him squarely. "I *beg* your pardon," she said. "I was thinking out loud. What were you saying? You *weren't* proposing to me, *were* you?"

The Prince grinned. "I wasn't, but—" He caught her other hand. "Dear Snip, it wouldn't be so bad! Italy's a lovely country. And the Matabelli palace—"

Snip let him talk. Talking, forgetting his rôle, he became quite human. He was really a rather nice boy. And it was possible, too, that he liked her.

"I'm sorry, Art," she interrupted, as that thought occurred to her. "I just kind of couldn't, you know. But you knew that, didn't you?"

He hesitated. "I suppose so," he admitted. He looked at her, and Snip suspected that he was considering the possibility of what is known as sweeping her off her feet by a sudden onslaught of Latin passion. Strong-arm stuff—I-cannot-live-without-you. His good sense conquered. "Oh, well—" he surrendered, and released her hands.

"Stout fella!" she approved, and began pulling up handfuls of Bab's precious new grass and scattering them industriously over her bare brown legs. "Well, we all have our troubles," she said, and sighed. "Would you awfully mind trotting off and leaving me alone with mine?"

He went, and she leaned back dismally. The trunk of the palm-tree wasn't especially comfortable, but she didn't want comfort. She wanted to think. It was nearly March; she had been here with Babs and Bobs for a whole month, and though her parents would never in the world admit it, Snip knew that both the senior Havilanes were hoping that palms and moonlight would do their stuff, and that their little girl would telegraph brightly that she was engaged to be married.

They had always been so awkward at parenthood, Jeff Havilane and Patty. They tried valiantly, but they never seemed to get the proper perspective. The kennel-master at the Westchester house where Snip was born had told her once how Moira, the long-deceased Irish setter, had littered five fine pups on the same morning when she herself first saw the light, and how Patty Havilane refused to be quiet until they were brought in and displayed to her. That was typical. Dogs and horses and long, rambling trips together to the corners of the earth—Jeff and Patty lived a perfect life, but there was no place in its perfection for a twenty-year-old daughter.

She simply had to get married and out of their way! And yet—

Her nerves jumped. This darned palm tree seemed to be the original old trysting place! Another shadow, this one long and lean, blurred the grass beside her, and now there appeared the Englishman, fair, blue-eyed young Ian, marquis of Trurham. Snip's eyes, lifted to his face, were sardonic. Certainly getting married was not a difficult feat for an American heiress to accomplish! The European estates that needed her coöperation, if laid end to end, would reach from—

"What ho?" inquired the young man, and folded himself up like a collapsible trellis and sprawled on the grass beside her.

"What ho, yourself!" said Snip, looking at him thoughtfully.

Here was a young man who would really delight her parents. He was good-looking, sufficiently well educated, and he knew and could talk dogs and horses as long as they could. Which was a good many hours longer than Snip cared to carry on. He would understand all their enthusiasms; in fact, decided Snip, if she should marry him, she'd be lonelier than ever. Jeff and Patty would monopolize him.

"A penny," he offered, wriggling a little beneath her stare.

Snip chuckled. "I was considering your possibilities as a husband," she answered truthfully.

Young Lord Trurham looked pained. "I say!" he protested, and fell silent and embarrassed, and didn't say anything, after all.

"Oh, it's quite all right," she soothed him.

The English, she reflected, were at the same time less frank and more honest than the Latins. Ian and Arturo might pretend anything they pleased, but when young bachelors of family and estate and a lamentable lack of actual cash come to Florida to visit wealthy Americans, there is more than sheer love of travel in their motives. Bab's pink villa was really by way of being a matrimonial bureau!

"Look here," said Ian abruptly, "you know, I think you don't like me!"

"Oh, yes, I do," said Snip.

Which exhausted that topic.

"Look here," he began again, "why do they call you Snip? It's a rum name, rather."

Snip. . . . . Lady Trurham. Snip, whose name was Patricia Anne Havilane, grinned. It did sound rather rum. The rotogravure sections of the newspapers always listed her as "Miss 'Snip' Havilane."

"I guess it's because I'm not very big," she explained gravely. "And sort of—snippy."

"Snippy?" repeated Ian, inflection and eyebrows rising.

"Uh-huh," said Snip.

He was looking at her intently—he was like a puppy! So she obligingly let her own eyes survey the sunset-streaked water.

"I wish you did like me, you know," he said. "Rather most awfully."

"Um," said Snip. She liked him, well enough. But not rather most awfully. And by gosh, unless she *did* like a man most awfully . . . . "Why, there's Freddy!" she cried, and stood up on her feet in one swift movement, and waved violently to the white-flanneled figure descending the terrace steps.

Lord Trurham looked hurt but unsurprised.

Freddy Burnham was grinning, as he approached them. For twenty years he had answered Snip's distress-signals; and so far as he was concerned, he would cheerfully be about to answer them for forty more.

"Tea's ready," said Freddy. The Englishman excused himself, and the American grinned. "Ha! I thought that would get 'im! Gone to wash the little paddy-paws. It's a damn' lie, too." He squinted at Snip. "You look like the devil, kid."

"I don't care," said Snip. "Thinking always musses me up."

Freddy clucked his tongue against the roof of his mouth. "You haven't been thinking again! Snip, this is getting serious!"

"Oh, go *to*, Freddy!" said Snip. "I tell you I'm absolutely fed up."

He linked her arm through his. "Let's duck it. Babs wont care. Come on down to Miami and visit the Warings. We could drive over tonight."

Snip shook her head. "I'm sick of geographical changes," she said morosely.

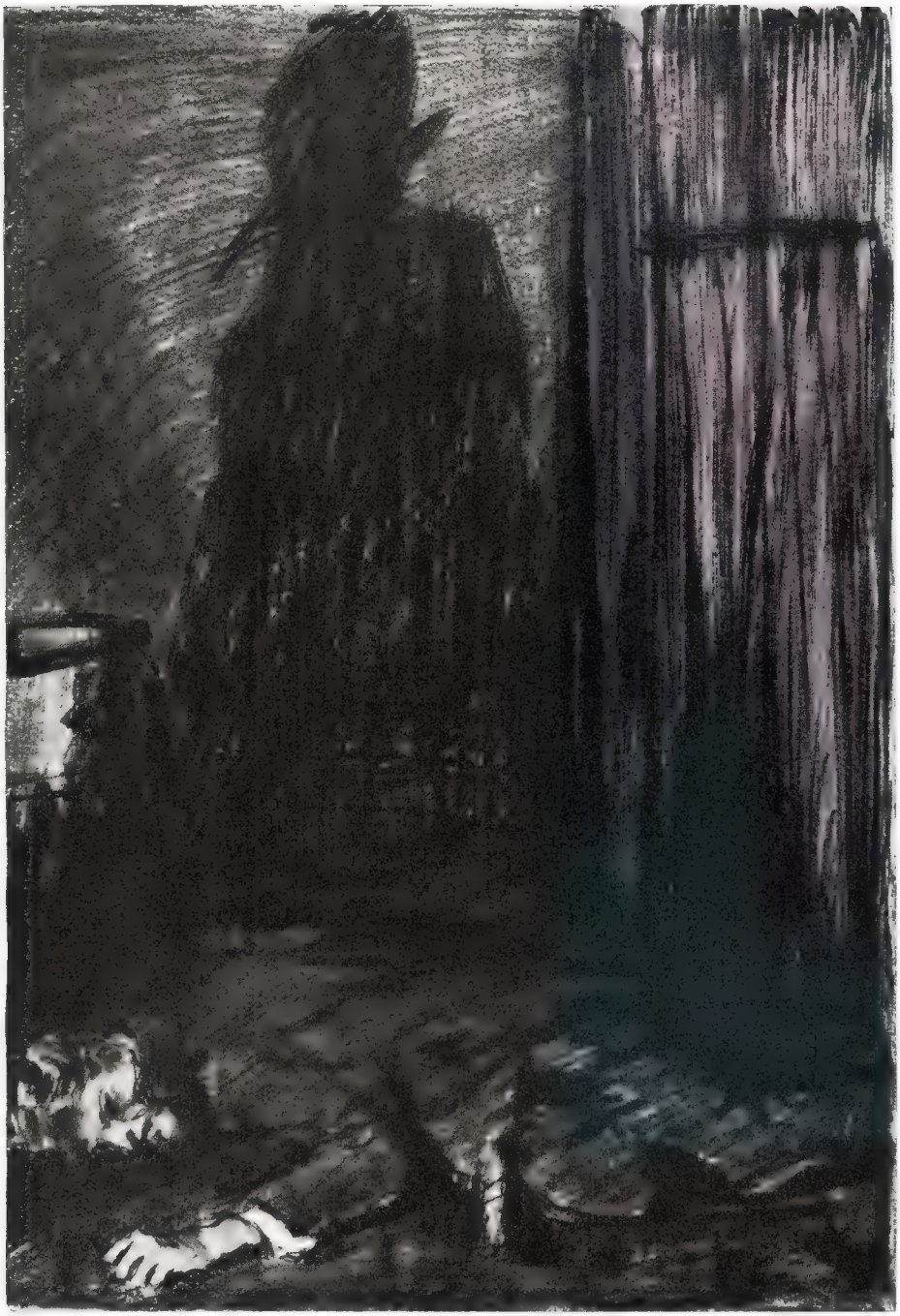
"What other kind do you expect, Snippy?"

"I don't know," she said dismally. "But—"

Freddy pressed her arm. "You'd better marry me, old girl. Eventually—why not now?" His bright brown eyes peered hopefully into her face, but she shook her head. "There's few men who know you as well as I do as would want to, gal!"

She smiled faintly. "At least you wouldn't be marrying me for my filthy riches, Freddy."

"Hurray for our side!" Snip said to him.



"You're hurt, child!" he exclaimed then.

"Ha!" he said. "As a matter of fact, neither would the Limey be. That lad's fair gone on you, Snip."

She shrugged.

"Marry me?" he persisted.

"No!" said Snip. "Why do you want to, anyway, Freddy?"

He laughed. "I love you, you little fool."

"Love!" said Snip scornfully. "You don't love me, Freddy. You don't know what love is!"

Freddy frowned. He had heard this before, and hadn't liked it even the first time! "I suppose *you* do?" he inquired, testily.

Snip turned wide eyes upon him. "I know I don't! But I'm darned if I'll marry anyone until I do! Some day—"

"Applesauce!" snapped Freddy. He intoned a lyrical falsetto. *"Some day he'll come along—the man I lo-o-ove!"* She flushed. "Snip, don't tell me that you've set your heart on a Big, Strong, Silent Man! I could never live up to it. Pipes make me sick, and rough tweed always itches. And I *couldn't* learn the mining business, at my time of life!"

"Oh, shut up!" said Snip. Her eyes were somber. Freddy was amusing, when you were in the mood to be amused by his fooling; and he was really a dear; but when she married—

"Just what do you think *you* have to offer this hero, anyway?" he was asking.

"Why, what do you mean?" she gasped.

"The strong silent one! I suppose you are going to scrub and cook for him—fingers-to-the-bone—and be the fearless, shoulder-to-shoulder helpmeet?" He stood, looking down at her and laughing. "Oh, Snip, don't you honestly think you're being just a bit ridiculous?"

Snip's eyes blazed; she stood stiff and straight in her tennis shoes, five full feet of outraged womanhood. "What do you mean, Freddy Burnham?" she demanded.

"You can't cross a Russian wolfhound with an Airedale," he told her. "Ask your father. You'd better stick to your own sort, Snip, and not go turning up your nose at me. You and I—"

"I'm *not* your sort!" cried Snip. "And what's more, I never intend to be!"

"Well—well!" said Freddy. "And just whose sort do you think you are?" He was very calm and very angry. "It's high time you stopped acting like a romantic little fool and got some sense, Snip Havilane! I'm fed up too, if you want to know! You're what you are, and nothing in this world—"

He paused, because it seemed rather fruitless to continue to address the Florida air. Snip had wheeled about and run for the house, bare legs flashing behind her. . . . .

Probably no one, of all her numerous friends and acquaintances, had ever felt sorry for Snip Havilane. When she set the maid packing her trunks and explained to Babs and Bobs that a telegram had arrived from her parents asking her to meet them in New York, no one suspected the stark desperation that filled her. To the Lorillard household, as she waved good-by from the car, she was a pretty, willful and fortunate young woman.

Ian and Arturo waved regretfully; Freddy waved grimly. The world, the three of them were thinking, was really Snip's oyster-bed; when she was bored with one corner of it, she was free to move to another, and little she cared for anyone else in it!

But Snip's smile dissolved pitifully as the car turned out of the driveway. She was going to New York, not because her parents had sent for her, but because she wanted to get away where she could think, and the New York apartment was as nearly home as any other place. While the train moved northward, she did a lot of thinking.

Why was she alive at all, she found herself wondering. No one needed her; no one really wanted her! Since she had finished school, she had drifted about like a pretty little yacht, a pleasure-boat not even being used for pleasure. She was young and rich and healthy—and she could not think of one even passably adequate excuse for her existence.

Of course everyone expected her to marry; it was the obvious thing for her to do. Marry some man who needed her money, or some man like Freddy who found her company amusing. It was a dismal prospect. Patty and Jeff Havilane were unsatisfactory parents, but they had given her one thing which was as precious as it had become devastating. They had showed her what two people could be to each other.

"What have *you* to offer?" Freddy had asked her. Snip looked out the car window at flat, boggy fields where white pines grew tall toward the sky, and wondered. She felt very small and frightened and alone.

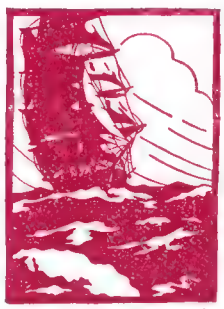
In New York she took a cab to her parents' apartment. At least the housekeeper would be there; it was even possible that Patty and Jeff might be. The thought that she did not know where they were, and that no one *(Please turn to page 132)*

The Murders on the Ship

While the New York police department flashes a warning to the S.S. Eastern Bay at sea — the wireless operator is killed; communication with shore is cut off; and the ship's company deal with the startling developments.....

by Rufus King

Illustrated by F. R. Gruger



MR. GANS nodded curtly to the man who had entered the wireless-room, and went on writing down the singular message. He didn't know the visitor; nuisance, passengers were, even on a small quiet boat like the *Eastern Bay,* running from Bermuda to Halifax.

"Funny message, that," observed the visitor. "I shouldn't have read it, I guess."

Mr. Gans tore the message blank from its carbon. "It is against the regulations. However, as it's in code, it wouldn't mean anything to you."

"Must be the New York police code, as it's addressed to Valcour. . . . . You have an assistant, haven't you?"

"No sir—not on this tub."

The inquisitive passenger accompanied Mr. Gans out along the darkened deck on his way to deliver the message.

"That's phosphorus, isn't it?" he asked, pausing by the deserted rail.

Mr. Gans looked in the direction that had been indicated by the man's pointing finger. Smooth planes of jet swung endlessly past.

"I don't see what you mean, sir."

The man's fingers started to close about Mr. Gans' thin neck.

"Just keep on looking," he said softly, "and you'll see." . . . .

It was one of the spinster Misses Sidderby who stumbled over Gans' body a little later. But of course it was Lieutenant Valcour of the New York police, one of the dozen or so other passengers, who took charge of the case. Valcour had already confided in Captain Sohme the reason for his presence aboard the *Eastern Bay:*

A prominent man had been murdered in New York City; the only eyewitness had also been attacked and was still unconscious. An unfinished letter lost on the scene of the crime, however, was addressed to a certain woman of great wealth and curious blonde beauty—a Mrs. Victor Barton, who had suddenly remarried in Bermuda, and who with her new young husband Mr. Poole, was a passenger aboard the *Eastern Bay.*

Later Valcour interviewed Mrs. Poole—showed her the unfinished letter that had been found addressed to her. It read:

"Death comes again and again when one is young, even though the body does not die. I know where you are and I am coming to you because—"

"It is the same handwriting as that on the envelope," she said. "It is not familiar. It doesn't mean anything to me at all. Why should it?"

"There are lots of reasons why it should, Mrs. Poole. The way we consider it at Headquarters is that the man who wrote it wanted something from you, something which he felt belonged to him.

"We think at Headquarters that he followed you down here, to get in touch with you. I believe that he killed Mr. Gans tonight, and I think that he did it to prevent the delivery of a wireless message that contained a description of himself. I wish you would tell me, Mrs. Poole, whether anyone within the past few days, or since our voyage started, has attempted to get in touch with you."

"No one, Mr. Valcour, in the sense that you mean, has attempted to get in touch with me." She swung off at a wide tangent: "Why are you mixed up with it all? I didn't know that important members of the New York police went so far afield."

"We don't usually, except in cases involving influential men."

Her interest quickened perceptibly. "This one did?"

"Yes, Mrs. Poole. The man who was robbed and killed in New York last week was your first husband." *(The story continues in detail:)*

FROM forward, carried past them on the steady swinging breeze, came the jerky sound of seven bells. Clearly their sound cut the oasis of stillness, the effect of which Mrs. Poole had established about herself.

"Eleven-thirty? I had no idea it was so late."

She accepted another cigarette from Valcour. "Larry's dead, then," she said.

Larry Lane, from all-but-forgotten distances, came back to her: his muscular grossness overlaid with a thin veneer (he had been in his day an internationally known sportsman)—a veneer that had dropped from him so easily during their moments of privacy: onions, interminable quantities of onions—they hadn't been named in the divorce, but they might well have formed the foundation of it; always smelling a bit horsey, just a faint odor of horsiness lingering beneath excessive uses of medicated soap; much given to easy perspiration even in mild weather, little beads of sweat that broke out on a scrubbed and polished largish face; nervous hands, thick strong hands that were gentle with horses and which, when they were gentle with you, made you feel subconsciously like a horse, frequently unfavorably so. The picture rose up in its detailed entirety and crushed her, just as Larry had so often crushed her, crushed her with his onioned and horse-essenced maleness. He was dead. Somebody had killed him last week in New York, and Mr. Valcour had expressed the belief that whoever had done it was on the boat for the purpose of getting something from her. Whoever had done it must be on the boat, because Mr. Valcour believed he had killed the wireless-operator only awhile ago to prevent his own identity from becoming known.

"I can't imagine Larry dead," she said. "He was the most alive person I've ever known: something like life itself, in terms of easily running and fool-proof machinery. How did it happen?"

"Mr. Lane was killed in the wash-room of a night-club."

She felt that somewhere there was an apt irony about it, about his mode of living and the happenstances of his death. She believed in the completeness of things: you did a certain thing, or lived a certain way, and you got your deserts for it before you died, either in fitting punishment or reward. She was skeptical of any adjustment of life's balances in the hereafter.

"A fight?" she said.

"No, Mrs. Poole. We felt that there hadn't been any fighting in that sense. It wasn't a row. Your— Mr. Lane was at the club with a few friends. He went into the wash-room with one of them, a Mr. Beverley from somewhere out West. We imagine that the murderer followed them into it. He stabbed Mr. Lane, killing him, and seriously wounded Mr. Beverley."

"Larry was drunk?"

"Yes, Mrs. Poole. But Mr. Beverley, we understand, was fairly

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"Please continue singing, ma'am," Captain Sohme whispered.

sober, and we were relying upon his recovery to get an identification of the murderer. Both of their wallets, containing a total of about eleven hundred dollars, were stolen. The murderer was noticed by no one, and the crime wasn't discovered until ten or fifteen minutes after it had been committed."

She was sure that there was an ironic justness in it: in Larry's immaculate grossness—punctured, bleeding its life out on the tiles of a night-club's wash-room—one private door removed from his world—

"I'd like to know who did it," she said.

Valcour laughed and said: "Well, we think you do."

"You mean that at some time or other I've met the man?"

"We think it must have been more than just a meeting, Mrs. Poole."

She answered him sharply:

"Such insistence is stupid, Mr. Valcour."

"I wish you would understand that I'm not questioning your veracity, Mrs. Poole," Valcour answered. "It is your memory I'm questioning. My meaning is that at some time in the past there has been some connection between you and this man. It may have seemed negligible to you, and you have undoubtedly forgotten it entirely. I think it did not seem negligible to the man, and that his remembrance of it is quite vital."

"Well, from that angle—"

"My whole attitude is from that angle. May I rely upon your discretion in this, Mrs. Poole?"

"Discretion?"

She signed. It was, he felt, believe," she said, "this attes-

the end of the reprieve. "I tation should be read aloud."

"That you will say **nothing** about the things I have just told you?"

"Why—yes."

"And you'll not fail to take reasonable precautions?"

"Against this man, Mr. Valcour—this man whom I don't even know?"

"Against what neither of us knows this man may do, Mrs. Poole," he made answer.

He could sense her tenseness even though her tone remained casual. "You must admit, Mr. Valcour, that this is all slightly tinged with—well, the fantastic."

Valcour switched abruptly. "Mrs. Poole, why are you on board this boat?"

She stood up, her white dress silver in the darkness, her copper skin lost in the darkness, her eyes alone effectively coming through it. She said, as she started to walk away: "Because my husband cannot afford to travel on a more expensive one."

The seas seemed heavier as Valcour mounted a ladder to the bridge. Even the small increase in elevation of eleven feet or so added greatly to the ship's motion. The chart-room was dark, and no light showed but the small shielded lamp in the binnacle that theatrically, pallidly, washed the snubbed, youthful features of the seaman who was doing his trick at the wheel. Captain Sohme's bulk formed a black blot at the bridge's starboard end. Valcour went over and joined him.

"What a damnable business this is, Valcour!" exclaimed the Captain. "I saw you walking aft with Mrs. Poole. Did she tell you anything?"

"Mrs. Poole tells me," Valcour replied, "that the letter means nothing to her at all."

"So? We are in fog again."

"No ship has been sighted, I suppose, Captain?"

"None. I should have been notified at once."

"Where is the body, Captain?"

"On its bunk. When morning comes, Chips will sew it up in canvas."

"Mr. Swithers is with it?"

"Yes." Captain Sohme stared across the dodger at private pictures faintly painted on a jet-black sea. "I think, Valcour, that those two liked each other."

"I would like to make a more careful examination of the body later than was possible out here by flashlight. You don't mind?"

"Mind? I have been praying to the dear God, Valcour, to direct me as to what to do. In all my years at sea I have never run into anything like this business before."

"I think that if for no other reason than leaving no stones unturned, a search should be made for a stowaway. Mrs. Poole states that she has never before sailing come in contact with any of our other passengers."

Captain Sohme seized this suggestion of activity eagerly. "I will have a search made at once," he said.

The search was made forthwith. It was very thorough, very complete. It lasted for over three-quarters of an hour, and ranged the entire ship from crow's-nest to bilges. There was no slightest sign of a stowaway.

Valcour returned to the boat-deck at the conclusion of the search and stood by the forward railing, staring down at the shadow-blocked well, the cranes, the uneasy lift and swift sinking of the bow. He felt creeping into him the morbid melancholy which always came creeping into him when alone at night-time on the sea. He tasted at such moments the leaden essence of loneliness, of an incalculable loneliness, so complete that it edged on the romantic.

"I wonder whether you could tell me, Mr. Valcour," said a voice at his elbow, "if there is a typewriter on board?"

Mrs. Poole had come, it seemed to him, from nowhere. She stood quite close to him at the rail—white and bronze, and exceedingly efficient, with that manner which is possessed by those rare women who know exactly what it is they want.

"A typewriting machine, Mrs. Poole?"

"Yes. If there is one, can you work it?"

"Yes."

"Then shall we ask? Perhaps if we try the officers' quarters—"

She was already off, sucking him along in her wake, balancing her body expertly with the heave, the roll, the unsettling sinking of the deck. Valcour touched her arm.

"Just a moment, Mrs. Poole—"

She stopped and looked at him impatiently. He had the feeling that he had dragged her from some inner scene of vital calculation. "Yes?"

"I remember seeing a machine in the wireless-room. I have the key to the door, and if you care to, we could go in there. We would be undisturbed in there, if what you wish written is of a private nature?"

"Quite private." As she started aft again along the dark and deserted deck, she added: "It's my will."

Valcour was alongside of her, keeping pace with her.

"Do I understand you correctly?" he said. "You want to draw up and execute a will?"

"Yes. It isn't as if I should die intestate. There's a will already on file in my lawyer's office. I want to supersede it."

"Perhaps you've taken what I said too seriously. I wanted to put you on your guard, but not to alarm you."

Her laugh was metallic. "Well, your attitude has scarcely been quieting."

Valcour took the key from his pocket and unlocked the wireless-room door. He switched on a light. They were inside, and Valcour closed the door.

"I regret having upset you. It was necessary to discuss the matter with you. You can understand how important it was to have you try to identify the writer of that note. I wish you had an inkling as to what it signifies, Mrs. Poole."

"I haven't. It scares me."

"But it must mean something to you."

"I tell you, it doesn't." Her nerves were edgy, and she blazed the statement at him.

"In itself it isn't fundamentally alarming." He was trying, by deliberate contradictions, to force her reactions. "There is nothing definitely threatening about it."

"There is. I feel a threat in every word of it."

"Of course its implication is rather obvious."

"Quite." Her voice was brittle and bitter as she quoted, "*'Death comes again and again when one is young, even though the body does not die.'* It means that I've done something despicable to a young man."

"That's putting it harshly."

Somewhere, from her subconscious mind, lights were glinting. . . . . "It's stripping it down to precisely what the note means. Well, I haven't. I've never been anything but kind all my life. That's what I've been, Mr. Valcour—just complaisant and kind—too damned complaisant and too damned kind—"

He had no idea she was so closely verging on hysterics until she began to cry; her last words had been a wet mumble.

"Shall I call your maid, Mrs. Poole?"

"No. I'll be all right in a minute. I get this way sometimes."

"I think the water in this carafe is fresh—" He poured some into a glass and gave it to her. "Sit down, Mrs. Poole."

She took the glass of water from him and sipped it. She sat down. She took a small handkerchief and dried the wet streaks on her face. "I've some property in Vermont," she said, "so we'll have to have three witnesses."

Valcour dragged himself back sharply from irritating fog. He drew another chair up to the table and moved the typewriter, which was on the table, into a more convenient position. He took a sheet of paper from a rack and inserted it in the machine.

"Mrs. Poole, will you forgive me for asking whether you feel certain you are wise in drawing up this will without legal counsel? I have a fairly good conception of the largeness of your estate."

"Quite wise, Mr. Valcour. I am thoroughly familiar with the construction of wills."

"It wasn't that—"

"What else should prevent me, then?"

He returned her look steadily. "Nothing, Mrs. Poole. Shall we first make a rough draft? I can take down directly on the machine as you dictate. Afterward we'll make a fair copy for signing."

It seemed very quiet in the wireless-room, a quietness that muted the wind and the ship's complaining creaks, and the sharp and endless ripping of the waters.

"Are you ready, Mr. Valcour?"

"Quite ready, Mrs. Poole."

"Then the heading, please: 'Last Will and Testament of Cassie Deverest Poole, of the Borough of Manhattan of the City of New York in the County and State of New York.' There's a new paragraph then."

"Yes, Mrs. Poole."

" 'I, Cassie Deverest Poole, of the Borough of Manhattan of the City of New York in the County and State of New York, do hereby declare this written instrument as my last Will and Testament, hereby revoking any and all former wills by me made.' It's odd the way you have to say things in legal documents, isn't it? —Shall we go on?"

"All ready."

FOLLOWING his service in the war, Mr. King had a series of most unusual experiences. He saw strange seas and ships and people when working as radio man on a merchant vessel of the type of the *Eastern Bay;* and he became closely associated with a detective to whom was entrusted many a great and puzzling criminal case. Lieutenant Valcour of these pages employs, indeed, the actual methods of that operative, who is famous throughout the world for his success in catching criminals.

The methods are, as you have probably already observed, highly individual.

"Where is this child now?" Valcour asked.

" 'I direct that my funeral expenses and all just debts be duly paid.' "

Mrs. Poole's voice went slowly on in the quiet room that had been Mr. Gans' sanctum—her voice and the quick sharp click as Lieutenant Valcour tapped the keys:

" 'The residue of my estate, both real and personal, I give, devise, and bequeath—' " It wasn't a will he was typing, Valcour felt. " 'To my beloved husband Theodore Poole as and for—' " It was not a will at all that he was typing and that she, so hesitantly, was dictating to him. " 'His own property absolutely.' " It was a death-warrant. That's what it was. "Then there's that business about the executor and the attestation, isn't there, Mr. Valcour?"

"Yes, Mrs. Poole."

Her voice went drifting through the brooding quietness to the attestation clause's end, and Valcour took the single sheet of paper from the carriage. He handed it to her to read, and noticed that her eyes stared down at it unseeingly. . . . . The noises of wind and sea were stronger, and suddenly were still again, and Ted Poole was in the room, with the door shut behind him.

"Hello, you two!" he said.

She picked up the sheet of paper and handed it to Valcour. "Would you keep this for me until the morning, please?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Poole."

"What is it, Cassie?"

She stood up, and her body looked tired. "It's a little present for you, dear. Let's go to bed."

"Good night, Mr. Valcour," Ted said, his hand holding open the door to blackness and the night song of the windy sea.

"Good night, Mr. Poole. —If there is anything further that I can do for you, Mrs. Poole,"—Valcour's eyes were very steady, very searching, as they looked at her,—"you'll let me know?"

"Thank you, Mr. Valcour."

The door shut him in with silence. He looked at the sheet of paper in his hand. He looked at the line left blank for her signature.

But it wasn't blankness that he saw. It was, in its clearness and its safeness in the fog enmeshing them, a reprieve. But not —conviction gripped him on this point—for *her*.

Chapter Seven

Lat. 34° 49′ North
Long. 64° 33′ West

CABLE from the Commissioner of the New York Police Department to the Port Authorities at Bermuda:

REQUEST YOU ATTEMPT LOCATE BY WIRELESS S. S. EASTERN BAY WHICH CLEARED HAMILTON YESTERDAY STOP PLEASE REQUEST SHIP'S MASTER INFORM YOU WHETHER LIEUTENANT VALCOUR IS ON BOARD AND IF SO WHY NO REPLY HAS COME THROUGH FROM HIM TO RADIO SENT HIM FROM US LAST NIGHT STOP MATTER MOST URGENT AND YOUR COOPERATION GRATEFULLY APPRECIATED.

Lieutenant Valcour occupied a cabin by himself. He woke up and stared from his uncomfortably narrow and short bunk at the disk of gray daylight flattened against the room's solitary port. The air in the cabin was stale. At the time he had gone to bed, the seas had made it inadvisable to have the port open, and he had felt it necessary to shut and bolt the cabin's door. His head was heavy with the choked feeling caused by a bad night's sleep in bad air. Apart from the dull vibrations from the engine, there was scarcely any motion noticeable at all, and he felt that the sea would be flat and gray and oily.

He got up and put on bathrobe and slippers. He took an automatic from underneath the pillows on the bunk and put it in his bathrobe pocket. He unbolted the cabin door and stared up and down the deserted passage. He went to the bathroom and took a cold salt-water shower, returned to his cabin, dressed, and went on deck, where a whitish sky blended solidly with a lead-colored sea, and the air felt damp and tepid.

"A peculiar morning, sir." Mr. Sanford, looking more like a shadfly than ever in the gray light, joined him.

"It's a deadly morning," Valcour said. "My room was so close I scarcely slept at all."

Mr. Sanford's smile was ingratiating. Almost everything about Mr. Sanford was ingratiating; and like the sea, he too was somewhat oily.

"Mrs. Sanford felt the same way," he said. "She complained of it most of the night. We—she felt rather nervous and we kept our door bolted, and what with the poor ventilation, the natural excitement—no, we didn't sleep very much." He breathed deeply through thin flat nostrils without any visible expansion of a narrow chest, expelled, and said: "Ah-h-h—so good to get the clean fresh air again! Mr. Valcour, how little we value the true lavishness of God's lesser blessings. Shall we stroll?"

They began to stroll, slowly to walk along the gray damp empty deck through the thin and tepid air.

"I hope Mrs. Sanford isn't too much upset about this business," Valcour said.

"No, no, Mrs. Sanford's nerves are quite steady, I thank you."

"But Miss Sidderby's scream," Valcour persisted, "must have shocked her?"

"Oh, that! Yes, I believe the scream did."

"You weren't with her?"

"No—no, not just then. That's a gull, isn't it? So impressive to see wild life maintaining itself so very, very far offshore."

"Gulls are astonishingly tireless birds," Valcour said. "So your wife was alone when Miss Sidderby screamed?"

"Yes, I think she was. It's never *(Please turn to page 138)*

BACHELOR GIRL

The story of a business girl who learns not to ask questions of life unless she can stand the answers—

by Elmer Davis

Illustrated by Ralph Coleman

Hunting him in a speakeasy at one in the morning!

FIVE o'clock. The office resounded with the slam of closing desks, the patter of receding footfalls, gusts of eager voices cut off by the bang of a door. In the railed enclosure outside the boss' office Eunice Pryor locked her desk; but she couldn't leave till he let her go, and he was closeted with a caller. Besides—that phone-call she had awaited all day. . . . . She stared out at the midtown skyline—huge gold-spangled masses, black-gray against the ochre afterglow. It didn't look like New York; it looked like an artist's ideal of New York—everything sharp, clean-cut, no fuzzy edges. If only the things one had to do were so starkly clear!

Her telephone purred softly. She snatched it up, one shaky hand groping for the switch that cut off the extension in the inner office. Reassured, she answered—and a moment later her taut body relaxed.

"Oh! Hello, Roger. What brings you to town? . . . . Me? I don't believe you, but it's sweet of you to say so. . . . . I see, two birds with one stone. . . . . Yes, Roger; I understand. . . . . Tonight? Oh. Why, surely, Roger, if it's your only evening in town. . . . . Anything you like; I haven't seen a show this fall. . . . . No, come to the apartment; I'll have to dress, and Mother will want to see you. . . . . But of course, my dear—I'm crazy to see you. Don't be silly. . . . . All right. Good-by."

Her hands were still shaking as she put down the telephone. If he called tonight, while she was out— But he never called her at the apartment; he'd have called before this, if he were in town at all.

The buzzer on her desk summoned her to the inner office, where the boss and his caller sat wreathed in cigar-smoke.

"No need for you to stick around any longer, Miss Pryor. . . . . Oh, wait a minute. Has Valentine reported in yet?"

"Not yet, Mr. Hannegan."

"Huh! And he's three days overdue. He needn't think he can—"

"I had a note from him last week," said Eunice, "—when he was in Pittsburgh. He said he might stop off at Elmira and try to sell Sibley."

"It'll take a better man than Mr. Lindley Valentine to sell Sibley. . . . . No, why I asked you, Miss Pryor— Barclay swears he saw Valentine on Times Square last night."

She looked a little pale about the gills, thought the boss' caller.

"I know, Mr. Hannegan. Mr. Barclay told me. . . . . I guess he told everybody. But it's easy to be mistaken in a Times Square crowd. If Valentine were back, he'd have reported today."

"If he could. But—do you know if he's a drinking man, Miss Pryor?"

"Why, I suppose he takes a drink now and then. I never heard of anything more. . . . . Not that I'd be likely to know, of course."

"I guess there's not much goes on around this office that you don't know!" Mr. Hannegan chuckled. "Where does Valentine live? Somewhere out on Long Island, don't he?"

"Rockville Center, I believe."

"How about calling up his wife and asking her—"

"I wouldn't do that, Mr. Hannegan. If he'd gone home, she'd see that he reported."

"Unless he came home drunk, in no shape to report."

"She'd hardly tell us, if he did. She has to live on his salary."

"Uh!" said Mr. Hannegan. "Well, I'll give him another day. But I don't like the way that fellow acts. Seems to think he's too good for his job. He comes near not bein' good enough, if he only knew it. He needn't think he can take a vacation here in town, on expense-money. If he don't show up tomorrow—Well, I guess that's all. Good night."

"Good night," said Eunice. The boss' caller felt included in her smile of farewell.

"Damned competent-looking girl," he observed. "Pretty, too. . . . . This Valentine you were speaking of—friend of hers?"

"Hell, no. All the salesmen sort of lean on her, but he's not in her class at all. She's a very high-grade type of woman, that Miss Pryor—college graduate, and all that. Don't know what I'd do without her."

"You'd better figure out. Some day she'll marry and leave you."

"Not she. She supports her mother; whoever marries her marries two. The boys she knows can't afford that; and by the time they can, they'll all be married to somebody else. No, she'll stick."

"Yes," the caller mused, "we all stick if we have to."

"Well, you needn't be sorry for her. She gets sixty a week; and I don't know of anybody who can have as good a time in New York as a bachelor girl on a good salary, with somebody always taking her out to dinner, and nothing to worry about. It beats being married. Ask your wife if it doesn't."

New York has two Ghettoes—the one you read about, on the lower East Side, where bearded rabbis pore over Hebrew texts, and bright-eyed boys start up the ladder that leads to Park Avenue apartments and Hollywood palaces; and the Nordic Ghetto seven miles farther uptown, between Columbia University and Morningside Park.

You don't read much about that one; it lacks the East Side's squalor, and its romance. Morningside is an immigrant colony—but of native-born Protestant immigrants from west of the Hudson, people like anybody else. Graduate students and instructors in the university live there, and professors who lacked the foresight to marry rich; business and professional men who can afford to send their children to Morningside schools, but can't afford a car and a chauffeur to take them there—solid, serious, settled people with a job to do, who live in comfort but have no margin for extravagance, financial or emotional. And, especially, widows. Widows who live by renting rooms, widows who keep tea-rooms or gift-shops, widows who live with bachelor sons—above all, ubiquitously, widows who live with bachelor daughters. Such as Mrs. Pryor.

When her husband died, in the corn-belt town where she had lived all her life, she wondered why God had not taken her too, and then realized that she had been spared for her daughter's sake. So when Eunice wanted to try her luck in New York, Mrs. Pryor uprooted herself and went along. She was in mortal terror of the city; but the life-insurance had been just enough to carry Eunice through the State university and a secretarial school. She had to go where Eunice went, now.

They rented a room, with kitchen privilege, from Mrs. Cheeves, who lived by renting rooms in her apartment off Amsterdam Avenue. The miracles of domestic economy that Mrs. Pryor performed, in that first year when Eunice was making eighteen dollars a week, can be appreciated by none but housekeepers removed from rural plenty to urban exiguity. But they lived, and kept their health; Eunice got on at the office. Now, after four years, behold Mrs. Pryor transplanted—alert, bright-eyed, looking ten years younger despite her gray hair, and happy as she had never been before. She had her own apartment now—

"This is a celebration," said Roger. "You'll permit a celebration, wont you, after two years?"

ground-floor rear, but her own; she had friends; above all, she had New York.

The New York that people write about she never saw; but in the New York that escapes publicity she was having the time of her life. She who had gone to church twice every Sunday, back home, went once a year in Manhattan; but she went once a week to evening lectures at the university; once a month she sat in the gallery at the opera or the Philharmonic; she knew the museums and the libraries. She still thought of herself as a small-town woman, but she would have died of suffocation if she had had to go back to a small town.

But the crown of this unexpected Indian-summer happiness was Eunice. Mrs. Pryor's friends had dutiful and competent daughters; but most of them were older than Eunice; they taught school; they were beginning to have the prim, pinched, blind-alley look of old maids. . . . . And at this point Mrs. Pryor's musings always halted, on the brink of an unplumbed abyss. Of course Eunice must marry some day—have her own home, and children. (A husband was a negligible detail, in Mrs. Pryor's view of marriage.) When that time came, her mother would never stand between her and happiness, but— Not yet. Eunice was only twenty-six; she need be in no hurry to plunge into those complex uncertainties. Some day, when she had a family of her own, she would remember and appreciate the cool serenity of this Eden of women, that no Adam had yet disturbed.

So her message that Roger was taking her out to dinner had set Mrs. Pryor quivering with an inadmissible terror. She had forgotten Roger.

But she was bright and smiling as she rang Mrs. Cheeves' bell.

"Oh, Mrs. Cheeves, I wonder if you'd come down to dinner with me. Just after I came home with chops and peas, Eunice telephoned that she was dining out, with a young man. Unless you've got something on the stove—"

Mrs. Pryor knew, and Mrs. Cheeves knew that she knew, that the double room, rear, was still unrented, and that Mrs. Cheeves, deprived of that margin of income, dined usually on crackers and milk. But there is an etiquette, on the ragged edge.

"Why, yes, Mrs. Pryor, I'd love to. Is this some one who's paying Eunice attention?" Mrs. Pryor knew that was solicitude, not curiosity.

"Oh, no indeed. Just a young man we used to know when he was getting his Ph.D. at the university. He's teaching now, at Ann Arbor."

"I've—there's a hotel down the street," he stammered. "Oh, Lin! It's half-past one; I couldn't."

"That's a long way to come to see a girl."

"Oh, he didn't come just for that. He had to consult some data in the Columbia library. Well, I must be getting back home—"

"I'll walk with you to the elevator," said Mrs. Cheeves. And when the apartment door had closed behind them: "Oh, Mrs. Pryor, I'm so worried! About the girl who has my front room. She's a student in the School of Journalism. There's a young man who calls on her, and of course she has no place to receive him but her room. They all do that; but he stays so late— And when I spoke to her about it, she said he was her brother. . . . . Brother! He's foreign, and she isn't. And once I saw her just after he'd left, and she looked— Well, she looked like a girl who has a lover. You know what I mean. A lover."

Mrs. Pryor's horror was overmastered by curiosity.

"What does a girl who has a lover look like? I've never known one."

"She looked happy—and as if she had no right to be happy. . . . . Oh, I'm positive! A thing like that, going on in my apartment— I feel that I'm condoning immorality!"

Mrs. Pryor clucked sympathetically.

"And yet," said Mrs. Cheeves, "if I asked her to give up her room I might not be able to rent it again this semester. And with the rear double empty already—"

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Pryor. "What a terrible problem! Have any of your other roomers noticed anything?"

"They haven't spoken of it. At least not to me."

"After all, you don't really know. You wouldn't want to be unjust—"

"No, I don't really know; but if I could find somebody else for that room— Never rent rooms!" said Mrs. Cheeves bitterly. "I'd rather scrub!"

Mrs. Pryor shuddered in sympathy, and could not still her shuddering till she was safe again in the shelter her daughter had won for her. She had always said that when Eunice married, she would support herself by renting rooms. . . . .

The young man who sat in Mrs. Pryor's living-room admired Mrs. Pryor; he had grateful memories of the home dinners to which she had sometimes invited him when he was a penniless graduate student; but he found it hard to listen to her attentively, even though she was talking about Eunice, when his ears could follow the brisk movements of Eunice herself, in her bedroom—dressing for him, after two years of separation.

"You don't know what a joy it is," Mrs. Pryor was saying, "to see your baby grow up into your best friend. Eunice has made me stay young with her; we live like two sisters, in this lovely home she's made for me—"

"You made it," Eunice called from the bedroom. "She takes good care of me, Roger. No wife could do better." And then she was coming in, festive in a coral dinner gown—marked down at the end of last season, but what of that? Smiling, she gave him her hands.

"Lovely to see you, Roger! Where are we going? 'Street Scene?' Oh, I've wanted to see that. Only I hope you got balcony seats. I wont have you squandering your money."

"This is a celebration," said Roger. His hands shook, as he held her coat. "You'll permit me a celebration, wont you, after two years?"

"I might. . . . . Good-by, Mother. I wont be late; Roger has to catch a midnight train at 125th Street. Don't run wild, you and Mrs. Cheeves."

Mrs. Pryor's bright smile vanished as the door closed behind them. The way Roger looked at Eunice made her feel, all at once, old. . . . .

In the corridor, he looked that way at Eunice again.

"Glad to see me?" he asked huskily.

"Of course."

He bent over her; she lifted acquiescent lips Good old Roger. . . . . They drew apart. He snatched her back, held her tight, kissed her again with savage hunger. "Roger!" she gasped. "Somebody might see us!"

"What of it? Lord, Eunice—to see you again!"

But he let her lead him out, her hand nestling in his arm; at the curb, he hailed a taxi. She'd have preferred the subway; but no use squabbling, on his only evening in town. She wouldn't mind his making love to her, anyway, if only he weren't so desperately serious about it. . . . . In the taxi, his arm encircled her; she leaned against him, silent, relaxed, till he kissed her again—quite too hard. She sat up.

"Give me a cigarette, Roger."

He complied sulkily. "Can't you smoke at home, even yet?"

"Oh, yes. Mother's outgrown some of her prejudices. But I can't at the office, and I didn't have time after I got home tonight. Had to dress up for you." Her smile caressed him. "Where are we going for dinner?" she asked. "I wont let you take me to any wildly expensive place."

"I don't know much about New York restaurants. But I've heard there are lots of quiet places where you can get pretty good food, and something to drink with it. I suppose you know where they are."

"I? But Roger, you know I hardly ever take a drink." She needed one tonight, at that.

"But surely you know a few of these places."

"I do know one—" said Eunice, and could have bitten out her tongue.

Not there, not tonight, not with another man. If he were in town he'd be there. . . . . But he wouldn't have been in town

twenty-four hours without calling her up. Barclay must have been mistaken. Easy to be mistaken in a Times Square crowd. Everybody knew Barclay had it in for him, anyway—

She became aware that Roger had asked her two or three questions that she hadn't even heard.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I was just trying to remember whether this place was on Forty-eighth or Forty-ninth."

A man peered at them, through a grilled door, and unlocked it as he recognized Eunice.

"Hello, Armand!" she said cheerily. "Roger, wait for me at the cloak-room—down there at the end of the corridor. I've got to write your name in the book." Then, when he was out of earshot: "Armand! Mr. Valentine isn't upstairs, is he? Lin Valentine?"

"No, madame. I have not seen him since last night."

Last night! Barclay was right, then. Twenty-four hours, without—

"Was he—was he alone, Armand?" She hated herself for asking—like a wife. All the same, she felt a surge of relief when Armand nodded. But why had he wanted to be alone? "How long did he stay, Armand? . . . . Till you closed? Oh, dear! Armand, was he— Had he taken too much?"

But Armand's reproving frown intimated that his patrons never took too much; and down the corridor, Roger was beginning to look impatient.

"Coming!" she called. "Armand, if he comes in while I'm here, send word to me. Say it's a—phone call. Remember?"

Smiling, she returned to Roger. In a booth upstairs just big enough for two, a Martini blunted the sharp edge of worry. They ordered dinner.

"And now," she said, "tell me all about what you've been doing."

But try as she would, she couldn't keep her mind on the bright beginnings of Roger's academic career. Lin had been in town twenty-four hours, and hadn't called her. He'd spent a whole evening in a speakeasy, alone. He hadn't been drunk for months, that she knew of; but this—

"Excuse me," she broke into Roger's monologue. "I think I'll powder my nose."

Her sharp heels clattered down the stairs; she demanded pencil and paper from Armand; she wrote:

"*Lin—*

"I'm dining upstairs with a boy I used to know. Going on to the theater. Don't try to see me. Barclay saw you last night in Times Square. Think up an alibi—a good one. Hannegan is going to fire you if you don't report tomorrow, and square yourself. If you're all right when you get this, go home, and come back to the office at nine A. M. *sharp. If you're in bad shape, take a Turkish bath or something. But you've got to be at the office in the morning and look all right.*

"E."

"There, Armand. Give him that if he comes in. Please remember, because his job may depend on it. So don't forget, will you?"

Now, perhaps, she could give her attention to Roger—Roger, who was spending more money on her than he could afford, and mustn't have his one evening spoiled. . . . . She succeeded pretty well. Over spaghetti and chicken salad and ice-cream, he talked in gusts of elation. Then, when they came to coffee and cigarettes—

"So at last," he finished, "I can ask you to marry me."

"Oh, Roger. You know I couldn't leave Mother."

"Not ever? Eunice, she may live thirty years. You can't sacrifice your whole life to a—a mother complex!"

"How could I leave her? There's no money but what I make. You make even less." She'd remembered that much of his monologue.

"It goes farther out there. Eunice, we can make it: I've figured it out. She used to talk of taking a bigger apartment, renting rooms. We could send her something, even out of twenty-eight hundred a year; and you might get a part-time secretarial job, at first. I know we couldn't leave her alone very long; but when I finish this book, I'm pretty sure of promotion—thirty-five hundred a year, or more. We'd be settled, by then; we could bring her on to live with us."

"Too big a risk, Roger. If anything went wrong, anywhere—"

"I know it's a risk. But we can't deal ourselves all the face cards; we've got to do the best we can with what we hold. You're not going to—to let yourself wither up, are you, just because you're afraid of risks?"

Suddenly she found herself taking it seriously. Risk, of course. Hard work, of course—but work that might build something, get you somewhere. Better than work that only kept things going, from day to day; better than risks that got you nowhere—worse than nowhere. But—

"Roger dear, if I were crazy about you— Please don't look like that!"

"You—you were in love with me two years ago—when I went away."

"Oh, I thought I was. We were too poor to think of marrying; it made things seem brighter, to feel that there was somebody—I wrote you afterward that we mustn't take it too seriously."

"I know; but I always supposed—Eunice! Is there somebody else?"

"I don't know. . . . . Yes, there was; but— I don't like him much."

"But when you think about him, your hand shakes so you can't light that cigarette. Let me do it. There! Well? Going to marry him?" She shook her head. "Why not?" he probed.

"He—he hasn't any money." True enough, so far as it went.

"Oh, damn!" said Roger. "For two years I've lived and worked just for this—to see you, talk to you, tell you I love you—"

"Roger, that's not true! Mostly you've been working because you love your work. I wont have you think you're dependent on me! I hate people who always have to lean on somebody! I like you better in some ways than any man I know—any other man! This is our only evening together. Let's think how nice it is to see each other, instead of being miserable."

"Yes—I guess you're right. . . . . Well, let's go see that show."

He was trying gallantly, but she foresaw that the evening was going to be rather ghastly. . . . . At the door, Armand shook his head. Not yet. . . . .

Ghastly was no word for it, thought Eunice three hours later. Why had they chosen to see a tragedy—poverty and frustration, jealousy and murder—on an evening when forty Marx Brothers couldn't have cheered them up? They rode home in the subway, without a word. At the door she kissed him goodby, in a rush of pity and affection—and tasted a salty trickle on his cheek. Crying! He made her sick. . . . . Still, if a man felt that way, he might better cry unashamed than go off and get drunk. . . . . She let herself into the dark apartment. From her mother's bedroom came a cheerful:

"Well, dear—have a nice evening?"

Eunice paused at the open door.

"All but the show. I don't see why people think they have to write about things like that."

"Sex?" Mrs. Pryor assumed. "Yes, there seems to be a great deal of that on the stage nowadays. Is Roger coming back soon?"

Her voice was casual, but Eunice knew what terror lay behind it.

"I don't think so. All his interests are out there, now."

"Oh! Well, good night, dear. . . . . Oh, by the way—some one telephoned you about an hour ago. Some man. He didn't leave his name."

Eunice was grateful for the darkness—grateful, too, that her mother didn't know Lin's voice. She had never met him, had heard of him only as one of the people at the office.

"A man?" she repeated with studied amazement. "I can't imagine—"

(Please turn to page 102)

ELMER DAVIS sees about him the vigorous, self-confident young people whom the city has called from all the nation. Many have lost religion and are trying to find their way about by a moral code which they make for themselves.

By poet's prescience, Longfellow years ago defined their problem: "Morality without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning—an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies."

Mr. Davis is one of the foremost writers of today's realities; his stories will appear frequently in this magazine.

A Copper ("blonde") Eskimo couple in full ceremonial party costume

SAVAGES ARE PLEASANT PEOPLE

Vilhjalmur Stefansson is one of the few living men who belong in the ranks of the great discoverers and explorers; he is the only man living—perhaps the only man in history—who ever has met, under the extraordinary conditions here described, primitive people who had never seen a white man, and whose ancestors never had.

by Vilhjalmur Stefansson

WE are civilized and glad of it. There are savages in the world, and we are sorry for them. We are sorry for people who have to live like savages or with them.

This applies to most of us; but at the Explorers Club, New York, where gather more travelers to far places than in any other building in the world, there is near-unanimity that most savages are nature's gentlemen, that their lives are happier than ours, that they are pleasanter to deal with on the average than we are, and that our country or any other would be lucky if it could trade off its universities and Boweries, its Wall Streets and Chancery Lanes, its West Ends, East Ends and Ghettos, for the best and worst that make up the society of the South Sea Islanders, the Bantus and the Eskimos.

Bartlett, for instance, supports his former commander, Peary, who was at one time president of the Club, and whose books are frequent in their praise of the homely and sterling virtues of the fur-clad meat eaters of the polar North. Carl Lumholz was equally enthusiastic about the primitive virtues of the half-naked semi-vegetarians of the tropics who varied their diet occasionally with a little cannibalism, and who indulged in head-hunting as something halfway between a sacrament and a sport. Lumholz did not approve of the head-hunting but liked the head-hunters in spite of it and maintained that the more civilized they got, the worse they were.

Even the missionaries, professional reformers that they are, stand with the scientific traveler on this ground usually. Some who lecture to raise money for their endeavors do sometimes claim that they are working miracles of uplift in distant places, but Archdeacon Hudson Stuck, one of the greatest missionaries of our day, tells us in his books about Alaska that the best Indians he knew there were the ones least civilized. David Livingstone, the greatest missionary as well as one of the greatest explorers of the last hundred years, tells you the same about the equatorial negroes.

A Mackenzie River Eskimo, wearing labrets.

A few travelers would even agree with Bernard Shaw, who, in his "Back to Methuselah," pictures the ideal man of 31,920 A. D. as having shed practically everything which we now call civilization and as having advanced to a way of living and a point of view which we now find only among savages.

This is really applying Einsteinian relativity to history.

If space is spherical, declares Einstein, we would be able to see our backs without a mirror if only we could look far enough ahead. Jeans, in his "The Universe Around Us," which is selling by the hundred thousand just now, tells us that some astronomers believe that there are two or three groups of stars which we can see in opposite directions from us, though they are the same stars. We are seeing their faces, as it were, when we look east, and their backs when we look west. Similarly Bernard Shaw can see his ideal civilization either by looking 29,990 years ahead or by looking back to the time before we got civilized.

As a personal confession, or perhaps as a boast, I must say that I had arrived at practically the Shavian conclusion twenty years before the copyright date of his pronouncement. For I had been living more than eleven of those twenty years among savages, and part of the time among people who were lower, from the average civilized point of view, than our ancestors of northern Europe can have been at any time less than three thousand years ago.

For you cannot easily find a description which seems lower to the man-in-the-street than a straightforward account of the Dolphin and Union Straits Eskimos as they were in May, 1910. They had never seen a sulphur match, or even a set of flint and steel for making fires. They had never heard a gun fired. They knew nothing about the smelting of any kind of metal. They were dressed in skins. They had nothing to eat but meat and they frequently ate it raw. They were so poor in their most valued possession, the dog, that the richest family had only three, and there had never been among them a family who owned enough dogs so that the master could take a sleigh ride. They were unable to count above six, and few of them thought it reasonable for anybody to want to count above three.

If it is possible at all to explain to those who do not know savages personally, how scientists come to the conclusion that such people are well off, then the best chance is probably through a step-by-step narrative by a traveler who discovers a group of uncontaminated savages and finds out by living among them what sort of people they are, how fortunate from their own point of view, and how enviable from ours.

It would not be possible that anyone could love or admire savages if they were at all like what most of us think them to be. To begin with, savages are not savage; to end with, they are very much like us, our superiors in a few important things, our inferiors in many that are not so important. Thereby hangs our tale.

You cannot get into the spirit of a people or judge them with a chance of correctness unless you speak their language with idiomatic perfection. But there are not in Africa, Australia, South America or the South Seas any people among whom one language is spoken so widely that you can learn it from a civilized group and then use your knowledge with another branch of the same race who are in the Stone Age and have never seen Europeans. This chance, during a hundred years, has existed nowhere in the world except with the Eskimos. They are among the most widely scattered of savages, yet speak one language from eastern Greenland to Siberia, through a distance as great as from Canada to Brazil. Some of this linguistic stock had been in contact with Europeans over nine hundred years, though (in 1910) there were supposed to be a few who had not yet seen any civilized people. Some were university trained and the editors of journals in the Eskimo language, while others had not as yet heard that there could be such a thing as a book. The intellectual, or at least the educational, distances between them were as great as the traveling distances.

The Eskimos who might not yet have seen white men were supposed to be on the Arctic coast about three hundred miles east of the Mackenzie when I first went to that district, where the whalers had been for about seventeen years ahead of me. The chief job during my first three years was to learn the language, and it was some job. I possessed already a fluent speaking knowledge of two European languages and a reading knowledge of ten. Any linguist will tell you that it is easier to learn the third language than the second, and the fourth than the third. From that angle it should have been easy for me to learn my eleventh language. But, as a philologist, I knew that nothing could make it easy to learn Eskimo.

A student of such things has counted the number of different words used by Woodrow Wilson in his State papers and found them to have been less than five thousand. We may disagree with Wilsonian politics and statesmanship, we may argue about his character; but there is no disputing that he was a master of English. You can be a good President of even as great a country as the United States, then, in terms of five thousand English words, if they are the right words. But you cannot be a full-grown Eskimo of average intelligence unless you have at the tip of your tongue, and use every day, a vocabulary of more than ten thousand Eskimo words.

If this seems to you unreasonable, then what about the verdict, which would probably be unanimous with scholars, that Pericles used a larger vocabulary than Venezelos, Shakespeare a larger one than Tennyson or Masefield? The answer might be that there were giants in those days, but it really is that the tendency towards a decreasing active vocabulary is common to many nations and many languages. Numerous savages have a daily need for larger if not more emphatic vocabularies than our golfing but otherwise tired business men.

It is not merely that an Eskimo seal hunter uses more words than a Wall Street operator. They are also more complicated words. We have only four forms of an English noun—*man, man's, men, men's.* There were nine forms of a Greek noun. There are a thousand forms of an Eskimo noun, each of which sounds different from any other and has a precise meaning different from that of any other. I could write so many variants of the one word *house* that they would cover three typewritten pages.

Her parents regard spanking as a crime.

My estimate is that it would be easier to acquire, in succession, idiomatic and fluent mastery of Hebrew, Greek, Latin and Russian than of Eskimo alone.

Be that right or not, it is at least a fact that at the end of three years in the homes of the Mackenzie Eskimos, with no word but Eskimo spoken for months on end, I knew less of their language, or at least had a poorer command of it, than I would after three weeks of similar facilities for the study of Spanish.

Finally I did acquire a glib control of the Eskimo. Thereafter, for the remaining five years of my stay, I used the language with increasing delight, for it seemed to me a better tool of the intellect than any other language with which I am familiar.

My preparation for the eventual fortunate year which I spent with savages of the Stone Age did not, however, consist merely in acquiring a difficult language. I was also learning to be an Eskimo in nearly every other respect.

In our lives, be they civilized or savage, nothing, not even language, is so important as food. Getting to like the food of your chosen savages as well as you like that of New York or Paris is the first and most necessary step. My initiation began when I

reached the Mackenzie delta and found that the whalers, who had been visiting it for seventeen years, had not been able to get in that year because of ice conditions. Neither had my comrades of an exploring ship been able to connect with me as they had intended. I was, perforce, a guest of the Eskimos for a winter. That was how, after twenty-six years of being everything from a Dakota cowboy to a Harvard man, I began an eleven-year stretch in the Arctic.

My particular hosts were facing a winter of nothing but fish. This was an ideal beginning, for it gave me a chance to forget my strongest prejudice first and made everything thereafter comparatively easy. I detested fish. About once every two or three years I had been tasting it in course dinners just to assure myself that I really disliked it.

Now my sole dietetic choice lay between fish to eat and nothing to eat. For a time I really preferred the nothing. I used to get up early in the morning and trudge far afield with a rifle on my shoulder, hunting for caribou which I knew were not there. At four or five in the afternoon I would return to the Eskimo camp wabbly with hunger and staggering under a load of self-pity for the straits I was in.

A little girl of seven or eight had the job to watch for me while the older people fished. When she saw me coming, she ran with the news to her mother, who took from the last net what to anyone but me would have been the most delicious of fish, a beautiful salmon trout. She roasted this against the fire and had it ready by the time I arrived. I sat down, nibbled at it, felt still more sorry for myself, and wrote a long diary entry about what a hard time I was having.

It was something between a week and ten days before I ate my first square meal, but inside of three weeks the salmon trout began to taste mighty good. I had it baked always, though the Eskimos ate theirs boiled and told me it was better that way.

I think it must have been the feeling that baked fish was more civilized than boiled which made me stick to it so long. Then I came home one day when the little girl failed to notice me. The family were sitting around a trough of boiled fish and the baking of one would have meant a half hour's delay. So when they offered me a boiled piece I took it and discovered, to my surprise, that it tasted better than the baked. Thereafter I joined the Eskimos at their regular meals—so long as the fish was boiled.

But sometimes my hosts would eat theirs raw. This was to me a savage custom. I did reflect occasionally that we swallow oysters raw and that a rare steak is only another name for a lot of raw meat with a little cooked meat on the outside of it.

I think it was nearly three months before I tried frozen raw fish. When I did I liked it from the start. It was at least as good to my taste as raw oysters.

Mr. Stefansson's Eskimo friend Palaiyak and his sister Noashak.

Since there was nothing to eat but fish, I had only two more dietetic hurdles. The first was the eating of what one who disliked it might call semi-decayed or rotten fish, but what you would call high or gamey if you were a convert. My simple training was against this experiment. I had not been brought up in England where the nobility and gentry cultivate a taste for putrid pheasants that are called high and for decaying venison that is called gamey.

Like a typical Midwesterner, I was speculating one day on what it was that made an Englishman admirable when he ate a decayed bird and an Eskimo reprehensible when he ate a decayed fish. I decided to sort of try it out.

One who takes note of my first experiences with gamey fish must keep steadily in mind that I had been brought up where mild American cheeses were cultivated and where a Limburger or even a Camembert would drive the hardiest from the table.

Going from fresh to rotten fish is no worse than going from mild American cheeses to Camemberts and Limburgers. In fact, I became as fond of high fish in a few weeks as I am of high cheeses after many years.

So far as diet is concerned, there is neither harm nor hardship in being the Eskimo type of savage, when once you get over the narrow-mindedness that prevents an oyster-eating

A group of Copper ("Blonde") Eskimos, the men wearing native snow-goggles.

"Blonde" Eskimos fishing bare-legged in September.

American from dining on snails in France. My fellow-travelers bring a like report from every corner of the world.

The explorers bring home the report, too, that savages resemble the rest of the world in that each prefers the food of his own country. The true vegetarian, whatever his grade in civilization, finds it revolting that anyone should devour the flesh of any animal. The northern meat-eating Indians, such as the Dogribs, find it revolting that white men eat meats with the blood showing—the ones we call rare.

There is no arguing about taste. I have not yet been converted to maggoty Stilton, to the country gentleman's pheasant, the French snail, the African locust, but I would become a convert no doubt if I were thrown upon the forced hospitality of the protagonists of these dainties as I have been thrown upon the hospitality of the Eskimos. Right now I could more easily follow an Eskimo through his menu than do the like for certain of the European nobility.

And so say my fellow-explorers from every end of the earth. Each has become a convert to the diet of his particular savage, if force of circumstances has made him a native among natives for a long time. One does not learn such things in seven days, but one does in seven years. . . . .

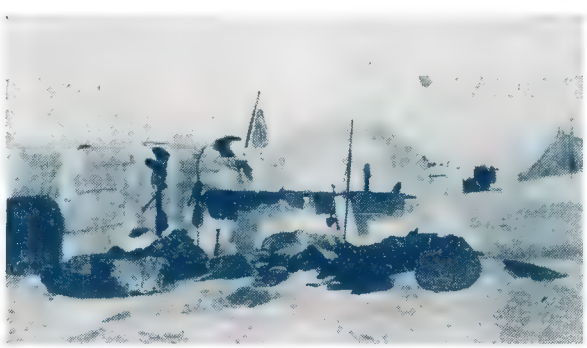
Some of the delightful qualities of savages are traceable to their beliefs. At least you will think so if you consider that we are made better or worse by faith—that we are good, for instance, because we hope to please God, or to go to heaven; or again that we are good because we want to avoid the clutches of the devil and a residence in hell.

Every traveler among the Eskimos has noticed that they do not punish their children. I consider it one of the major scientific achievements of my eleven years' residence among them that I discovered the theory according to which spanking a child seems to them a crime and a sacrilege.

The uncivilized Eskimos believe that children are born with souls as foolish and feeble as the infant looks and is. It seems obvious to them that babies could not get along very well if there were not some way to secure for their use a stronger and abler soul. Moreover, the souls of the dead have nowhere to go and are waiting around the graves. The mother's first duty after a child is born is, therefore, to face in the direction of a grave, pronounce a magic spell, and call the soul of the newly dead to become a protecting soul, a guardian angel for the child.

The child's body is now inhabited by two souls, one ignorant and inexperienced, the other rich with the experience of a lifetime and with that higher wisdom which comes after death. This soul does all the thinking. If a child cries for the scissors, it is the wise and experienced soul that wants them. The child must be given the scissors, then, for two reasons: because it is absurd to suppose that the mother knows better than the guardian spirit what is good for the child, and because the guardian soul is easily offended and will leave the child if crossed, whereupon the helpless babe would become the victim of all sorts of troubles. It would be unable to learn to walk and to talk. There would be no one to protect it against becoming bow-legged or knock-kneed. It might grow up to be lazy, untruthful, a thief, or a troublemaker.

The child, then, is the master of any family. Of course, the Eskimos are about as illogical and inconsistent as we are, and fail at least as often as we do in living up to the strict letter of their beliefs. The mother may reason with the growing child and argue it out of what it wants, which, of course, is illogical. For the mother ought to remember that the child is the wiser of the two. She may control it by gentle compulsion, which is equally illogical. But I have never known a mother to punish her child except in cases of Eskimos who had been associated with Europeans for ten or twenty years and whose native code of ethics was beginning to be influenced thereby. Even so, I have never heard of a case where needles or scissors were forbidden a child. I have asked several mothers and have always received a variant of the same reply. "It is better," say they, "to take the chance that the child may stick its eyes out with scissors than to face the certainty of offending the guardian spirit, thus leaving the child exposed to accidents, deformity, and perhaps death."



An Eskimo snow-house.

If a man has big ears, is lazy or a poor hunter, the commonest explanation is: "His parents used to forbid him things when he was young, and his guardian soul left him."

With our maxim of sparing the rod and spoiling the child not yet quite out of fashion, we ask naturally whether children don't mis-

behave terribly when they are never punished. The Eskimo child usually does, till the years of discretion, but those years come to him remarkably soon. That is doubtless because the mother has only one way, or at least only one orthodox way, of dealing with the child's pranks. She tells him quietly, impressively and frequently that he is behaving like a child. "Notice your brother, who is only a little bigger than you. He is already beginning to act like a grown man. He isn't any more clever than you are, but only more thoughtful."

Talk of this kind has more effect on the child than we would expect. However, that is perhaps because most of the child's associates are grown up. Even the youngsters with whom he is asked to compare himself are likely to be in reality much farther ahead of him in years than the mother implies. For Eskimo children of the same mother are seldom born less than three or four years apart—doubtless because she breast-feeds each baby that long. A child of four is therefore being asked to model his conduct upon a brother who is eight.

Most travelers agree that Eskimo children are terrible nuisances between the ages of one and four years. At six or eight they are likely to be a great deal better behaved than ours.

Mackenzie River Eskimo with native drum.

These theories that make the Eskimo good may seem very strange from our point of view. But theories become inbred, socially if not biologically, and produce a gentle courtesy and a kindness that seem, and no doubt are, deeper than any conscious obedience to a rule.

It is a thing to give us pause that we have no evidence of whips being used by Eskimos upon their dogs until they learned it from white men. Even as late as the current year it is one of the differences between the old and the young men of the Mackenzie delta that the youngsters whip the dogs they drive, while the old people shake their heads about the pity and the strangeness of it. "Dogs have their feelings like people," say the old folks. "A dog will pull better if the man he loves walks ahead than if the man he fears cracks a whip behind."

Or take the meal-time customs of the Coronation Gulf Eskimos. The family are sitting in a row along the front edge of the bed platform. Some boys and girls are standing, if there is not sitting room for all. The diners are using sharp knives to cut the meat from the joints of caribou or seal. The mother is watching her boy, and just at the right time she will say to him: "Now, now, Sonny, haven't you watched your father often enough? There is less meat left on your bone already than he usually leaves. Don't forget the dogs expect a little meat on the bones you give them."

Johnnie may possibly be impatient or surly—Eskimo children are not always good, although they average better than ours—but his proper answer, the one that will imply to visitors that he has been well brought up, is that he is sorry he forgot. Next, if he has been watching, he should say: "I notice, Mother, that Blackie got sister's bone. Which one do you think should get mine?" Or, if he has not been watching, he should ask forgiveness, and then toss his bone to the dog his mother names.

Few families at the time we visited Coronation Gulf had more than three dogs. Many had only one—then there was, of course, no question as to where the bones went. The two or three dogs would stand perfectly quiet side by side looking in through the doorway. Each, when he got a bone, withdrew to the alleyway and ate as quietly, though no doubt as rapidly, as he could. Then he came back and took again his place. *(Please turn to page 114)*

An unusual picture of Eskimo tracking a hand-made skin umiak in calm weather.

His Side of It

by Margaret Culkin Banning

Illustrated by C. D. Mitchell

The Story Thus Far:

"BUT you weren't in love with me an hour ago," protested Fanny that evening when Jerome had taken her in his arms the first time.

He puzzled: "It's been brewing; we've just been let in on the secret, both of us. . . . . I've always known that somewhere there was one woman in the world who belonged to me."

"Quite sure that I'm the one?" she asked. "That I'm the specially built model?"

"As sure as I am that I belong to you."

His lips were deep in hers. He could take her breath away, but after a moment she found it again.

"Of course that's a sentence right out of stock," she said. "It fits in awfully well, but that's what it is."

Always Fanny was like that, eternally seeking the reality behind the romance. And that same evening she gave Jerome a glimpse of reality stark enough. For on the way home she had him stop at the hospital where her cousin Dorothy Carey was expecting her third child. The crisis had come; Dorothy was asking for her absent husband, Gilbert, and Jerome was sent by Fanny to fetch him.

Jerome found Gilbert Carey—at a night-club, too drunk to be brought to the hospital, though still capable of borrowing money. Jerome returned to the hospital, reported to Fanny; and then as there remained nothing more either could do, he took Fanny home. . . . . So ended the evening he and Fanny discovered they had fallen in love.

Always Fanny was like that: When it came to choosing a house, she repudiated the nice conventional new suburban dwellings affected by most girls of her circle and chose instead to rent half of a queer huge old mansion in town. Her wedding, too, was shorn of the conventional embroideries so dear to tradition. Instead of the usual honeymoon hegira, moreover, she elected merely a journey to Chicago some five hours away. . . . . And that night, coming back to their hotel rooms after a modest solitary stroll, Jerome found her standing smoking by a window, still dressed as she had been.

"Isn't it silly to be so self-conscious?" she asked.

He wanted her to be self-conscious, shy, trusting. This was the hour for it. But he didn't say so.

"It's natural, darling. And you must be tired. Don't you want to go to bed? It's been a long day. You'd better begin getting your things off."

"That doesn't take me long."

"Aren't you tired?"

"No. Never been more awake in my life."

One of them had to break down that wall of reserve. But while she stood there, with that cigarette poised and glowing, it was so difficult.

Suddenly she began to laugh.

"What's so funny?" Jerome asked.

"It's like a melodrama," she said. "For all the world like it."

Her laugh ripped the reserves in shreds. It ripped his tenderness with it.

"I'm not so scared as all that," said Jerome. . . . .

It was not as he had meant it to be. In the midst of the glory, deep in the oblivion, he knew that. *(The story continues in detail:)*

ON the display counter of the cosmetic department in Davis and Rossiter's big store there were huge colored powder-puffs of swan's-down, a rainbow edge of them, each one tacked to a wisp of matching chiffon that might serve as a glorified kind of hand-

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A novel of two young people in love and struggling to make a success, in opposite ways, of the most perplexing partnership in the world —marriage

"Bills are most unpleasant things. I've had no other reading matter for two days."

kerchief. All color and all softness seemed to be in that delicate array. They looked as if they could almost create beauty by a touch, as if their amazing delicacy must be communicable. Even middle-aged shoppers with hard soap-and-water complexions looked at them covetously; young girls bought them greedily, and women whose massaged faces were always too taut or too loose could not pass them by.

They were bait. Miss Desmond, who was head of the department, knew that she must make a quick turn-over on them before their novelty became common and before city air and dust destroyed the freshness of the down. She had priced them fairly closely because she wished to get rid of them. And along with them must be sold a great many powders and creams and perfumes that people had not expected to buy. It was a method which she herself knew to perfection and which Dorothy Carey—who had left her husband and had undertaken to support herself and her children—could simulate very well after ten months' instruction and example.

Dorothy had often watched Miss Desmond build up the needs of a customer as she was doing now.

"The puffs? A dollar seventy-five, madam. Oh, very good value indeed. Our smaller puffs have always sold for considerably more in the past. They are exquisite, aren't they? The green one—yes, I think myself that's almost the loveliest shade. Would you be interested in something new we have in powders? It's very delicate, a French formula, made in all the newest shades and especially adapted to these puffs. Have you just a minute? I don't want to keep you, but I would like to try a little on your skin. If you'll just push back your glove. Thank you. Oh, it's quite perfect, isn't it? I was so sure that was just your shade. It tones in absolutely. It always will do that with a delicate skin. Don't you find the texture remarkable?"

The customer, a plumpish lady looking down at a little smudge of pale dust on the back of her hand, began to feel that it really was remarkable and became interested in having a skin peculiarly suited to that powder. A mirage of beauty rose before her as she asked a question and Miss Desmond went on.

"The powder? It comes in this medium size and one larger. Such a lovely box—quite decorative, isn't it? So smart on the dressing-table. Two-fifty, I think. Yes, that's right. That company makes such delightful preparations. You notice the fragrance of the powder? It's almost enough in itself, but they also make this perfume which is so adapted to it. May I put just a drop on your fur? No—it's not gardenia. They call it orchid bouquet—elusive, but so lasting. I think it gives one individuality."

That was certainly the quality which the lady on the other side of the counter needed. She was one of the slightly stylish women, wistful without charm or mystery, who shop all day in the hope of finding distinction at the bottom of some pile of goods or in the depths of some glass case; the kind of woman who, from the look of her imitation jade earrings, had been flattered into purchases and vain hopes before. She frowned a little consideringly over the powder at two dollars and a half and sniffed at the perfume on her fur collar.

"It is rather unusual, isn't it?" she agreed.

"Oh, very. I don't know really how long we'll be able to stock it. Sometimes it is very difficult to get these things. I always feel that my customers should have the best, just as they could get it in New York. Of course we have that kind of trade here. —Mrs. Carey, turn off the daylight just a moment, will you? I want to show Madam how our blossom cream looks in artificial light."

Dorothy switched off the great overhanging bluish flare that parodied daylight, and as she refilled a compact case for a girl who was in a hurry, watched the sale come to a triumphant climax.

"Of course there are people who don't care, but I always say that if your cosmetics are right, everything looks well," Miss Desmond resumed.

The customer was fascinated. There was magic in it. She might have been leaning over love potions or the elixir of youth.

"I suppose," she said, for further reassurance, "that it really does make a great deal of difference in your looks?"

"Well, I think it makes all the difference in the world. After all, you have to begin with the skin, don't you? That's the important thing. No gown matters as your skin does. These preparations are so refreshing,"—she brought out another favorite word,—"so restoring. They have such a look of youth."

Why the woman wanted the look of youth was her own secret. Perhaps she did not know why. But her hesitation was waning. She lifted the tempting jars and bottles, ready to hurdle the question of price.

"It's very expensive," she protested weakly.

"Do you think so? Of course it's not cheap but do you want anything less than the best in a face cream or powder? It's not so expensive when you think of what you're getting. You can give yourself a beautiful face treatment right at home."

"Well, I think I'll have the smaller sizes. The two powders, the foundation lotion and that cream."

"I know you'll be back for more," prophesied Miss Desmond happily. "Yes, madam. And the perfume?"

She was making out a sales-slip now, taking the name and address and writing down those items to which the customer had committed herself.

"Charge and send. Yes, madam; and I do hope you'll enjoy them."

Her eyes lifted to see if there was further quarry in sight but for the moment the counter was deserted.

"How much did she buy?" asked Dorothy curiously.

Miss Desmond added the amounts.

"It comes to thirteen-fifty," she said.

"And some man has to pay for it—who doesn't care how she looks."

Miss Desmond smiled.

"She'll enjoy it. Women like to fuss over themselves."

"Those old girls who tramp the stores throw away a frightful lot of money," said Dorothy.

"Well, we want our share in this department," answered Miss Desmond brightly. "What's happened to Bella?"

"She's still down in the stock-room."

"So she is. By the way, Mrs. Carey, did I tell you about that proposition that the Sackwell Lotion people are making?"

"No."

"You're making enough to buy yourself a fur coat," said Hugh. "You're

"It's a thing that I thought you might help me with, knowing so many people. The Sackwell Company wants to get a better trade for their product—compete in a way with all this testimonial advertisement stuff that Dukes and L'Automne are doing. They're going to put on a competition to choose the prettiest girls in every city all over the United States and then run the pictures of those girls who are Sackwell users. The judges are to be some big artists, and the girls get prizes and a lot of publicity, of course. The way it's put is that the winners get checks which can be given to their favorite charities. And the artists will do paintings of the prize-winners which are to be reproduced in the company's advertisements."

"What do they get out of it—Sackwells, I mean?"

Miss Desmond laughed. "They get the young women in every city who have the most money to spend saying Sackwells once or twice a day. That's the best advertising in the world. The method the company suggests is to put the thing into the hands of some well-known society girl in each city to handle, some one who can use a little money. She gets five dollars for each photograph that she submits and they accept. In some cities the thing is started. But here they didn't seem to know the people, and the company's advertising manager wrote me—I suppose because we're the largest

earning a lot, aren't you?" Jerry could have knocked him down.

buyers of their stuff in the city. I thought maybe you could tell me the name of some one who'd be the right party to handle it. There's a customer, my dear."

The customer was a girl who wanted lip rouge.

"I saw a color I liked the other night—not exactly an orange—I wish I could get it—would you mind telling me exactly what that shade is that you have on?"

"They call it Oriental poppy," said Dorothy.

"Well, you've a different coloring than mine," the girl murmured discontentedly. "What should you say I ought to have for evening? I want something that will stay on."

"You want something that will take a lot of kissing and not smear," thought Dorothy, looking at the avid little mouth across the show-case. Aloud she said: "This is one of our loveliest new shades. It doesn't rub off easily. It's very popular in Paris."

She had no idea whether it was or not, but the phrase worked as usual. Some dim vision of French lips, enchanting and alluring, caught the girl's imagination.

"All right. I'll take that one."

Dorothy noticed that the girl's purse was shabby. Not a rich girl, this one who was spending a dollar on a lipstick—just an eager one.

"You want to try to sell that rouge that goes with the lip-salve," advised Miss Desmond. "Here's that Sackwell letter. I thought that since you knew all those society people you might give me a steer. It's got to be some one who can breeze up to the best of them and ask for a photograph. And get it."

Dorothy read the letter and considered. There was Martha Dickinson who always needed money. But people didn't like Martha very well. Gwen Salter could have done it to perfection but she was tied up in that book-and-print shop. She mentally ruled out two or three more people. She'd ask Fanny for advice.

"I'm seeing my cousin, Mrs. Lucas, for dinner," she told Miss Desmond. "I'll ask her if she can think of anyone."

"Do you suppose she would do it herself?"

"No. She'd think it was a heathen idea."

"It's great advertising and there's money in it."

Something came back to Dorothy, the gist of a remark Fanny had made the last time they had been together. She had said that she would like to make some money. Of course this was the sort of enterprise that would be easy for Fanny. She knew everybody.

"Well, I'll think about it," she promised, and went up to a lady who was holding a package across the counter as if it were a gun pointed at an enemy and saying, "I cannot understand why I should have been sent lilac toilet water when I ordered lavender!"

Dorothy was tired when Fanny called for her at closing time. Fanny was looking very exciting in a red coat touched with black krimmer, and she was driving their heavy car, fortified against the January weather by steel chains on its tires.

"Where shall we go?" she asked. "Jerome's out of town, you know—not getting back until eleven-thirty tonight—and it's the night my maid walks out with her young man. I can make you an omelette kind of dinner at home, or we can stay downtown."

"I get my fill of omelettes, since you ask me."

"And I despise them at this time of night. Food for crushed and ailing women."

They decided to dine in a large, commonplace German restaurant in the city, for Dorothy liked to avoid the clubs and hotels which she had formerly frequented with her husband. There the food was good, the lights bright, and strangers surrounded them. Men at near-by tables watched them and made obvious efforts to attract attention. Fanny's red coat was stirring. But both girls were wrapped in indifference and intent on their own conversation. Over their cutlets and hashed browned potatoes they rounded up each other's affairs.

"We're getting along pretty well," said Dorothy, "and I do begin to feel differently. It's as if I were learning to walk again. At first I felt so crippled."

"You're happier, aren't you?"

"I don't even think about that. I suppose I've written it off. But I like to feel myself earning. It's almost a new kind of vi-

tality. Even selling that stuff all day to women—Fanny, women are so exposed over a drug counter that it's horrible. They stand there stripped of everything but vanity. And their vitality seems so pathetic. They're greedy and helpless and behind them are all the invisible men they're thinking of, that they hope to get with their lotions and creams and paint. Or hope to hang on to."

"It's the invisible men who are your real customers."

"A lot of them get the bills anyway."

"Bills are the most unpleasant things in the world," said Fanny. "I've had practically no other reading matter for the last two days. I spend too much of Jerry's money. I wish I had some of my own."

"That reminds me," said Dorothy, and went into the Sackwell scheme.

"Kind of exploiting your friends, isn't it," asked Fanny, "to do a thing like that?"

"They don't have to give their pictures if they don't want to, do they?"

"No," said Fanny meditatively. "You say they want young married women as well as débutantes? Of course there are a lot of good-lookers in this town. And five dollars a picture is pretty good loot. It might run to money."

"They say here," said Dorothy, taking the letter that Miss Desmond had given her out of her purse and surveying it again with some amusement, "that the smartest women in the country are taking this up. That lets you in."

"You know it begins to interest me. I think I'll have a try at it. I really would like the money."

"When did you get so poor?"

"I don't suppose we are quite on the town. But all the incomes I ever live with are bigger in theory than in practice. Jerry still owes some notes that he's always just going to pay off and doesn't. Mostly we go ahead and use up what's in the bank, on clubs and food and the car and clothes. It's stupid to say that I don't know where it goes, because I know perfectly. But his salary just melts. Of course he's generous, but he has a regular man's attitude about money and me. He likes to give it to me but he simply adores having me ask for it!"

"Don't you have an allowance or some definite arrangement?"

"Yes. We did a lot of neat budgeting at the start. I get a check every month but I can't go into Lois' ecstasies about dividing it into fractions. I'm only good at spending it. Besides, I lent some money awhile ago and that left me rather more short than I've told Jerry. I could use a few hundred dollars. This coat may look as if you could warm your hands on it—but it's just stage scenery. I need a fur one."

"What happened to your squirrel coat?"

"I traded it in on that black fox fur last spring. It was practically gone to pieces. Anyway, I'm cold. I'm covetous of every good-looking hide I see in shop windows. Of course I could plunge and buy one but I hate to get our accounts loaded up like that, for Jerry's been worried about Mr. Austen's illness and what may happen to the firm. I suppose I'd better take to flannels."

"My fur coat was the one thing I didn't sell," said Dorothy. "I tried to once, but they wouldn't give me enough for it to make it worth my while. I sold the white evening one, of course."

"Why don't you do this Sackwell stunt yourself?" asked Fanny, as if reminded that Dorothy's needs were far more real and urgent than her own.

"I couldn't," said Dorothy. "I'm out of touch. They wouldn't do it for me. And anyway I can't ask those people for favors."

Fanny did not ask why. Everyone knew that Gilbert Carey had asked the same people for too many.

"No," Dorothy finished, "you go ahead and do it, if you can bear to. You ought to be able to persuade all the idle beauties it's their big chance to expand their horizons or have a career or some such junk. And as my boss and mentor says, it's good advertising. You know, I like that hard little blonde I work for, Fanny. She holds her head right up where it belongs. And she has a child with a twisted mind. Ten years old."

"Where's her husband?"

"Oh—gone. Into the everywhere. Where are the husbands of most girls behind counters?"

"Are a lot of them married?"

"More than half, certainly. I figured up the other day that between the drug department and the hosiery department there are six divorces, counting my pending one. Makes it very sociable. It takes the wail and whine out of you too. You find at that you aren't the only one who's had to stiffen up. Nor the only one who

Women over a drug counter—behind them all the invisible men they're thinking of.

didn't put it over. At first I suppose I had the idea that what had happened to me was a kind of romantic tragedy and very unusual. It's nothing of the sort. It's just what's happening to a lot of women. Desertion's frightfully common."

"I wonder why?"

"Because men get tired of being married."

"You think a lot of them do?"

"Don't you see it all around you, Fanny? Among your friends?"

"Impatience, of course. But not so many divorces."

"That's because of business and social life. There's more to hold them than just the ties between a man and a woman. But you certainly don't claim that the crowd you play around with is one maze of loving couples?"

Fanny said reminiscently: "Last night Tom and Jane had some bridge. There were ten of us and the idea seemed to be that the two who cut out should amuse themselves by lying on the sofa. Not pretty at all, part of the time."

"Who was there?"

"It was mixed up. Hugh was there. And Owen, very tight indeed and playing grand bridge with that part of his mind he always keeps sober for cards. Dorcas Allen, that new girl who has absolutely no inhibitions at all, attended in person. Also the Waynes and the Whitemans. Tom is crazy about this Dorcas, by the way. Jane loathes her but is too proud not to have her around. Still, it was her sofa."

"That's a pretty glimpse of domestic life."

"Oh, you're right enough when you say a lot of people are tired with marriage. But I can't quite figure out the reasons."

"There isn't enough of it left to make it a job. Not for a man, anyway."

"There's quite a lot left, though," said Fanny.

"For you. You're very much in love with Jerry."

"Yes. With Jerry. But with marriage too. I didn't dream I would like it so much. It really is nice material to work with. Somebody ought to be able to make something out of it. It's such fine, warm stuff."

Their thoughts separated, Dorothy's going back reluctantly to memories, Fanny's rushing ahead.

"I miss Jerry," she said aloud, "with all the sentiment of a valentine. I feel as if there were a lace edge around my tender yearning. I blush for myself!"

"Then how do you manage at parties like last night's?"

Fanny considered that.

"There's no use in being too upstage," she said at length; "they're friends and that's their idea of a good time. Hugh took me home. When he began to act like the villain of the melodrama, I put him out in the snow and got my sleep."

She laughed—partly because the incident was amusing but more because she was happy. Something in Dorothy's face may have reminded her that such happiness could not be shared and that the vision of it could be cruel, for she changed the subject.

"Where do we go from here?" she asked. "We could do a movie and then I can take you home before I meet Jerry's train. I must meet him to keep him from taking a taxi. This is Economy Week."

But that wasn't the reason. She knew it and so did Dorothy. So did Jerry, rushing toward her in the fast express and looking at his watch every now and then. He had been occupied, of course. He'd won thirty-eight dollars in the game in Haney's stateroom, which, while it was no fortune, was enough to make a man feel cheerful and competent. He'd have to give Fanny the thirty-eight—twenty-five of it anyhow. She was a whiz at running through money, he thought with a curious mixture of pride and discomfiture. Where it all went to he didn't know. A lot of people got along on less. He figured. When he left home he had about two hundred and fifty in cash, and even with what he'd won tonight he didn't have more than fifty dollars left, at the outside. The train fare had been about fifty, round trip, possibly sixty all told, with meals. He remembered the amount of his hotel bill,—forty-three dollars,—and groped for the disposition of the other hundred and fifty dollars. He hadn't lost that much at the Racquet Club yesterday afternoon, though he'd been pretty well trimmed. Yes, he must have, for he hadn't bought anything except a pair of shoes. Lucky they'd insisted on holding down the stakes yesterday, considering the breaks he'd had. Of course those other fellows all had money to spend. He thought of Morrison—rich wife, crazy about him; that was all Morrison did for a living—of Beamsley, who'd found his fortune in his cradle, of that lucky plunger McGregor. It was all very well for them to hand out tips, but you had to have money to take advantage of them. Great bunch of fellows. They liked his game, wanted him to come down again. He thought of what life might be if he had fallen into the grain business as they had, through inheritance or marriage, instead of being employed by it. That brought up another uncomfortable speculation. If Mr. Austen died now—and there was no doubt that his condition was more serious than anyone admitted—what was to hinder that daughter of his from selling the business? It wasn't showing much of a profit this year, which had meant a cut in all the bonuses. It had been hard putting that up to the clerks. They bought their Christmas presents with those bonuses. Still, the best you could do was to take your loss along with theirs.

He wondered how Fanny was, what she had been doing in these three days. Plenty, no doubt. She'd been at the Munros' last night. What vitality Fanny had! He wondered if she were really going to have a child. She'd have to slacken her pace, if that was going to happen. It would be strange to have a kid around. Funny, the way you started things and kept them going without thinking much about it. You had a child because you loved a woman, and there was life running ahead of you.

He thought as men do, far below the surface of their appearance or activities, fumbling with a newspaper, sizing up the market quotations, while the thoughts ran on beneath. He was a large, handsome man of less than thirty-five, and a girl sitting across the aisle crossed her pretty legs and did not look at him but had an air of having done so. Jerry knew she was there. He gave the legs a glance. He'd seen that girl in the dining-car, pretending that she was a lady. She didn't get over—not with him, he thought; but she was right about her legs. They were good.

The watch again. It was dark now. No use in going back to the club car. He didn't want to play with that sorehead bunch again. There was only an hour or two more to go anyhow. Fanny'd meet him with the car. The thought was warming. Great stuff, to go home to something—to have a home! He could see their high-ceilinged, rather bare rooms with a curious vividness. His bedroom. Fanny's. Sometimes she would have a fire in that

old coal grate, and the dull glow of the broken chunks of coal was one of the most beautiful lights in the world. Still, there was a memory connected with it that he turned away from, frowned over. A man ought to be sure of his wife. He ought to feel that he had a few rights. Fanny didn't admit rights. You never felt that you quite had Fanny, married or not. That was the way she wanted things, of course. She didn't want them to ease off or get stale.

It had worked out differently from his expectations. Most things did. But marriage, he had assumed, would settle life, relax it. It wasn't like that. Not yet, anyhow, but perhaps if Fanny had a child or two it would be different. There were times when he felt that she belonged to him completely and other times when he seemed to have no more rights than the rest of the men at some dinner. Of course that was silly. She was his wife. They did belong to one another, of course.

The girl across the aisle met his glance, which had drifted toward her again, almost unconsciously. Dumb little thing, he decided, as he watched her pretend indifference and take out a stick of red paste to outline her lips. Their eyes met in an exchange which had nothing personal in it but was only the challenge of sex to sex. Nothing doing, thought Jerry, and was glad that he wasn't dependent on girls like that. . . . .

The station was badly lit and as he looked around for the first few minutes he still hoped for Fanny. Dark figures hurried by him, carrying suitcases. It was bitterly cold. He went out to the car ramp and looked to see if his car was there, but it was not lined up with the others. He waited five minutes, ten minutes. The still cold was penetrating after the atmosphere of the overheated train. Jerry picked up his bags and called a taxi. Fanny was not feeling well, perhaps.

"Step on it, will you?" he said to the driver. "Nice summer weather you've got here!"

"Going to be ten below by morning," answered the taxi-driver cheerfully.

The big square house was dark on the side where the Lucases lived. A dim light on the other side proved that their neighbor, the doctor, was either reading or out on some case. Jerry put his latchkey in the lock and entered a chilly room. The furnace fire must be either very low or have gone out. That was one of the bad things about an old shack like this, he thought. They were so hard to heat. There were two furnaces in the basement, one for each side of the house, but in extreme weather like this it was hard to keep the rooms warm. And Fanny insisted that they didn't need a man to look after the furnace. She said that she and the maid could handle a few shovels of coal when Jerome wasn't home.

Jerry took off his overcoat and went down the steep cellar stairs to find that his guess was right. Nobody had looked at the condition of the fire for hours and the last stoking had been an unworkmanlike job. He shook down the ashes, turned the dampers to get a better draft, and put on more coal. Going back to the lifeless rooms upstairs, he wondered about Fanny with the worried irritation which had been growing ever since he came into the house and had abandoned his last hope of getting the kind of welcome he had anticipated. It wasn't that he wanted to drag her out at this time of night—but after all she was out somewhere. She had the car, for the garage was empty. Besides, she'd said she'd meet him. He felt like a child cheated of a treat, resentful of the promise as well as of the lack of realization.

Was it last night or tonight that she had been playing bridge at the Munros'? There might be a game going on there now. They'd have a man for her, of course—Bartlett probably. He was a close friend of the Munros. Jerry chafed a little. He might call up the Munros and find out. Still, if Fanny wasn't there, it would seem foolish. He looked up the number in the telephone-book and as he hesitated with a hand on the telephone he heard the crunch of chains on the snow as the car went into the garage.

He hurried out to close the garage doors for Fanny.

"Oh, hello!" she said. "I just missed you. Isn't it savagely cold?"

She got out of the car and stood shaking her numb fingers while Jerry kissed a very cold cheek, not at all in the way he had anticipated.

"Too bad you went down to the station."

"I was downtown anyway. Dorothy and I had dinner together and then went to a movie. It was really a wonderful one, so we hated to leave before the end. Then I simply raced her out to where she lives and came back to the station. But the train was in and you were already gone."

"I waited around a few minutes and then got a taxi."

"I'd have been right along."

"It was pretty cold."

"Don't I know! And me wrapped in red tissue paper."

They went into the house, where the big living-room was rather bleak. The mirrors seemed to reflect only cold spaces, and the gray ashes in the fireplaces were drearily reminiscent of warmth no longer there.

"Is the furnace fire out?" asked Fanny, with a shiver.

"It nearly was; I've got it fixed up now," said Jerry. "The house will warm up pretty soon. If you're chilled, why don't you climb into bed and let me bring you a highball?"

"That's an inspiration."

He took her coat.

"This isn't heavy enough for this weather. You'd better get a thick coat, Fanny."

"It's the first winter for years that I've attempted this climate without a fur coat," she said. "I guess my bones are too old to stand it."

He felt that she was putting him at fault.

"Well, go ahead and get one."

"You haven't seen the bills, darling. There's been a snowfall of them since you left."

Jerry frowned.

"Bills or not, you've got to keep warm."

"It does seem a little unnecessarily slummy to shiver," she said. "We ought to do better with our money. I know how I can make some, Jerry, by the way."

"You'd better go on up," he said abruptly, "before you get a chill."

He was rubbed the wrong way. All sorts of little bristles were standing up. It was all very well for Fanny to say that they ought to do better, but a good part of that was up to her. She certainly got the lion's share of what he earned. He never refused her anything. His glance stopped at a curious picture on the wall. He didn't even draw the line at paying out good money for junk like that. A hundred and fifty dollars for what was supposed to be a picture of a green swamp, done by somebody who claimed to be a genius. And then old Ransom had touched him for a hundred last week. That he couldn't tell Fanny about, for it had been a confidential request and there hadn't been any way out of it, for he didn't like to refuse Fanny's father—especially when Ransom was up against it. Since he'd lost his job on that forced resignation he must have his back against the wall. It wasn't a savory situation. There didn't seem to be any doubt that Ransom had let his office wink at a good deal of bootlegging which the customs authorities should have prevented.

Fanny, in a cream-colored quilted satin robe, was very lovely when Jerome brought up her drink. She was kneeling before her bedroom fire, which she had just kindled, and he began again to feel the deliciousness of having their brief separation at an end. Moments of intimacy like this always *(Please turn to page 147)*

OURS are days of changing relations; and by all odds the changes which most concern us are those which affect husband and wife. The greatest torments, like the highest joys, lie in the small circle of a wedding ring. . . . . Redbook seeks always to publish stories which, like this searching drama by Mrs. Banning, deal honestly with life as it is being lived in our immediate day.

What good is a nest when the bird has flown?

SELLING *at the* TOP

It was not, as everyone now knows, the widely advertised conference of big bankers that at life's lowest moment lifted the gloom from Wall Street: it was Eddie Cantor with his "Caught Short!" Here is the sequel by the famous actor, author and investor.

by Eddie Cantor

Decorations by Sid L. Hydeman

THIS little pig went to market. This little pig stayed at home; and the pigs that went to market cried, "Woe is me!" all the way home—that is, if their brokers had not already taken their homes for extra margin.

We were all a bit selfish about the stock market, and that is why it fell down and went "bum." None of us were satisfied with a hundred points profit. No! We wanted three and four hundred points. We were not satisfied to be just rich. No! We were striving to get in a position so that the Rockefellers, the Fords, the Morgans and the Mellons would have to "touch" us before they could put over a big deal.

Now let's put on our reading glasses and see what happened twenty-five hours after B. C. (Big Catastrophe).

Penthouses in New York were selling for two dollars a dozen. Sure. What good is a nest when the bird has flown?

Business men were eating in one-arm lunch-rooms without the excuse of "quick service." They confessed that the real reason was the food was cheap and filling.

Society women who would peek at a Pekinese through lorgnettes were speaking to pawnbrokers without an introduction.

Chauffeurs were being dismissed with such rapidity that they had no time even to take along the tools or their uniforms.

Bracelets and rings were selling at such ridiculous prices that at first glance it looked as if all jewelry stores had merged with Woolworth's.

Many millionaires who used to throw parties were now throwing fits. But that's nothing. Weddings were postponed in such numbers that prospective brides and grooms were suing the brokers for alienation of affection, and "sugar daddies" were only men with diabetes. But things got tougher and tougher.

Forty-eight hours after the bottom had dropped out of where another bottom used to be, many a girl who was glorified by Ziegfeld drove up to the theater in a limousine and had to wait two minutes before the chauffeur would open the door for her, the footman having been dismissed. But wait! Many a Follies beauty had to give up her car entirely and start using taxies, and there was a strong rumor afloat (but it has never been verified) that one Ziegfeld "baby" was seen coming out of the subway. But that is too much to believe. . . . . We people in the theatrical profession who lost all our money became known as "sugar-cured hams."

Bootblacks, street-cleaners, truck-drivers who cannot tell the difference between a Latin prefix and a Hungarian saxophone—all are raccoon-clad.

One thing you will admit: while we have been talking on Republican prosperity for a good many years, the stock market was Democratic—"and how!" It "took" waiters, society women, clubmen, bellboys, snake-charmers and prima donnas. Speaking of the latter, many a prima donna who could hold a note for two minutes now has a broker holding her note indefinitely.

The crash made more drunkards than did Prohibition. Let me tell you of an experience I had with a newly made drinker.

In one of the big hotels in Mayor Walker's city, there is a fine barber—a lovely fellow. He calls me "Eddie" and I call him "Pete." He lost his all on a hundred shares of Radio, which he purchased on margin. So a day after the biggest tumble I relaxed in his chair for a "once-over." He leaned over and said, "Hello." right away; and I could tell he had been drinking; and I became a bit scared, for after all, a razor is no harmonica. Sure enough, he had just started to shave me when *slip!* went the razor, and he cut me right below the ear. Up to that point I did not want to admonish him about his drinking, but the little spurt of blood gave me courage, and I said: "Pete, see what drinking will do?" And he replied: "Yes, Eddie, it sure makes your face tender."

He may have lost his money, but he retained his sense of humor.

But never mind my barber. Stocks are coming back. Yes sir, they're coming back, but not to their original owners.

It will only be a short while before this country must go back to normalcy. And what a tragedy! Think of the millions of people being forced once again to live within their means. I don't blame you for shivering. I am doing a "Gilda Gray" myself! But that's not the worst. Think of our youth—think of the hundreds of boys whose fathers were in the "stuck" market who took these lads out of college just when they were learning to hold their liquor and drive with one hand. . . . . Pardon me while I remove the tear from my lapel. Think of making these poor boys earn a living just when they had mastered the new dances. What a catastrophe!

Picture, if you have imagination, the tremendous sale of raccoon coats to secondhand dealers—and how we all looked forward to the football games so we could gaze at the dead raccoons draped over the youthful collegiates.

Now look around, and see what has happened. Bootblacks, street-cleaners, truck-drivers and people who cannot tell the difference between a Latin prefix and a Hungarian saxophone—all are raccoon-clad. Yea, brethren, and the market is to blame. The market is at the bottom of it all. At the bottom, that's the trouble! Only at this writing did I discover that six brokers who tried to give their waiters tips—on the market—were found at the inquest to have died of strychnine in their custard.

Beware of tips. Beware of the man who says: "I just heard from my brother-in-law's stenographer that her aunt, who is J. P. Astorbilt, says that the New York Central is going to merge with the Public Libraries and going to split up four for one on account of its enormous book value." You have my permission when you hear a tip like that to shoot that person dead, because Clarence Darrow would take up your case in a minute.

He replied: "Yes, Eddie, drinking sure makes your face tender."

"A bank, my son, will loan you umbrellas during fair weather and starts calling for them when it begins to rain."

The banks acted nicely during the crash, and I can best illustrate this by a conversation that I overheard in the lobby of a theater a short while ago. A young boy spoke to his father and said, "Daddy, what is a bank?" and his pater answered: "A bank, my son, is a friendly institution that will loan you umbrellas during fair weather and starts calling for them the minute it begins to rain."

Did you notice that the crash in the market made a new class of liars? First of all we get the man who exaggerates. You know darn well he was never worth more than three thousand dollars in his life, and when you mention the market he chimes in with his own sad story— "They got everything I had—one hundred and fifty thousand dollars." Then there is the man who didn't lose a cent. In fact, he wasn't in the market at all, and you find him crying hardest and loudest, so that his friends who did lose in the market wont borrow. In fact, to make sure that they wont borrow, when he sees them approach he starts negotiating for a loan.

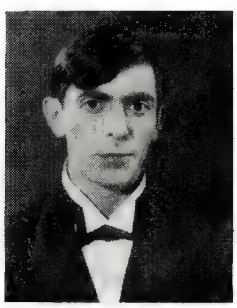
There's one way to bring this country back to where it was, and that is to abide by the advice of big business men and financiers. Buy—keep buying.

If you promised your wife a fur coat, buy it. If your boy or girl needs a new car, buy it. If you have your eye on some good stocks, buy them. We should buy anything and everything we need, but—what are we going to use for money?

In conclusion, let me give you some good sound advice. There is only one way to make money out of the stock market; and it can be made, too. You must buy at the bottom, and sell at the top. Of course, you will say, "Where is the bottom, and where is the top?" That, my friends, I cannot tell you. However, you must admit that the thought is there—that if one sells at the peak, having bought in the basement, his profit will be handsome.

And, one more thing—save your money and be prepared for the next crash. It might be around the corner; and if you don't believe me, ask Babson, "the boogey man."

Eddie Cantor Carries On



Wide World Photos

WHEN we had nothing left but a choking mouthful of wool after the big Bear-and-Bull Fight of 1929, Eddie Cantor stepped out from behind the foot- and Klieg-lights and became the savior of his country.

With six daughters of his own around the house, Eddie had to gulp hard before he mustered up the chuckles that set all the other glum losers laughing heartily at his little book, "Caught Short."

"Whoopee" was a great show; so was "Kid Boots." Cantor made them with his personality, and with the lines he himself wrote, as he has made every show or movie in which he has appeared. His own clever lines lifted him out of burlesque and vaudeville years ago. And now through Redbook he plays to the nation's readers.

BROKEN DATE

The tale of a man and a girl who both were exceedingly proud and hopelessly in love—

by Hilda Mauck

Illustrated by Addison Burbank

"DARLING," I said to Lacy one afternoon at the end of the summer, "you can't dangle yourself just out of a man's reach too long. He'll either jump up and grab you, or go off and forget you—and you can't depend on Johnny B. to do the former!"

She widened her eyes at me innocently. "Why, Johnny B. and I are regular chums nowadays," she protested.

"Exactly," I agreed. "Just boys together. It must be awfully encouraging to make love to a girl who breaks into hearty laughter the minute you try to hold her hand! Stop trying to stand him off with a barrage of wisecracks. You're a clever girl, darling; but a man who's in love with you is no safe target to practice on! One *bon mot* too many would have landed Abélard and Héloise in the divorce-court."

She laughed, and stretched herself. We had been swimming, and were lying around sunning ourselves on the diving platform, several hundred feet off the beach. "There's a good line gone wrong," she said. "Abélard and Héloise weren't even married."

"Well, they probably should have been," I said firmly. "Don't cloud the issue. And another thing—Bill Thurman's a darned nice boy, but he isn't my idea of a husband—nor yours, even if you are engaged to him. Don't pretend a deathless passion for him every time Johnny B. comes in sight. Bill thinks you mean it."

Johnny B. was an assistant professor of economics at Marland College; and Lacy, by taking a nap every day in his Labor Problems class, and drawling at him now and then that she didn't believe in trade unions, had kept him gnashing his teeth through most of a semester. At the end of the year, he had magnanimously decided to save her from herself, and ignoring the fact that she was already one of the Warrens of Virginia and heiress to Eli Warren's shoes, he had devoted his summer to polishing her off into one of Nature's noblewomen. By the last of August she was so noble she was trying to be a sister to him—and he was still gnashing his teeth.

Lacy and I had planned—by way of recuperation after flunking the course in Labor Problems—to spend the summer in Minnesota, gamboling gayly on the beach with Bill Thurman and Vance West, our respective boy friends. But Johnny B., fired by this zeal of his to show us how the other half lived, had torn such a hole in our parachute that we instead had landed, with an uncomfortable thud, in the back regions of a summer hotel.

We had been invited to visit his Aunt Mary Allen, who owned Sunset Lodge, and whom my family had known for years—and the boy friends were staying just across the lake. But by the time we arrived, Johnny B., who was supposed to be studying in Chicago, had sent his Aunt Mary away to take care of a sick sister, and had put himself in charge of the Lodge. We could pay the regular rates, he grimly informed us—or go to work, in which case he would allow us our credits for Labor Problems.

We went to work. Giving us our choice was a gesture as empty as our pocketbooks. Having spent our entire allowance for the summer, in Minneapolis,—on clothes our families would be sure to think we didn't need,—we were in no position to wire for help.

So our gambolings on the beach had been limited to the hours we had left after waiting on tables. By that time, almost the close of the season, we were pillars of the hash-slinging profession, and Lacy had forgotten about the *Mayflower* and was chumming around with her fellow-workers as if they had all come over together in the steerage.

"There's Johnny B. now!" she cried suddenly, that afternoon out on the lake. He had been away, at a convention of economists

down at Minneapolis, and we hadn't expected him back until that evening; but there he was, waving at us from the edge of the boat-landing.

Lacy jumped up and flung up an arm in greeting, so radiant and shining-faced it blinded you to look at her. They both looked marvelous in bathing suits, standing there straight and perfect in the sunshine, and you could see by the very way they flamed up for that second, and waved, that they were thrilled to tears to see each other again. He had been gone nearly three days!

He plunged into the lake, and came swimming toward us, and she settled down again and tried to smooth the beam off her face.

"Miss me?" he inquired casually as he swung himself up on the platform.

She blotted a tear from each eye. "Sobbed myself to sleep every night."

"I knew you would," he said sympathetically. "Isn't it terrible?"

The summer had done a good deal for him too—he'd developed quite a lingo.

"I can't even eat," she confided.

"I know. That awful, heavy feeling in the pit of one's stomach!"

"And do you go hot and cold by turns?" She waited breathlessly for his nod.

"And life seems but an empty dream!" he sighed.

"That's love, all right," she nodded sagely. "Was it love at first sight?"

"I should say not," Johnny B. boasted. "It took a long time to wear me down."

"Oh, mine was! Why, the very first time I ever saw Bill, I fell head over heels!" she said—and burst into laughter at the sight of Johnny B.'s face.

"Oh, you did, did you!" He picked her up wrathfully and dangled her over the water as if to throw her in—then dropped her back on the platform. "What's the use!" he said disgustedly. "Your head's so light you'd bob up like a cork."

"I like it that way," she said placidly. "Much more comfortable than having it loaded with a lot of stuff about the future of labor in the steel industry. I suppose that paper you read down at Minneapolis was the high spot of the convention?"

"Stopped the show."

"Our shrinking little violet!"

"No fooling. They were so overcome they're spending the week-end up here at the Lodge to recuperate. Arriving on the five-thirty-five this evening."

"Oh, Lord!" Lacy groaned. "It's bad enough to have even one professor around underfoot all the time. How can we stand a whole convention?"

"It'll be good for you," he asserted. "When you see the others, you'll appreciate me."

"I wouldn't count on it. However, if your dancing keeps on improving, I may consider it my civic duty to drag you to our fall house-dance when we get back to school. Just to keep you in touch with the younger generation."

"Something to look forward to!" he sighed, a burlesque throb in his voice. "That is," he added casually, "if I go back to Marland this year."

Lacy looked up quickly, with startled eyes. "Aren't you going back?"

"I don't know. There's a Japanese at the convention who's looking for a bright young labor expert to take back to Japan with him."

"What of it? He doesn't think you're one of those, does he?"

"Absolutely. It seems they've been having trouble in the steel mills over there. And since he heard me read that paper you made so much fun of, and found out I spent a year working around the mills in Pennsylvania, he's been trying to eat out of my hand."

"How long would they want you to stay?"

"Three years."

There was a long pause. I saw a motorboat coming toward us from across the lake that looked as if it might be Bill's, but Lacy didn't notice. She was looking rather stunned, but she finally managed to ask, "Well, why don't you go?" as casually as she'd have said: "Well, why don't you buy a new hat?"

"I happen to have more important business over here."

"What! More important than your duty to society?"

"A lot more important. I've decided to let society take care of itself for a while, and concentrate on a personal enterprise of mine."

"What sort of enterprise? 'Pike's Peak or Bust?' "

"No," he said. "I want to get married."

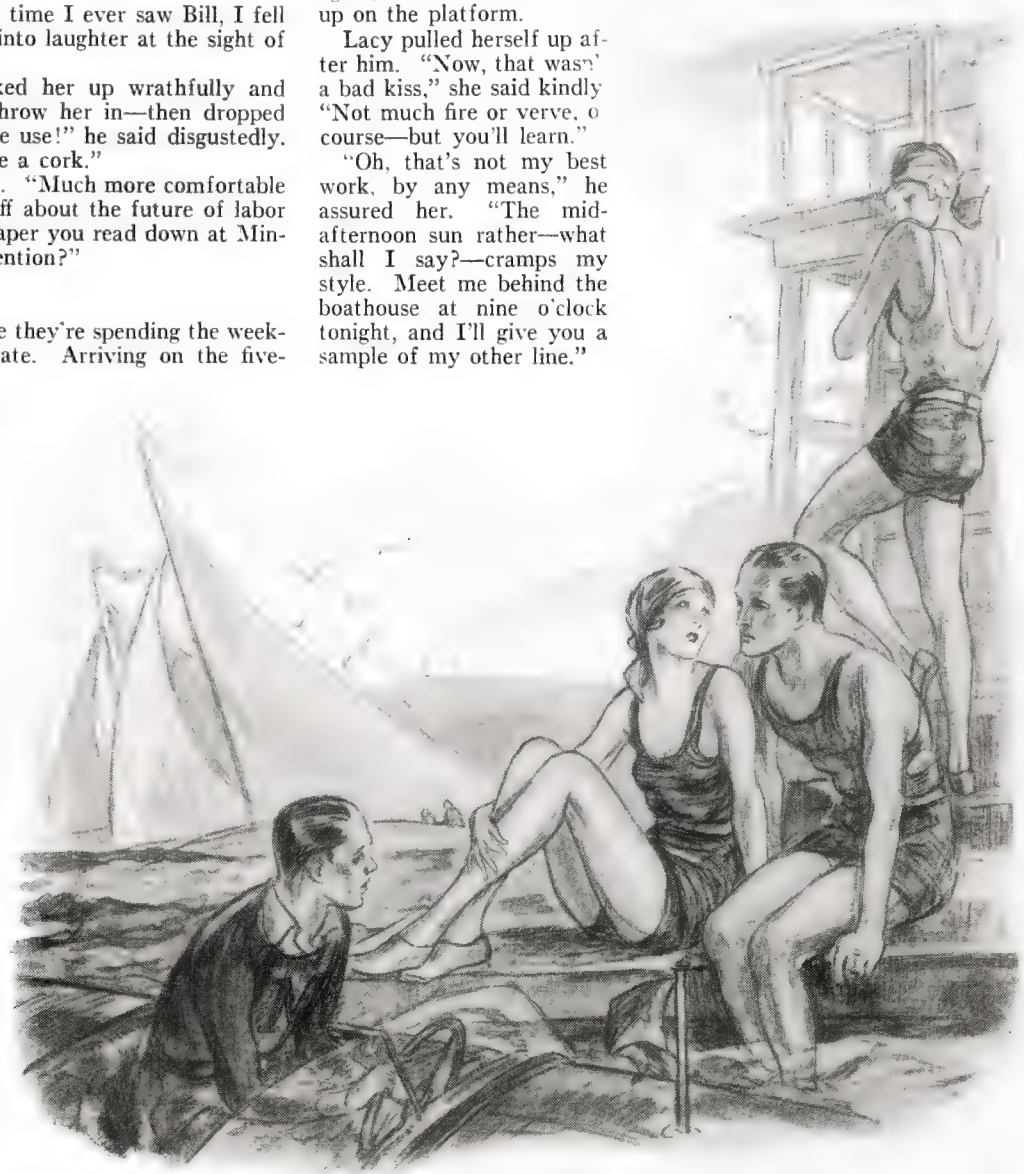
"Oh, Mr. Burton," she simpered, "this is so sudden!"

He laughed aloud. "Don't excite yourself, infant. I'm no cradle-snatcher!"

Without a word she shoved herself back from the edge of the platform, put her foot against the small of his back, and shoved him off into the lake. He came up spluttering, grabbed her by an ankle, and yanked her in after him. They were both like fish in the water. She landed on top, and they went to the bottom and came up still scrapping. For a few minutes Lacy had the better of him; then he got hold of her again and ducked her, jerked her up and kissed her, ducked her again, and scrambled back up on the platform.

Lacy pulled herself up after him. "Now, that wasn't a bad kiss," she said kindly "Not much fire or verve, o course—but you'll learn."

"Oh, that's not my best work, by any means," he assured her. "The mid-afternoon sun rather—what shall I say?—cramps my style. Meet me behind the boathouse at nine o'clock tonight, and I'll give you a sample of my other line."



"Say,"—Bill scowled,—"what were you doing to my girl just now?"

Lacy grinned over her shoulder. "Is that a date?"

"That's a date." He looked back at her so steadily that the color flooded up into her face.

"Here comes Bill," she said hastily. "So you want to get married! Has the little woman been told yet what a prize she's going to draw?"

"Not yet," he admitted. "But I think she knows it's hers if she wants it."

"Doesn't she show any sign of wanting it?"

"She does not. If I can get her to register the faintest flicker of interest within the next week or ten days, I'll stick around—as long as it takes. If not—off to the cherry blossoms!"

It was an ultimatum. I'd known all along he was that kind. No matter how crazy he was about Lacy or any other girl, he'd never be caught sitting around pining for her.

Lacy said at last, in a low, hesitating voice, while Bill shut off his engine and drifted over to us: "Why don't you—take her along?"

Johnny B. turned, slowly, leaned back on his elbow so that he was almost against her, and looked up into her face intently. "Do you suppose she'd—go?" he questioned, with his heart in his eyes.

"Of course she'd go," said Lacy softly. "When a girl's in love, she'll go anywhere. Why, I'd follow Bill anywhere in the world if it meant we could get married right away! —Hello, darling, what made you so late?"

"Late!" said Bill blankly. "I didn't know you were expecting me this afternoon."

Lacy gave him a look that should have wiped him off the earth, but didn't. I simply itched to push her into the lake again and keep her there till she learned some sense.

"Got a cigarette, Bill?" said Johnny B., leisurely sitting up and putting a cool distance between himself and Lacy. A few tight little lines had popped into sight around his mouth.

"Say,"—Bill scowled,—"what were you doing to my girl just now?"

"Oh, just—practicing."

"Well, do your home work with somebody else."

"Certainly," said Johnny B. pleasantly. "All the same to me."

"Good news, dearie!" Bill beamed at Lacy. "How'd you like to quit slinging hash and be a lady for a while? I've got us invited to a house-party up at the Stallings'."

"Who are they?"

"Cousins of mine. Got a cottage eighty miles north of here. I told 'em we'd be up for a week. Burton'll let you off for the rest of the season."

"Starting when?"

"Tonight."

"I can't go," she said, without looking up.

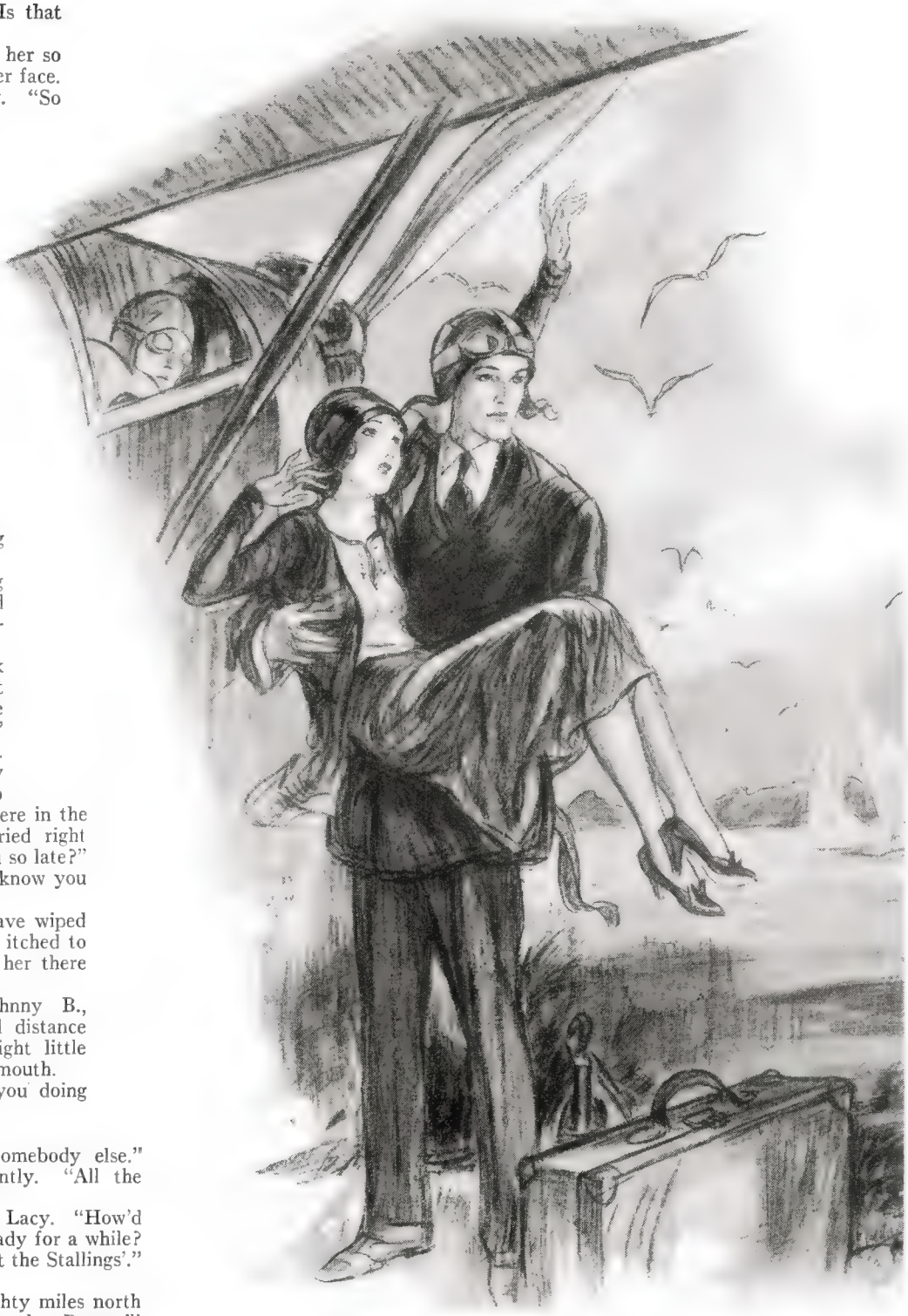
"Don't be dumb. We'll have a swell time. They've got a speedboat and everything."

"But Bill, darling," she explained, "there's a whole convention of professors coming in on the five-thirty-five. You wouldn't want me to go off and leave us short a waitress at a time like that!"

"How times have changed!" I said to myself. On the fourth of July, when we were a lot busier than we were then, she had taken the day off and positively gloated over the hemorrhage it had given Johnny B.

"Oh, Burton'll get along all right. —Wont you, Burton?"

"Lacy is quite free," said Johnny B., "to do as she wishes." He pitched his cigarette away, slid off into the water, and swam slowly toward shore.



"Say," I yelled, "where are you going to be married?" His face turned absolutely blank.

"You don't understand, Bill," Lacy said with dignity. (A darned good thing he didn't!) "As long as I'm a waitress, I intend to play the game. There are certain things a working girl simply doesn't do!"

Exactly—such as breaking a date with her employer!

"Say," said Bill suspiciously, "what gave you religion? Oh, gosh, Lacy, come on and go! Listen, Lacy, it isn't any time at all till we'll be back at school, with our noses to the old grindstone!"

The thought of Bill with his nose to a grindstone made such a touching picture I nearly burst into tears.

"Can't be done, Bill. Duty calls me," Lacy asserted.

"Call it duty if you want to," I muttered. . . . .

Johnny B. was in the kitchen when we went up there at dinner-

time. He lifted his eyebrows at the sight of Lacy. "I supposed you were gone by this time," he said. "I'm just arranging for the girls to divide your tables. Vera will take two, and Bertha the other two."

"I decided to stay here," said Lacy with a sudden furious blush.

There was an instant's pause. "I see," he said gravely, and went on talking to Molly the cook, about something else.

Personally, I didn't feel any too sure he'd keep that date even then. She had led him on to such high hopes that the final blow had hit him pretty hard.

At dinner, however, he had his wounds neatly out of sight, except for those tight little lines around his mouth, and looked what he was—a bright young man, all in a flutter at the idea of entertaining the big men of his profession. He gave them the keys to the Lodge with as much flourish as a mayor—if they had asked for

feather-beds to sleep on, he'd have sent us out to pluck a flock of geese.

They were a funny crowd—assorted sizes and shapes and ages. Some of them were as young and good-looking as Johnny B., and some couldn't walk without canes. Mr. Takamato, the Japanese, was a dapper little man with a flower in his buttonhole, and there were several other foreigners—it seemed it was an international congress of something or other.

"Look 'em over," I said to Lacy. "That's the kind of people you'll be entertaining in your home some day—that is, if you didn't overplay your luck this afternoon."

"Don't be absurd," she said loftily.

"Is it that bad?" I asked pityingly. "If that's the best you can do in the way of a bright, snappy come-back, you're in a bad way."

Johnny B. sat at the big round table with a bunch who were evidently the high moguls of the gathering, with Japan on his right. He talked a good deal—brilliantly, judging from the attention he was getting; and yet he had just a nice touch of deference for the older men.

I was mistaken about his date with Lacy. Bill or no Bill, he was going to keep it. You could see he was on a tension, and when his eyes met Lacy's, you could feel something fizz up between them like charged water.

They finished dinner about eight, and Johnny B. had us clear off the tables, and they went on with their discussion. Japan got out a lot of papers and seemed to be laying his problems before them, and the lesser lights at the other tables drifted outdoors.

Lacy and I went down to the cottage, and she began feverishly, a full hour ahead of time, to get ready. She wet her hair and pushed a wave into it, wailed over the result, combed it all out and started over again. Then when she was dressed, about a quarter to nine, she decided she had too much rouge on, took it off with cold cream, and started her face all over again.

"What a waste of time!" I groaned. "It'll be dark. And anyway, something tells me that you and he—"

"Phyl!" she protested. "Please don't be—vulgar."

It became quite apparent that it wasn't any mere necking party she was going on. She was preparing herself as carefully and reverently as if she were a nun ready to take her last vows.

I had a date for nine o'clock myself, to go canoeing with a big basketball-and-track man—a boy who had arrived at the Lodge a few days before, and who could spend an entire evening telling you by what fraction of a hair he had missed making each team. He was really pretty awful, but it gave his mother such severe pains to see him buzzing around a waitress that I had decided to sacrifice myself to the cause. Anyway, Vance West was down in Minneapolis, and I had the evening on my hands.

While he was getting the canoe, I noticed Bill's boat drawn up on the beach, and heard voices from beyond the boathouse. So I slipped around and looked.

Somebody had probably seen Lacy on her way down there, and had put Bill on her trail. She was trying desperately to get him to move on, and I didn't blame her—finding her there in the moonlight with Bill wouldn't be any particular stimulus to Johnny B.'s romantic intentions.

"Just inviting your soul, I suppose?" Bill was saying disgustedly.

"Something like that," said Lacy. "I certainly don't remember inviting yours."

"Well, what if you didn't? That needn't keep you from being civil."

"I am civil. But I don't guarantee it to last."

"Gosh, you certainly have lost the old spirit!" he said gloomily. "This is your idea of a good time, is it—mooning around on the beach alone?"

"It is," said Lacy; "but I don't have much chance to try it."

"Listen, Lacy," he said plaintively. "I came over to ask you once more, will you go up to this house-party, or wont you?"

"I wont." Lacy's reply was unhesitating.

"Then I'm going without you and have a swell time," he announced venomously, looking as if he'd have a rotten one. "I'll pick out the hottest baby there."

"Give her my best wishes," said Lacy, getting pretty edgy by that time. "Hadn't you better start right away? You wouldn't want to keep her waiting."

"I didn't mean that. I'm so—so darned crazy about you I can't keep my head. Honey, what's the matter?"

In spite of the kiss he had objected to that afternoon, it didn't seem to occur to him that Johnny B. might be the root of all the trouble. Johnny B. was nearly thirty, and a professor besides.

I left then, but he shoved off just a few minutes after our canoe did.

We came back about ten. An hour was all I felt I could contribute to making the athlete's mother miserable, no matter how good a cause it seemed. I nobly restrained myself when we beached the canoe, and didn't make a move to look around the corner of the boat-house. There was no talking this time—professors aren't so dumb.

BUT when I got up to the Lodge, there was Johnny B. still in the midst of the conference in the dining-room. He was absolutely trapped—and looked it. Mr. Takamato was beaming upon him like a father by that time—Johnny B. couldn't have broken away gracefully to go to his own wedding.

I sauntered back and forth in front of the dining-room doors. I didn't want to blast his career, but I couldn't keep my mind off Lacy. If he didn't get down there pretty soon, she'd be ending it all in the lake. Finally he caught my eye and beckoned, and asked me to bring them some ice-water. And when I came back with it, he held out his hand as if to give me a tip, slipped me a note, and went on talking without looking at me. It was a folded piece of paper, and he had scribbled, *"Take this to Lacy,"* across the outside.

Lacy sprang up expectantly when she heard me coming. "It's just me," I said apologetically. "He's been trying to come, but he can't get away. Here's a note he sent you."

The moon was full, and bright enough to read by. She read it through, and handed it over to me without a word.

"Lacy," it said, *"he wants me to decide about the job now—tonight. If you mean what you say about marrying Bill, I ought to take it, and clear out. But I can't give you up. Must I? Haven't I a chance in the world to make you love me?"*

She was leaning against the boat-house, staring out across the lake.

"Well?" I said. "The pony express awaits your message."

She drew a long breath. "I'll have to let him go, Phyl," she said. "I can't make him miss his big chance. A job like that would mean everything to him."

"It's a big one," I admitted. "I heard Tokyo saying something about the work opening up unlimited vistas to the young man who undertook it. But why can't you go along with him?"

"He doesn't suggest that."

"That's odd, isn't it?" I said sarcastically. "It hasn't been six hours since you heart-throbbed all over the place about loving Bill so much you could hardly wait to get married. Johnny B. simply thinks you're awfully young, and maybe you aren't sure of yourself. And if there's the faintest chance that you might in time change your mind, he wants to stick around. . . . . But you *are* sure of yourself, aren't you?"

She had dropped down on the sand again, and looked up at me pitifully. "Too darned sure," she said, the tears on her lashes glistening in the moonlight.

"So sure you'd be willing to risk whatever your family might do?"

She nodded.

"So sure you'd be willing to go to Japan with him if he wanted you to—for three whole years?"

She nodded again. "I'd go to the South Pole," she said, and the two biggest tears splashed down on her hands.

"Then," said I. "tell him so!"

"Oh, Phyl," she cried, "you *know* I can't do that!"

"Darling," said I, "if you love him, you can't hold him away from his big job, and keep him hanging around awhile longer just for the sake of staging a maidenly surrender. Neither, if you love him, can you send him out to meet his big job hampered by his need of you!"

She grinned up at me shakily. "Such eloquence!" she said. "But I can't do it, Phyl. You wouldn't, yourself."

"Wouldn't I! All I need is a chance to show you! Darling, it's nothing to me. I wouldn't offer advice at a time like this for the world. All I've got to say is, face the facts! Shed your maidenly modesty. What's the use of belonging to this free untrammeled younger generation of ours is you're going to turn coy in an emergency like this? This is the cue for your grand gesture. Tuck your pride in your pocket and pour out your all!"

I could have gone on from there, but she suddenly scrambled up. "Give it here," she said, between a laugh and a sob. "You win."

She spread the paper out against the wall of the boat-house, scribbled hastily, and thrust it at me.

"That's pretty good," I said judicially, looking it over, "but why not add a final flourish of generosity and recklessness?"

"What do you mean?"

"This is the high spot, so far, of his career. To be the perfect little helpmeet, you ought to develop an eye to these moments when the right word from you will send his spirit soaring ever onward. There's a good old phrase—three words—that is supposed to be particularly effective and pleasant—"

"Oh, all right," she said, and caught up the note, scribbled again, and handed it back.

I read it again: *"I can't give you up, either. Couldn't you take me along? I'll wait here on the beach until you come, no matter how late. . . . . I love you."*

"Hurry." She pushed me along. "Hurry—before I lose my nerve!"

I slipped into the dining-room, tiptoed up behind Johnny B., feeling like an angel of light, and stuck the precious scrap of paper under his water glass. He didn't turn around or make any sign that he knew I was there, but when I got to the door, he was lifting the glass to take a drink, and I knew that he meant to slip the note into his pocket to read at the first chance he had.

Then I settled down in a dark corner of the veranda and purred, feeling I'd done a good night's work.

I must have taken a nap. When I woke up, I could see by looking through the window at the dining-room clock it was an hour and a half later, and I was cramped and stiff.

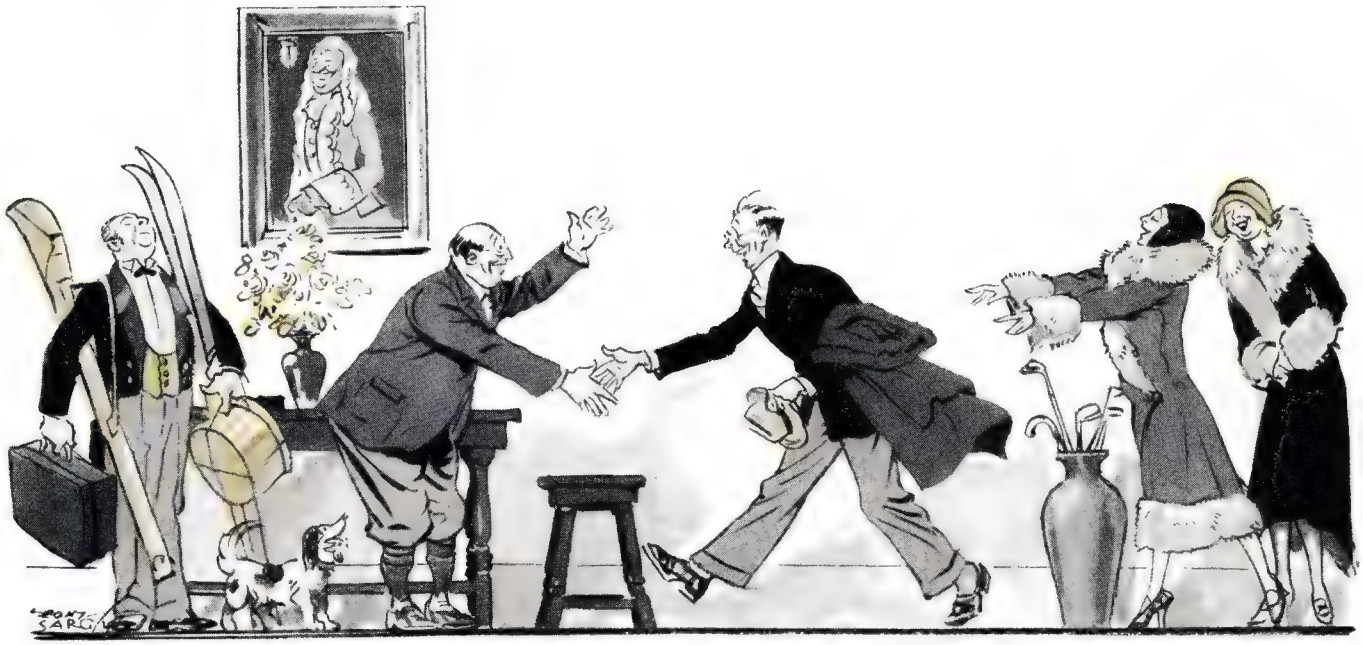
"They'd better name the first daughter after me!" I groaned. "I ought to get something out of all this."

Not that it was necessary for me to sit up with the affair I was nursing along—it seemed to have gotten past that stage; but I craved the sentimental satisfaction of seeing Johnny B. actually on the way to his fate.

Everybody had gone except Johnny B. and Mr. Takamato, and they were just going. I could hear Mr. Takamato congratulating him on the opportunity that lay before him, and Johnny B. saying he'd try to live up to their expectations, and so forth. I wondered why he didn't mention the fact that he was bringing a wife along with him, but maybe one doesn't feel like announcing an engagement when it's only on paper. For a happy bridegroom and a rising young international economist, it seemed to me he looked rather white and strained.

Instead of dashing down to the beach the minute Mr. Takamato went upstairs, he fooled around in the lobby—turning out lights and fastening doors—and then came out and leaned against the post at the top of the veranda steps for a long time, looking out toward the path the moon made on the lake. Then he dropped down on the steps, and sat there, with his head in his hands, for a still longer time. I wanted to scream, or yell at him, or go over and shove him down the steps. Finally—while I shivered and shook as if I were the one who had tucked my pride in my pocket—he got up, rather heavily, and went inside and shut the door behind him.

I was simply stunned. I crept out on the lawn and watched his window, with a wild thought that maybe he'd gone to clean up a little before keeping his tryst. But the sight of him standing in front of his mirror taking off his collar knocked the last of my romantic hopes on the head. He pulled *(Please turn to page 128)*



Harry welcomes me like an overdue remittance. The old side-kicker's not changed.

Sounds All Right

In which Mr. Hellman dispenses hints invaluable to any husband whose wife feels that he does not live up to his social opportunity

by Sam Hellman

Illustrated by Tony Sarg

"SNOW," says I, "may be beautiful to the eye, but it's somewhat less than that in the ear. Ice I like when it tinkles. Incidentally, the only winter sports I know anything about are a couple of track touts betting on the bang-tails down in New Orleans."

"You coasted when you were a kid, didn't you?" demands Joe Grimm. "You've skated, haven't you?"

"Yeh," I returns, "but the only recollection I have of those pastimes is hauling sleds uphill and sitting suddenly in the wet. All I was ever able to produce on the ice were figure aches."

"Just the same," chimes in Kate, "you'd enjoy it at Lake Lucid. There'll be tobogganing, hockey, ski-jumping—"

"Doubtless," I interrupts; "but even the thought of 'em leaves me cold. I love the outdoors, but not when I have to come a-courting with an ice-pick. At such times I'm all for indoor amusements, such as lying atop a radiator, wrapped in blankets, a hot grog in one hand and a booklet from the Miami Chamber of Commerce in the other."

"Gracious grief!" sniffs the Missus. "What did I marry—a hibernating animal?"

"I wouldn't be surprised," says I. "The old man was a big shot in the Ancient Order of Hibernians and a great lad for hunting out the warm spots. For years he tried to get up an expedition to find the equator."

"The equator!" exclaims Minnie Grimm. "What did he expect to do with an imaginary line?"

"Hang imaginary wash on it," I tells the Missus. "Why don't you folks give Lake Lucid a whirl and leave me here with my dogs and my books?"

"Meaning, I suppose," grunts Joe, "your feet and the telephone directory. Come on. Be agreeable and infest the party. You wont get your toes froze. What do you think they do in winter sports—jump from glacier to glacier in cerise pajamas?"

"I know you sew yourself in for 'em," says I, "but even so, I fail to go *tweet-tweet* over the picture of myself in a Baby Bunting outfit sloshing among snowdrifts on a pair of tennis rackets. For me the beach at Waikiki and the hulas in no-piece bathing suits."

"How do you know you wouldn't like skiing, for example?" persists the wife. "You've never tried it, have you?"

"No," I admits; "nor have I tried neuritis, for example; but I have a premonition that I wouldn't care any more for the one than I would for the other. I'm funny that way—"

"Not that way," snaps Kate, "or any other. You're coming along even if you do nothing but sit on a stove in a hothouse and

watch us through the windows. I wouldn't leave you in New York alone—"

"Why not?" I cuts in. "Don't you trust me?"

"Oh, yes," she comes back, "but I don't trust New York. I wouldn't leave the town alone with you."

"I see," I remarks, sarcastic. "You're afraid there'd be a speakeasy in the burg when you got back. By the way, who's throwing this polar party?"

"The Costigans," replies Grimm. "I thought you and Harry Costigan were so thick—"

I shakes my head.

"We used to be," says I, "back in the days when Harry looked upon a dime as distinguished money; but now that he has a lakh of rupees for every Bohunk in Bohemia, we're not so congested. At that, I wouldn't mind seeing the old crook again. Has he a place at Lake Lucid?"

"A place!" snorts Joe. "Gosh, he owns the lake and most of the mountains in the neighborhood. Come along and behave yourself, and he might give you an Adirondack to take home with you."

"That," I observes, "is what we need badly in this walk-up. A prime milk-fed Adirondack'd look splendid in the breakfast nook just abaft the goldfish bowl. . . . . Seen Costigan lately?"

"A few days ago," answered Grimm. "That's when he invited us. He was particularly anxious to have you and Kate."

"What for?" I growls. "So he can strut the heavy baronial stuff and show off the tanneries he's run his shoestring into?"

"Not Harry," says Joe. "That boy's never let the dough in his pocket get to his hat. His Frau, maybe, has gotten kind of period—"

"On the strength of what?" I asks. "I knew that jane when she was dealing 'em off the arm in a greasy spoon."

"Doing which?" wide-eyes Minnie.

"Picking 'em up and laying 'em down in a beanery," I explains. "As far as that goes, Harry didn't have enough jack to buy galoshes for a gnat, when he ran her up the church aisle."

"What of it?" flares the Missus. "Can't you play in the snow with anybody but the Cabots and the Lodges? I suppose that bevy of bums you shoot stud with came across in de luxe cabins on the *Mayflower.*"

"The chances are," horns in Grimm, "they haven't come across yet. From what I know of those bozos, they travel on the I. O. U., undoubtedly the slowest thing afloat."

"You folks've got me wrong," I protests. "It isn't my social position I'm worrying about. It's Kate's."

"You've my permission to cease worrying," says she graciously. "Any social position that's survived marriage to you is beyond all possibility of damage. That having been disposed of, I presume you have no further objections to joining our gay little group."

"I suppose not," I surrenders; "but don't be disappointed if I fall a bit short of being the life of the party. . . . . How about an outfit? What do you do in the way of preparation when you go slumming in the snows?"

"Leave everything to me," suggests the wife.

"I have already," I assures her, "except for a few minor bequests to unworthy charities." . . . .

We leaves New York in the midst of a bear raid on the temperature, and it's disgustingly below zero when we gets to Costigan's igloo on Lake Lucid. The boy's sure dug deep for his deadfall; the huge place planted on the edge of the ice looked like a cross between Buckingham Palace and the new freight-sheds at Harper's Ferry. What the hut lacks in taste it makes up in masters' bedrooms and movie bathtubs.

Harry welcomes me like an overdue remittance. Except for a few prosperity bags under the eyes and a banquet bulge at the waist, the old side-kicker's not changed much in five years. As soon as he gets a chance, he drags me off by myself to his study and broaches a bottle. "Well," he says, after a here's how, "how are you and the cock-eyed world hitting it off?"

"So-so," I tells him. "Black ink one day, red the next. Still, it's lots of fun watching the assets and liabilities run dead heats. How does it feel to have your scissor-fingers all calloused from clipping coupons?"

"Not so sultry," returns Harry. "You may not know it, but there's no bigger liability than a jag of assets, and that's no God-bless-our-humble-home hoop-la, either! I was a sap for ever letting myself get rich."

"My heart goes out to you," says I sympathetically, "though the situation seems to call for a club. But be of good cheer. I bring you relief. Just before I come up here, I got a tip on a stock that's slated to sky from sixty to six hundred in less than a—"

"With my luck," cuts in Costigan gloomily, "it probably will."

"Not this baby," I assures him. "It's in and blanketed. The information comes from the president of the layout: Morgan and the other big bankers are buying heavy, and there's reliable talk of a hundred-per-cent dividend, so you can see you're sure of a loss if you climb aboard."

"Sounds all right," admits Harry, "but I don't get the breaks in the market any more. A couple of weeks ago I told a lad down at the Wailing Wall to buy me five thousand Amalgamated Fish at 135. The toast of Trinity churchyard balls up the order, and instead of buying, sells five thousand. The very next afternoon I gets Amalgamated Fish at 56."

"Well," says I, "that's not so bad. I heard just the other day of a boy who got Angina at 45. —Nice place you have here."

"Says who!" scowls Costigan. "It may be a swell dump, but I'd rather be melding aces in back of Heinie Graff's joint than entertaining deuces in this roundhouse."

"That's a tactful crack," I remarks. "Have Dawkins fetch my luggage and order out the dog-cart."

"You know I don't mean you," growls the happy host. "If it wasn't for you and Joe being here, I'd take it on the lam and leave the Missus alone with her messes."

"Messes, eh?" I repeats. "Who've you got here besides us?"

"A lot of McGregors," returns Harry, "who sit at the head of the table—society's rarest flowers—choice fruits of the pedigree tree—lights of the leisure class—'charming chap, Wales. Met him at Biarritz'—"

"Hot Hannah!" I exclaims. "How do you expect me and my skillet-wrestler to mingle with that kind of mob?"

"I don't," says Costigan with simple dignity. "I merely expect you to make it unpleasant for them."

"The liquor," I observes, "is quite potent in these altitudes—or is it the rarefied atmosphere?"

"I'm sure," goes on Harry calmly, "you'll be delighted to do so. Once you meet the wife's pack of punks, you'll be unpleasant on your own account as well as to help out an old pal."

"I see," says I. "Instead of being the life of the party as is my wont, you'd like me to be the death of it. If these babies annoy you, why don't you bundle 'em into a barrow and spill 'em out in the snow? Aren't you the master of the—"

"Don't be silly," grunts Costigan. "We don't even call 'em master bedrooms in this house. . . . . Sh! There's the Frau now."

But it's not she. It's Joe Grimm, and he's highly indignant.

"Say!" he yelps. "What's the idea of barring me out of the drinking? Who do you think I am—Senator Brookhart?"

"Pete and I have just been talking over old times," explains Harry. "See any of the other guests?"

"No," comes back Joe. "Your wife's been showing me the pictures of the ancestors she sprung from."

"That's nice," says I. "Did she show you a picture of the Harvey eating-house at Parsons, Kansas, that she sprung from?"

"Thatta boy!" applauds Costigan. "I figured you hadn't lost the knack of being nasty. That's why I'm counting on you to put the bee on the bunch here. A few lines like that—"

"Listen," I cuts in: "I got no personal objections to heaving wet blankets around this chateau for you, but I too have a ball and chain who might not—"

"Forget her," advises Harry. "If you get in Dutch with the wife, you can bill me for anything it costs to square yourself, even if it comes to prying a Siberian loose from a sable."

"What's all this about?" inquires Grimm.

"I'm being hired out as a pain in the neck," says I. "Come on. Let's go join the gals. I haven't even said hello to the Missus yet."

FROM the great days of Athens came down the works of several "serious" creative writers—Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides — and the comedies of but one, Aristophanes. But it is chiefly the work of this one which today is searched by students who want to recreate the daily life of Athenians. For comedy gives us an unposed picture. . . . . Stories by Mr. Hellman are a regular feature of this magazine.

Sadie Costigan seems slightly less than thrilled over renewing her acquaintance with me. The dame's picked up plenty pounds and a couple of spare chins with the years, and there's little in the piece of Park Avenue upholstery to recall the slim red-headed jane who brought 'em in scrambled when you ordered 'em fried.

"Nice to see you again," I remarks sociably.

"Again?" comes back Sadie in a tone of voice you could skate on.

"My error," says I. "In the dim light here I mistook you for the Seven Sutherland Sisters. So we've never met before, eh?"

"I believe not," she returns, looking me frigid in the eye. "Of course, I've often heard my husband speak of you—"

"Don't worry," I interrupts. "I'll file your past away with a lot of other secrets I got. Later on I figure on going into the blackmailing business. There's a great future in pasts. . . . . When do we eat?"

"The butler," predicts Sadie, "will announce dinner shortly."

"Oke," says I. "Save me a seat near the window and not too far from the celery and olives. My reach isn't what it used to be."

The Costigan climber sniffs herself off, and I goes to change into my other shirt. When I gets downstairs again, fifteen or twenty folks are in the living-room inhaling cocktails and exhaling gab. It doesn't take me more than a couple of looks and a few listens to decide that it's going to be quite pleasant being unpleasant to these boys and girls.

"Stacks up like an exclusive mob," remarks Joe Grimm.

"Yeh," says I. "Very. You never run across this type anywheres except in houses that have roofs on 'em. To me they assay as a flock of fringers, cheap table-crashers on the prowl for provender, and new multis about one hod-carrier removed from the Costigans."

Chow's announced in the diner ahead before there's time to introduce me around. At the big board I finds myself next to a tall, rather handsome wench with a patrician pan that'd get her into the D. A. R. even if her ancestors'd never been any nearer the Battle of Lexington than the Lexington Avenue subway.

"My name's Pete Heffernan," says I affably. "What do they call you down the dumb-waiter?"

"I'm Sarah Adams," she returns with unexpected graciousness. "Are you, by any chance, of the Quincy Heffernans?"

"Not by any," I assures her. "I'm neither a Quincy Heffernan nor a Mexican Pete. I doubt whether there ever was a Quincy in our tribe. We play the saints across the board in our—"

"I was referring to Quincy, Massachusetts," explains my neighbor. "The Heffernans are quite a distinguished—"

"The Adamses are not all bums either," I interrupts, with Old World gallantry. "There's Babe Adams, who used to pitch for Pittsburgh; Joe Adams, one of the best handicappers in the business—"

"And John Adams," finishes Sarah with a smile.

"Never heard of him," says I. "You don't mean Slaughterhouse Jack Adams, the dinge welter-weight, do you?"

"That's another Adams," she decides. "By the way, have you ever thought of having the Heffernan line traced?"

"Nope," I tells her. "I've always been afraid to look up the family tree for fear of what you might find swinging from it. In Ireland, you know, it used to be a quaint custom on rainy afternoons, when there was nothing else to do, to go out and hang a Heffernan. The practice didn't really cease until the feeling became general that hanging was too good for a Heffernan."

"That's too bad," says Sarah, "but you really should have a search made. Nowadays all the smart set's going in for genealogy. I'm a bit of an expert at—"

"I see," I cuts in, getting jerry to her grift. "Did you furnish Sadie Costigan with the ancestors she's got strung around this shakedown?"

"I did," she admits rather proudly, "and I even arranged to get their portraits. I can do the same for you. There was, for instance, a famous General Peter Heffernan, who was undoubtedly a kinsman—"

"That's nothing," says I. "I once came within a narrow margin of being related to General Electric. Anyhow, generals are a dime a dozen as far as we're concerned. My people in Galway used to have kings of Erin mowing the lawn for 'em, and queens turning the ice-cream freezer. But talking of generals, do you happen to know what prominent general is buried in Grant's Tomb? I'm doing a cross-word puzzle, and—"

The Adams abigail gives up for the nonce, and lapses into the soup while I tune in on the conversation about me. It's about the kind of palaver you'd expect from a bunch of four-flushers, a lot of whoosh pointing with pride to the person spilling it, and viewing with alarm anything approaching a decent idea.

To me it's all so much headache, but I'm especially irritated by a fat-head sitting across the table whom I'd heard addressed with some awe as Captain Sackett. This bozo's apparently the white-haired boy at the party, everybody getting off the air when he broadcasts, and he broadcasts on a high frequency.

"Why the loud bassoon for this bimbo?" I asks Sarah. "What'd he do—discover compound interest?"

"He's one of the Sacketts of Woonsocket, Rhode Island," she returns. "The younger branch, you know."

"Woonsocket, eh?" I remarks. "Gosh, I thought he was at the very least direct from Providence. One of the elder branch of archangels, you know. What did he do in the great war to end war?"

"Captain Sackett's quite a famous explorer," explains Miss Adams. "I'm surprised you've never heard of him."

"I don't get around much in Woonsocket," says I apologetically, "and the name's practically unknown in the hide and tallow trade. What does he explore—his friends' ice-boxes?"

"Listen," suggests Sarah, "and you shall hear."

With the roast the Captain's begun spilling a yarn of peril in the frozen North in which there are eight or nine heroes, all of 'em a guy named Sackett, and it takes all the control I got to keep from heaving my helping at him. Incidentally the drinks I'd taken before dinner are still buzzing in my bean, and I'm practically in no mood to count costs.

"I was sliding down Mt. Fenagle," narrates the wow of Woonsocket, "when suddenly there yawned before me a chasm—"

"Thatta chasm!" I mutters.

"—a good hundred feet wide," he continues, with a scowl in my direction, "and bottomless. At the same time there came to me the bellow of the wounded musk-ox. Not a moment was to be lost. Death lay fore and aft. Without hesitation I made my decision. Tilting the snowshoes upward—"

"That reminds me," I whispers to Miss Adams. "Did you know that a duck's really a chicken on snowshoes?"

"—I leaped," goes on Sackett, with a fitting gesture; "and would you believe it—"

The invitation's too pat to pass up.

"I would not," I yelps. "Not even if you produced an affidavit from the musk-ox."

There's a gasp of horror along the table in which all

"Hundred feet on snowshoes! Couldn't jump a bail bond that far!"

hands join but Costigan. I catches a broad grin on his pan. As for the Captain, he just gazes at me blankly, the pink in his cheeks changing to purple.

"What's that?" he finally sputters, glaring.

"You heard me," I snaps back. "Hundred feet on snowshoes! You couldn't jump a bail bond that far! As a matter of fact, the world record for a leap on skis is only eighty-eight feet, nine and four-fifths inches."

"You're quite sure of that, are you?" snarls Captain Sackett.

"I ought to be," I returns, kicking caution a swift one on the ribs. "It just happens that I hold the record."

"You!" gasps the Captain.

"Yep," says I easily. "None other than Mrs. Heffernan's boy Pete. Made it at Montreal in '08. If you have any doubts, you might ask the Duke of Connaught. Charming chap, Arthur."

I flashes a glance over to where Grimm and the wife are sitting together. Joe's looking at me loose-lipped and wide-eyed, but there's murder, mayhem and barratry in Kate's narrowed stare. I returns my attention to the big shot of Woonsocket.

"Well," he mutters, "perhaps the chasm wasn't quite a hundred feet wide. You know how deceptive to the eye distances are in the snow."

"Oh, sure," says I amiably. "But you went to a lot of unnecessary trouble jumping, at that. You may not be aware of it, but there hasn't been a musk-ox in the Mt. Fenagle country for more than fifty years. It'd have made quite a difference if you'd stopped to realize that the animal pursuing you was extinct and therefore could not be pursuing you."

Sackett mumbles wildly into his plate, and from then on the party's just so much of a wet smack. Apart from a few crude observations by me calculated to upset the demi-tasse of the upper classes, very little is said during the remainder of the repast, and the dinner ends at a new low for the year.

"That's the stuff to feed the troops!" bubbles Costigan, when we're alone at last. "I could give you half of my kingdom and my daughter's hand in marriage for—"

"Have you a daughter?" I interrupts.

"No, I haven't," he confesses.

"That's too bad," says I. "I was just going to ask you how she liked it at Bryn Mawr. . . . . So my harpoon work pleased you, did it?"

"Und wie!" enthuses Harry. "Keep the quality up. Get Sackett sore enough to walk, and it'll be no trick at all to pull the old manse out from under the rest of the mob. The Captain's the bellwether of the flock, and the boys and girls stick closer to him than most midnights do to eleven-fifty-nine. Even the wife—"

"Talking of your wife," I cuts in, "as one will—isn't a continuation of the rough rah-rah likely to throw her into the megrims, and me and my keester out into the snow and ice?"

"Undoubtedly she'd adore giving you the *'raus* even now," admits Costigan, "but she daren't. You 'knew her when,' and she can't afford to have you gaze into the old log fire and grow reminiscent. For years now, Sadie's been playing the convent-girl, Southern-plantation side of the street. . . . . Tell me, are you really up on this skiing racket?"

"Practically an addict," I assures him. "I'm only happy when I'm with my skis and my musk-oxen."

"I thought," grins Harry, "they were extinct."

"They merely used to be," says I. "If I slip you a secret, will you promise not to go out and sell rights in it?"

"Shoot," he urges. "I've always wanted to adopt a nice young secret with curly eyes and blue—"

"Listen," I whispers. "I've been lying to you. The only skis I know anything about are a couple of guys in the fur business on Thirty-third Street; but with gimicks like Sackett, one bluff's worth a dozen finesses. Anyhow, you can't go wrong in this world doubting, especially when it comes to high heroics, market winnings, fish lengths and the beauty of women."

"There's much to be said on neither side of the question," agrees Costigan, "but your present bluff might not go so good. Skiing's one of the sports we're supposed to indulge—"

"That's all right," says I. "You've got places around here where an honest lad can sprain an ankle, haven't you?"

"I'll put a banana-peel in your bathroom," promises Harry. . . . . "Your Missus seems to be looking for you."

"What do you mean, seems?" I returns, with a hasty glance toward Medicine Hat. "She *is*. Let's duck. I don't believe in husbands and wives sticking together at house-parties. It's so bourgeois, if you know what I mean."

"Yeh," comes back Costigan. "I know exactly what you mean."

Through the simple expedient of hiding out in Harry's study, darkened and locked, I manages to evade the Frau the rest of the evening. When I figures she's asleep, I ascends to our room. But Kate's up and waiting for the old provider.

"Darling," says I, before she has a chance to loose the storm, "it's now eleven-thirty. I propose to be in bed by twelve. You thus have twenty minutes in which to present your case, leaving me ten for rebuttal. You now have the floor."

"So you hold the record for skiing, do you?" she opens up.

"I do," I replies calmly. "In my youth I was quite an adept at nearly every form of—"

"Funny," she sneers, "that I never knew anything about it."

"I'm not the one to brag," says I. "There are many notable things about me you don't know. For example, did you know there's a General Peter Heffernan in my family?"

"No," snaps the pearl of great price, "but I do know there's a general nuisance in it." . . . .

I'm feeling kind of sunk when I gets up around noon, this business of hitting the hay at three in the morning not being so good for me. Grabbing some breakfast, I drags myself out on the sun-porch to watch the boys and girls cavort on the ice. I'm not there more than five minutes when in walks Captain Sackett.

"Nice day," he offers politely.

"I don't think so," I returns, not so politely; "but then I never agree with anybody."

"I've observed you don't," comes back the Captain. "By the by, don't you find this house a bit overcrowded?"

"You're on," says Gilley; and shedding his black cap and scarf, he takes mine.

"Not at all," says I. "Do you?"

"Rather," he smiles. "Off-hand, the place appears spacious enough, but somehow since last night I've found myself somewhat cramped."

"You," I inquires, "or your technique?"

"As you wish," bows Sackett. "The point is, there's hardly room at Lake Lucid for both of us."

"Probably not," I agrees. "What do you suggest?"

"As the offended party," says he, "I might suggest a lot of things, but anything ungentlemanly is repugnant to me—"

"It should be," I interrupts. "I may be a musk-ox, but I'm not quite extinct."

"I propose, therefore," goes on the Captain, keeping his control, "that we let the jumps decide."

"The whats!" I exclaims.

"The jumps," he repeats. "It's simple enough. You've chosen to doubt my ability on skis. Tomorrow evening it is planned to have sports by moonlight. We shall both make a jump for distance, the loser to leave the next morning before breakfast."

"Me!" I yelps, forgetting myself. "Me jump on skis!"

"You being the holder of the record," continues Sackett suavely, "the advantages are all in your favor. Nevertheless, I'm willing to—"

"You're on," I cuts in recklessly. "I'll jump you for money, marbles or chalk."

The Captain nods and walks away, leaving me in a high state of fuzziness. I'm trying to figure out what I've let myself in for, when Costigan and Grimm meander along. I stops 'em and spills the dirt.

"Well," decides Harry, "one thing's a cinch. Sackett's found out that you don't know any more about skiing than a pig does about pinochle, and he's going to show you up for a sucker. Shall I order the banana-peels sprinkled in the bathroom?"

"Not in my bathroom," says I. "I'm going to take the boy friend on."

"What with?" demands Joe.

"With whatever's standard equipment," I returns. "That bimbo can't bluff me. The chances are he's out on a limb himself."

"Unfortunately, he's not," declares Costigan. "I've watched him loop off a few leaps, and the kid can do. Have you ever been on skis at all?"

"Never," I admits, "but I've seen moving pictures of Scandihoovians doing the trick, and—"

"Yeh," grunts Grimm, "and you've probably seen pictures of Scandihoovians kissing Greta Garbo; but what does that get you?"

"All a-twitter," says I; "but even you'll allow there's some difference between jumping into the snow and climbing into a clinch with La Garb. It looks fairly easy to me—I mean the jumping."

"Better sprain an ankle," suggests Harry. "It takes weeks just to learn to stand up in the damn' things."

"Not me," I tells him. "I'm a quick study. I picked up contract bridge, running for a train. Show me a few times how the ski-skit goes—"

"I can't show you," says Costigan, "for eighty-seven different reasons; but there's somebody around here who can."

"Sure," horns in Joe, sarcastic. "Captain Sackett."

"A lad by the name of Dan Gilley," goes on Harry, "whom I use as a kind of guide and instructor. But what can he do with you in a couple of days?"

"Never mind," says I. "You just lead me to him and order him to keep his trap shut."

"All right," shrugs Costigan. "Let your fractured skull be on your own head."

Taking me back to the garage, he introduces me to a pleasant-faced youngster and instructs him to do whatever I tell him. Then Harry returns to the house.

"How long," I asks Gilley, "will it take you to turn me into a good ski-jumper?"

"How good?" he comes back. "And how much skiing have you done?"

"None," says I, "but I want to get good enough to show up a guest here—Captain Sackett. Know him?"

"Yeh," scowls Gilley, "and without caring one whoop who you are, I'm for you. Give me a month or so—"

"A month or so, your ear-muffs!" I cuts in. "I've got to be wrapped up and delivered by tomorrow night."

"You kidding me?" demands Dan. "Sackett's a shark—"

"Never mind the consensus," I growls. "Come on and show me how this here gazipe goes."

Gilley fits me out in a pair of the narrow shoe-sleds and leads me to some smooth snow behind the garage. This skiing racket may look easy from the pictures in the Sunday brown sheets, but it's anything but. It takes everything you've got to hold your balance and keep from doing splits, even with a stick to help you along.

Dan's patient, though, and in a couple of hours he has me sashaying pretty steadily on the level, and even getting up and down moderate slopes without a nose-dive. Finally I knocks off for lunch.

"Where," I asks, on the way home, "is this jumping bee to be pulled tomorrow night?"

"Over there," he replies, pointing to a steep and narrow stretch of the beautiful, fringed on both sides by heavy woods. "You start at the top and take off from that platform below. The platform farther down's for the spectators, so they can see you in mid-air."

That mid-air crack gives me a kind of sinking feeling, and I'm not so happy when I gets to the house. The first person I runs into is Sarah Adams. She's been waiting for me.

"I've been looking into the Heffernan line a bit," says she, "and I find that you stem back to the same stock that produced Percy Shelley and Susan B. Anthony. Isn't that interesting?"

"Very," I returns, "but I wish you'd look a little farther and see if I stem back to the Flying Ginsbergs."

At lunch, naturally, all the talk's about the forthcoming contest between me and Sackett, the Captain having seen to the publicity. Of course, nothing is said of the stake. Everyone's thrilled except the wife, who doesn't quite get it.

"Are you really going to jump?" she asks for the steenth time.

"I am," I assures her. "Why the furore? Is there anything odd about the world's champion ski-bird giving an exhibition? Are you worried?"

"No," says she. "In a way, I'm glad. It'll give you a chance to wear the perfectly adorable knitted white cap and scarf I bought for you."

"That," I remarks, "ought to help a lot." *(Please turn to page 130)*

"You're wonderful!" she exclaims.

HEART OF THE NORTH

by

William Byron Mowery

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops

The Story So Far:

AGAINST the six strangers who held up the Mackenzie River steamer *Midnight Sun* one man alone dared draw a gun—the mate Montgomery; and he was ruthlessly shot.

Afterward they sent for Sergeant Baker of the Mounted at Fort Endurance. A good man, Alan Baker. He had expected to get his commission last fall when the post was raised to an inspectorate. But a political appointee named Haskell, a newcomer to the Force and to the North, had been given the inspectorship and the command.

This came only a short time after Baker had sent his best friend Spaulding to his death in the line of duty on a desperate Northern patrol. Spaulding's sister Elizabeth had been left helpless—in her own opinion at least. And Baker, largely out of loyalty to his dead friend, had engaged himself to her. But in brooding hours, when he thought of another girl in his life, of Joyce MacMillan, the old longing for her surged through him.

It was while Alan was resisting another of Elizabeth's urgings that he leave the Mounted and go into some more profitable business that a constable burst in with the news of the robbery of the *Midnight Sun*. At once Baker went to Inspector Haskell, and out of his superior experience and knowledge proposed a plan of pursuit. But Haskell overruled him—ordered him to divide his force of six men when they reached the Thal-Azzah swamp, in which the bandits had presumably taken refuge. . . . .

On the upriver journey Baker and his men stopped at the trading-post of Dave MacMillan, Joyce's father. He was away, and in his storeroom they found furs stolen from the *Midnight Sun*. Later, dividing his force as ordered, Baker and two men came up with the six outlaws—and were defeated. Bearing a desperately wounded comrade, Alan and one constable had to retreat while the bandits made good their escape.

Back at Fort Endurance, moreover, he suffered worse defeat. For Haskell brazenly denied having ordered him to divide his force, and as punishment for his "failure" reduced him to the ranks. And Alan, believing that his only chance for clearing himself lay in a lone-hand independent pursuit of the outlaws, bought out of the service—even though Haskell exacted a signed admission of culpability as part of the price.

Journeying to Edmonton, Alan hired a soldier-of-fortune pilot known as Buzzard Featherof, purchased weapons and supplies, stole a machine-gun from the local armory, and set out back to the Thal-Azzah to capture those bandits.

The outlaws, meanwhile—part of the crew of a stranded whaler—had lain hidden in the swamp till they could make their permanent escape by a journey eastward to Hudson Bay. Their leader Jensen, moreover, planned first to abduct Joyce MacMillan: she could be used as a shield, he told the others, in case pursuit came up with them.

Meanwhile, also, Inspector Haskell heard of the departure of Baker in an airplane, and the stolen machine-gun. When he learned, also, that gasoline was being stolen, and when Baker's friend Corporal Hardsock insisted on three days' leave, Haskell deduced the truth—that Hardsock had a rendezvous with Baker to refuel the plane.

In a swift launch Haskell followed Hardsock to that rendezvous, but the wily old constable learned of the pursuit and managed to signal Alan away just in time to avoid having his plane rammed by Haskell's launch. They crowded Hardsock aboard, and the plane swung away to the MacMillan trading-post, where they found Joyce safe, then winged on in pursuit of the outlaws. They came upon one who had been wounded and left behind; captured him.

"You're maybe out of practice telling the truth," Alan said to him, "but try hard, friend—try *damned* hard!"

He clicked the safety on his automatic and brought his elbow up against his side. *(The story continues in detail:)*

CHINK WOOLLEY trembled; his knees shook; he wilted. That gaping automatic muzzle, the arrow-swift way Alan had nailed his first lie, his captor's lean hard face—leaner and harder even

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The huge bandit was coming. Alan reared above the swan's nest, shooting.

A romance of a wild, savage raid and the pursuit on the sky road of men hiding in the northern wilderness

than Slob-ice Jensen's—took all the starch out of him. He guessed that this man must be the Baker fellow, *le sergent terrible,* whom Méti André always mentioned in lowered voice. Those hypnotic gray eyes seemed boring through him. That heavy automatic was tilted to make the first lie the last.

Chink was remembering, too, the secret intention of his confederates to murder him because his arm was shattered and he was useless at canoe work. Baker at least would not kill him. And if he turned King's evidence, he might escape the noose. . . . .

It was a strange story that Alan and Bill listened to, there on the island in the heart of Many Waters:

Eighteen months ago, on a whaler in Beaufort Sea, the five whites, excluding the half-breed André, whom they picked up later, had "run a buck" under Jensen's instigation, but were overpowered by the captain and rest of the crew. Flung ashore with the skipper's sulphurous good wishes at bleak Demarcation Point on the Arctic coast, they made their way across the Romanzoffs to the new placer fields in the Kayukuk headwaters. They came too late to get worth-while claims; and they discovered, too, that "hawking" in the perpetually frozen subsoil was even harder work than whaling.

It was Jensen, brooding over their predicament, who conceived the idea that it was easier to find gold which already had been found than to thaw a hole thirty feet down to black sand and bedrock and then maybe get nothing. It was Jensen who allayed their fears and dangled the golden lure in front of their eyes till their mouths watered and they were ready for anything he planned.

The Vigilance Committee there, and a detective sergeant from the U. S. Army, were a stumbling-block to claim-jumping or robbery or bush murder. Jensen was entirely too shrewd to try anything in their immediate neighborhood, and so his scheme hung fire—till he happened across Méti André.

André the half-breed was a find. He fitted into the party like a key into a lock. They were crassly ignorant of the country; they were tyros when it came to traveling, hiding, living in the bush. None of them had ever paddled a canoe or followed a dim trail across a mountain range. But André the 'breed was bush-wise as a weasel, and water-wise as a muskeg mink; and he knew the whole North country from Roes Welcome to Point Barrow as he knew the palm of his hand.

Born near the Ramparts of the Mackenzie River, he had spent more than thirty years in Mackenzie and Keewatin, working *en dérouine* for the big fur companies. Twelve or thirteen years ago

he had found it advisable to go away suddenly, after stabbing a Yellowknife whose young squaw he much desired for his wilderness wife. He had got out of Canada to the American Yukon; and knowing the Police had long memories as well as long arms, he had stayed out. Disguised by whiskers and by scars from drunken brawls, he had roamed footloose through the Alaska border country till Jensen and the others met up with him.

It was André who knew of the unprotected steamers on the Mackenzie far eastward, bringing down rich cargoes of gold and of precious Northern furs worth more than their weight in gold. It was André who had brought the party into this strange country, by back rivers and untraversed trails, avoiding all sight of men, so that they seemed to have dropped from the sky. It was André who suggested the place of attack and the Thal-Azzah as a place to hide in after the swoop and robbery. And it was André's sharp-speaking rifle that drilled Jimmy Montgomery through the heart. . . . .

Alan Baker breathed a little harshly. He ordered: "Describe that 'breed." And he added: "So there will be no mistake when I meet him!"

Woolley described his *méti* confederate. Alan nodded curtly. After a few moments' silence, he spoke again: "Now about Trader MacMillan: You seem to have stuck to the truth so far. Keep it up! How did that pack of furs get in his shed?"

"Jensen put it dere."

"Why?"

Woolley did not know all the details, but from hints Jensen had dropped, he was able to piece the story together pretty well.

Several years ago at Hershell Island, that gathering-place for whalers, Indians, traders, Eskimos and Arctic explorers, Jensen had run afoul of Dave MacMillan. He had come ashore from a whaler, hungry for drink and hungry for woman's company after eight months of following the herds. He had found the drink, and in a whisky haze had started to make rough love to sixteen-year-old Joyce MacMillan. He had seized her, had actually tried to carry her off to an Eskimo's hut in those rocky swells just back of the Police post.

Dave MacMillan fell upon him. The Mounted corporal stepped back and made his constables stand off. For years now, Jensen had been nursing his hairy chin reminiscently, where MacMillan's hard fist had caught him; and his ears still rang with the derisive jeers of those who saw him dog-whipped down across the swells and over the shingle to the whaler.

He had never forgotten the MacMillan girl nor the episode of that snowy October day. The affair had smoldered in his vengeful soul; and when his party passed the trading-post, it had flared out. It was a neat stroke — putting that comparatively worthless bale of furs in the shed of the man who had dog-whipped him. He had counted on the trader's discovering them, wondering about them, innocently calling the attention of the police to them—and getting into hot water when he failed to explain how they got there. . . . .

The revelation of Dave MacMillan's complete innocence was no surprise to Alan, but merely a proof that his and Joyce's instinctive belief had been correct. He was glad for Dave's sake, glad for Joyce's. And now he could know that in buying out of service he had saved the reputation and possibly the very life of Joyce's father. Under Haskell's tyranny he could never have vindicated Dave. In his own way he had planned, and had fought through to this partial triumph. At least he had carried out now the promise that he made Joyce that gray morning on the Big Alooska.

Writing down the essential points of the confession, he forced Woolley to make his mark on the paper, with himself and Bill as witnesses. He made a second copy for Bill, in case something happened to himself. Then he demanded of Woolley:

"You say these other men went hunting. When did they leave here?"

"Yesterday mornin', about daylight."

"When are you expecting them back?"

The plane dived its last time. The motor sputtered,

Woolley did not know. He seemed strangely hesitant. Fidgeting uneasily, he would glance up at Alan and then away, as though he had something to tell but was afraid to tell it.

Alan saw his agitation. He demanded: "What're you stumbling over? Cooking up some lie?"

The man wetted his dry twitching lips. "You'll not kill me if I tell you de trut'—where dey went? You maybe can git back dere on de Alooska in time to save de girl."

"On the Alooska—in time to save the girl!" Alan jerked as though a bullet had sung past his throat. His face went suddenly pale. "You mean Joyce MacMillan? What about *her?*"

"You'll not kill me? I had not'in' to do wit' it, no hand in dat—"

Alan seized his shoulder and shook him. "Tell it, or by God I'll choke it out of you—right now! Open up. What about her? What do you mean—'in time to save her?' I'll not kill you if you tell—"

Woolley stammered: "Dey went down de Alooska to git her. It's Jensen's idee. He's aimin' to take her along on de escape and keep her for himself. He's all burnin' about dat girl—"

His shaky voice trailed off. He shrank back in quivering dread from the terrible expression that had come into Baker's eyes. That

died. Alan heard Buzzard's cry of consternation.

cold deadly calmness with which Baker took the news seemed worse to Chink Woolley than the blind unreasoning fury of Bill Hardsock, who wanted to shoot him then and there.

For a little while, a few moments only, Alan stared unseeingly out across the waters of the great blue lake. To wait here, until the bandits came back? Not that—they'd be three days and nights on the return trip. Joyce would be helpless all that time, in the power of the man who was "all burning about that girl." They had left only thirty-odd hours ago. He stood a chance of beating them to the trading-post.

Whirling on Bill, he ordered:

"You stay here. You attend to this end of it. Buzzard and I will attend to the other. We'll go after them in the plane. There's a chance we can get to the trading-post first. You'll have a rifle extra. They're intending to come back here after the loot. If anything happens to Buzzard and me, you'll be left, you'll have a chance at them. It'll be all up to you."

He turned on his heel and ran down to the canoe and skirled out to the waiting plane.

"Get back to the Alooska, Buzzard! To Joyce's house—the trading post!" He pleaded huskily: "For God's sake make it straight and fast!"

No one appeared at the doorway of the trading store. No one, with hair shimmering in the sun, came running down the path to greet them. . . . .

Their shouts at the landing brought no answer from a girl's lips or from old Pence. As they ran up the path, automatics in hand, the building and tiny clearing were lifeless, silent—silent as the hushed woods around.

In some measure prepared, Alan called Joyce's name as he strode into the trading-hall. He called but once; he looked but once into her room.

Buzzard came running to him with a piece of paper in his hands. His face was lit up with elation.

"Alan! Alan! Luckiest thing in our whole damned lives! Look here. Read this! Joyce and old Pence had left! Weren't here when that pack came! Went after caribou! Almost too good to be true!"

Alan grasped the note and read. It was in Joyce's fine swift handwriting—no doubt of it. It stated that she and old Pence had gone to Black Timber Lake thirty miles north to get caribou, and would be back in two days, in case a patrol happened past.

Alan studied the note for half a minute. His face did not relax. The leaping joy faded out of Buzzard's eyes.

"Yes, too good to be true," Alan commented slowly. "Don't you see? This note is addressed to Constable Larry Younge. Why did Joyce do that? She knows Larry is not patrolling—knows he is at Endurance all shot up; and *she knows we know it.* Don't you see what she tried to do? It was her only way of telling us that something was wrong. She had to write this note as they dictated it, but she tricked them."

"It's so, it's so," Buzzard agreed. "She tricked them under their very eyes, and counted on us to understand."

From room to room—Joyce's room, her father's, the kitchen, the trading-hall, the ground outside—Alan went carefully, noting signs, reading the story of what had happened.

Nothing about the post was disturbed. There were no signs of a struggle or fight. Joyce's light rifle still hung on a peg in her room. Its barrel inside was clean and shiny; the weapon had not been fired. Joyce must have been surprised and overpowered without a chance to fight back.

At the clearing edge, Alan found a trampled spot in a thicket where five men had lain and watched. Kneeling down, examining the broken twigs, the wilted leaves, the crushed nettles, he read that all this had happened three hours ago and that the criminals were thirty or forty miles up the spruce-buried Alooska, with Joyce their prisoner.

About the whole post there was only one telltale sign of something dark and sinister. In their hurry to get away, the bandits had overlooked that sign. Beside a stump in the sunlit clearing, Alan picked up old Pence's story-stick. Once or twice he had wondered what they had done with that old white-haired waif. They would not burden themselves with him, nor turn him free, to report and bring the police hot on their trail. How had they dealt with old Pence? Several times Alan had glanced thoughtfully at the canoe landing where the whispering waters glided past, deep and shadowy.

Now, as he picked up the stick, he saw a brownish-red stain on one end of it, a crimson splash already turning dark; and a few hoary-white hairs clinging to the wood. And this story-stick which old Pence had been whittling at, carving clumsy bas-relief scenes from his own life—scenes of mining camps, of the fur-path and lonely gold trail, of dog-teams and pack-horses, of broad-shouldered men bent under heavy tump-packs and of women with a crude cameo beauty of face and figure—this story-stick of his life, from rounded handle to tapering end, was completed now.

Chapter Twenty-one

A TAKUDAH brought word to Endurance of a strange happening at En Traverse Lake. He had been fishing there at an inlet for barbuttes, he said—half- *(Please turn to page 118)*

NEW YORK MAY NOT

It would have broken the great heart of New York to know that girls in Montana dress just as they do in Manhattan.

AS soon as he has set down his bags, the returned traveler generally remarks: "Well, it was all right for a visit." But then as he views the familiar objects of the home town, he adds: "But I wouldn't live there on a bet." And yet it seems to me that spiritually and mentally ninety per cent of the inhabitants of the United States are residents of New York. Possibly the contention may be raised that the metropolitan mind has not actually conquered the country, but rather that urban and rural thinking have met halfway. At any rate no considerable gap now exists. The radio program which goes well in Harlem is equally effective in the homes of Akron. The film sensation of New York is next week's knockout in Davenport. We laugh at the same comic strips, thrill to the same inspirational article in the magazine; even our sermons are syndicated.

It may be that the great war served as a unifying influence, but as one who doubts the beneficial effects of conflict, I think that certain phases of peace have been even more powerful in making good the familiar oratorical boast that in our broad land there is no longer North nor South, East nor West. In the days of 1917 they said it was a common cause which made us one. My own mind goes rather to the fact that increasingly we wear the same clothes, drive identical cars and use nationally distributed foodstuffs. People who eat the same sort of canned soup are in some way sisters under the skin.

Nor am I disposed lightly to abandon the claim that New York is the tail which wags the dog. Not so long ago friends and well-wishers said to me: "You're getting in a rut. Why don't you travel? See something of America. Get rid of the notion that west of the Hudson lies a jungle." They added that any sort of trip would serve to freshen me. Some felt that this might be a doubtful benefit, but all agreed that people who lived only in New York had a warped and distorted idea of the American point of view. In order to break the journey I induced a man to get me lecture dates. A lecturer, you know, hears far more than he gives out. It is the custom to lunch and dine and supper him. He meets the ladies of the Book and Play Circle, and is taken by the men to view the new athletic club. As a pilgrim in the Middle West bent upon self-education, I kept my mouth closed and opened my ears to hear just what was on the mind of Buffalo, Cleveland, Indianapolis and the way stations.

The lady to my left began the dinner conversation by remarking: "I see that Percy Hammond didn't like Eugene O'Neill's new play." And from across the table another said: "What are they really going to do with Mary Ware Dennett about that sex pamphlet of hers?" So though these were all charming people, intelligent and alert, no new ground was broken under my feet. As far as any novel topics were concerned, I might as well have been sitting at the Algonquin Round Table listening to friends who live and move within a ten-block radius of Times Square. The plays they spoke of at the dinner table were the New York hits. Musical interest was limited to things which happened at the Metropolitan Opera House. Even in political discussion these kind hosts seemed more curious about the fate of Jimmy Walker than in the problem of whether their own town would retain the city manager form of government. I am aware that with true tact the Ohioans undertook to keep the conversation within the borders where they felt that I would be at home, but beyond the mere matter of courtesy I believe that in books and plays and stocks and bonds New York sets the fashion for the entire country.

In religion, however, the small community is still inclined to retain autonomy. I believe that the theology of the big-town pastors and the general religious attitude of city dwellers is also influencing our rural neighbors. But this is a slower process. The familiar charge that New York is a godless city is quite unfair. Church-attendance may be somewhat more lax in a metropolis; but only a few, I think, would evaluate faith upon any direct ratio of actual hours spent in church. In certain rural centers almost the entire Sabbath may be given over to devotion. This is not wholly the result of fervor. To a great extent the isolated chapel is a meeting-house. It serves a social function which is impossible in larger places where the parishioners are not all first-name acquaintances. The farmer who spends both Sunday morning and evening in listening to the preacher's discourses may be partly motivated by the fact that there is nothing else to do in that particular community.

Yet it must be admitted that the temper of the preaching varies a good deal from the brands served up by the pastors of New York or Chicago or Philadelphia. The stronghold of Fundamentalism still lies beyond the city gates. The Bible Belt, so often mentioned by Mr. Mencken, lies on the other side of the tracks. Certain famous fighters against modernism hold forth in populous centers. Dr. John Roach Straton himself gave his messages not a stone's-throw from Fifth Avenue, but the dilution of apathy and skepticism is greater in the towns. Billy Sunday, for instance, has never made any considerable stir in New York. Nor is this said in order to disparage his undoubted powers as a revivalist. Conditions are against him. Mr. Sunday's success has depended upon getting a community to think universally about the same thing at the same time. If not impossible, that is extremely difficult in New York.

Indeed the right of any kind of heretical or minority opinion is much more readily granted by city folk than villagers. Not necessarily because the townsman is more tolerant. He may suffer to persist beliefs which he would abominate, merely because he is not aware of their existence. Every small locality possesses its village atheist. For some reason unknown to me, he is frequently a cobbler, and the people round about know of his views. They may refuse to take their shoes to him, or if he is the only cobbler within range, stand at the door in awed wonder waiting to see whether he can complete his half-sole task before God's lightning strikes him dead. I have not the slightest idea what the religious views of my shoemaker may be. Indeed, we don't meet face to face. I hand the shoes across the counter, and they are passed back behind a curtain to a person or persons unknown. Sometimes the man in the front of the store suggests that it is a fine day, to which I agree, but we swap no other ideas.

In the same way the city gets credit for a great deal of the live-and-let-live spirit which it does not wholly deserve. We cliff-dwellers do not interfere with each other, largely because we have

be AMERICA *BUT* —

by Heywood Broun

Mr. Broun, war correspondent, dramatic critic and most brilliant of columnists, is so militant a New Yorker that it must appear that he recently arrived from Idaho; yet the truth is, he was born in Brooklyn.

no contacts. I never meet the man next door except occasionally in the elevator. Under these circumstances his religious and political beliefs, no matter how radical, can hardly be any concern of mine unless he happens to make bombs just behind the dividing wall which marks my bedroom.

Nevertheless it is true that the city is more tolerant than the village. This toleration may begin with necessity. The population of Manhattan Island is too numerous and too diverse for any individual to have any success in converting them all to his own particular beliefs. He has to let them alone, and because this non-interference is inevitable, the townsman is apt to give it a name and pretend that his conduct is based upon principle. "I believe," says the city dweller, "in personal liberty." Little by little this policy does spread out into communities where toleration is more difficult. The thing which the city does because it cannot do otherwise comes in time to be the way of the countryside out of pure conviction. We no longer burn heretics of any sort. In another decade we shall be asking them in for dinner.

By no means am I contending that the city's growing power of leadership is an unmixed blessing. In the dramatic field, for instance, creative energy is crippled by the fact that Americans are so exceedingly metropolitan-minded. Not every playwright is a resident of New York, but if a man or woman in Minnesota has a play accepted for Broadway production, you will find him from that time forth living within taxicab distance of the manager's office. The first play may represent close observation of something seen along a small-town Main Street, but after that the expatriate will confine himself to drama dealing with some phase of life in the big city. And rather more unfortunately, the young dramatist's second, third and fourth plays are likely to contain more than a hint of things seen in the theater around the corner or just up the street. American playwrights are an inbred crew and live like isolated washerwomen by taking in each other's emotional laundry. Our theater has brief roots into the soil. American drama is by and for New Yorkers.

There is hope that this condition may be rectified. The popularity of the new style talking pictures has dealt a death-blow to traveling theatrical companies. Already "the road" had been undermined by the silent drama. Accordingly even cities of two hundred thousand or more must provide their own legitimate dramatic attractions or do without. The resident stock company idea is being revived in many places. It is true that the vehicles they employ are for the most part the regular Broadway successes, but at least a medium is being established through which the local playwright dealing with local material may find a way to performance.

Much excellent substance for drama is lying about unheeded. Only in the last two or three seasons has intelligent use been made of the rich field of the life and lore of the Southern negro. Broadway was not the pioneer in this matter. A little group working at the University of North Carolina wrote and produced the first plays based upon negro themes. Since David Belasco glorified the girl of the Golden West, there has been almost nothing in our theater concerning California. I note the eloquent exception of Sydney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted," but I can think of not a single play of any quality whatever dealing with the conditions which have arisen through Japanese immigration. Indeed, for all its pressure upon public attention, prohibition has yet to inspire even a reasonably good play. "Strictly Dishonorable," New York's reigning comedy success, is laid in a speakeasy, but its Volsteadian implications are wholly incidental. The great Southwest, although a favorite stamping-ground for motion-picture writers, has inspired our dramatists not at all in recent seasons. Even the Middle West is largely neglected. At the moment the three most conspicuous hits on Broadway are "Sweet Adeline," "June Moon" and "Strictly Dishonorable." All three lie within the boundaries of New York.

A girl in a tent-show yodeled. Much was wired New York about her talents.

As far as books and stories go, this is less true. Yet even in the field of fiction there is a strong tendency for the successful author to gravitate to the center of the publishing field. Generally I have some misgiving as to the future career of the farm-life writer after he has settled down in a penthouse apartment overlooking Central Park. From that time on the spaces in his stories tend to grow less wide, and the cowboy hero begins to seem a little like the man who chaperons the sheep each evening across the mall.

And speaking of cowboys as we were, I am reminded of an incident which may serve to show that clothes are no longer a local issue. We have no such thing as native costumes except for Indians employed by circuses. Not so many years ago there was a prizefight in Shelby, Montana, between Jack Dempsey and Tom *(Please turn to page 94)*

by
Bernice
Brown

Illustrated
by
Hubert Mathieu

One Perfect Thing

MADAME DAVEAU'S *pension* was thrown into a state when the letter arrived asking for accommodations for the Prince and Princess de Gracchi.

"I can't see why, if they're so grand," sniffed Miss Whiffen, "they should come here. The Ritz seems more in their line."

Madame Daveau's black eyes snapped. What if Miss Whiffen had paid her board regularly for ten years, and was not too niggardly with tips either? Madame Daveau could dare to be insulting to Miss Whiffen. "There are some people, madèmoiselle," —Madame Daveau never missed an opportunity of proclaiming Miss Whiffen's spinsterhood,—"who have an appreciation."

"Of what?" demanded Miss Whiffen.

"In all the quarter there is no *pension* so genteel, so elegant as mine. Its fame, mademoiselle," she added with a gesture, "has swept far beyond and above those who have been fortunate enough so far to number themselves among my *pensionnaires.*"

"Perhaps," said Miss Whiffen, "the Prince and Princess will require all your rooms. In which case I should be glad—"

But here Madame Daveau put up a hand. "Do not derange yourself, mademoiselle." After all, Miss Whiffen was a sound investment. "They shall have the suite with the balcony overlooking the garden. It is their honeymoon, the Prince writes. Fancy to yourself, mademoiselle, if your imagination permits, their evenings on that balcony to which the perfume of the flowering pear tree arises like incense."

"I suppose you'll tell them not to make a mistake and think the fireplace in that sitting-room works," said Miss Whiffen. "If they should light it, they wouldn't be able to smell forty pear trees."

Nevertheless, Miss Whiffen had a secret excitement about meeting the young Prince and Princess. What indeed if they should be beautiful as well as young? What if they were truly in love with each other? Miss Whiffen knew the little balcony above the garden was narrow, and that the rusted iron came off on anything that touched it. She knew, too, that the pear tree put forth each year only a half-dozen feeble blossoms.

What if the fireplace did smoke like an infant volcano? Love was impervious to such things. Ah, Madame Daveau need have had no fears regarding Miss Whiffen's imagination. It frightened even Miss Whiffen sometimes. What right had she who had always been plain and neglected, to be saddled with her insight and her longings? But no one should ever guess this. Miss Whiffen first and forever had her pride.

Fortunately for Madame Daveau, she found a more responsive audience in her other *pensionnaires.* Miss Hunter was tremulous with excitement. Colonel Waxman was sure he had met the Prince at a ball in London at the embassy. That ball no one who had ever met Colonel Waxman was likely to forget. Mrs. Porter, who came from Boston, pretended she scorned all titles and yet that democratic heart skipped a beat at the thought it was about to be lodged under the same roof with royalty.

"A fine lot we are," thought Miss Whiffen, "living on here in genteel discomfort because it is a little cheaper and a little grander than discomfort at home."

One window of Miss Whiffen's room also had a view of the garden. For all she made fun of it, Miss Whiffen loved that garden. She loved Paris as well. It was a city that stood for the fruition of everything that had never been in Miss Whiffen's life. Ten years before, when the aunt she had cared for died, Miss Whiffen had boldly drawn upon the small legacy her aunt had left her and taken boat for Paris. Miss Whiffen had never gone back.

How an old maid bravely denied the autumn she lived in—and made a reality of the spring she had never known

"Please say nothing," he said. "We would not destroy the happiness of the others."

"She is a fixture," Madame Daveau confided to her cousin, Madame Du Pont. "She is as much a fixture as the chest our Great-uncle Daveau deposited fifty years ago in the entrance-way, against which I am forever knocking the bone of my leg."

Madame Du Pont laughed. "That, my good Mathilde, is because you are too watchful of the current for illumination. Some day you will lose a *pensionnaire* by that economy. The poor creature will fall and break a neck."

But Madame Daveau appeared to accept this eventuality with calmness. "Ah, no, my Celeste, they are all too doddering ever to catapult into it with sufficient forcefulness."

"Miss Whiffen is not doddering," objected Madame Du Pont.

"Ah, Miss Whiffen!" Madame Daveau shrugged her shoulders. "The woman annoys me with her long sallow face and her tongue like an adder."

"Her account, however," said Madame Du Pont, "I doubt not is settled regularly."

"Ah, yes." Madame Daveau sighed deeply from her great chest.

The prospect of the arrival of the Prince and Princess, however, acted as a tonic to Madame Daveau's disposition. "I shall now have to do with people of the *beau monde,* people who are in all respects *comme il faut.*" She made a gesture with her great hands. "Moreover it will be a pleasure to see youth once more, and to hear laughter in place of the eternal dialogues about the liver. I tell you, my good Celeste, it will be a pleasure, as well as a great monetary advantage, to rent the large suite from which our Great-uncle Daveau of the chest passed to eternal bliss."

As a forerunner of the Prince and Princess arrived the luggage, trunks and boxes and portmanteaux, most of them new and shining and covered with the labels of smart hotels en route.

"Behold," exclaimed Madame Daveau to Miss Whiffen, "they have stopped at only the most expensive places!"

"This small trunk here," Miss Whiffen pointed, "appears to have been neglected." It did indeed look like an outcast, little and battered and very old. "Perhaps the Prince did not think it worth while to purchase labels for so unconvincing a container of splendor."

"Purchase!" snapped Madame Daveau. "Then you would believe, perhaps, that the Prince and Princess have not stopped at the Splendide or the Royale or the Ritz?"

"In preparation for the glories," asked Miss Whiffen, "of the Pension Daveau?"

Madame Daveau snorted. "I suppose then you would doubt there is a Prince de Gracchi, even?"

"No," said Miss Whiffen. "I looked him up in the Almanac de Gotha. There is such a prince. Page forty-two, as I remember."

"I also have looked," said Madame Daveau, and be it said to her credit, she blushed.

The afternoon the Prince and Princess arrived, however, despite much careful spying, no one saw them. They went at once to the vast gloomy chamber where Great-uncle Daveau of the chest had breathed his last, and they departed for an engagement at the Ritz while Madame Daveau's other *pensionnaires* were peeling the diminutive and quite dry oranges Madame Daveau always succeeded in obtaining. All through dinner they had waited anxiously for the young couple to fill the two stiff chairs empty on either side of Madame Daveau. But they had waited in vain.

"I suppose they consider themselves too fine to eat with common folk," said Mrs. Porter, "—though an ancestor of mine once dined with Lafayette."

Colonel Waxman removed a seed from his orange with much dignity. "I am positive I met the Prince once, at a ball at the embassy. It would be a pleasure to chat over common acquaintances."

"I suppose," thought Miss Whiffen, "they'll be billed for this dinner whether they ate it or not." Miss Whiffen in ten years had never missed a single meal at the Pension Daveau. She couldn't afford to.

"Naturally the Prince and Princess will not favor us with their presence always," said Madame Daveau. "They are much sought after in the world of fashion." She paused. "But the Prince wrote me he looked forward to many delightful dinners in the

company of my other guests. Prince though he be, he is a gentleman of the utmost democracy."

"It has been my experience," said Colonel Waxman, "that the higher the title, the more democratic the man. At a certain ball I attended in London—"

"Yes, we know," snapped Mrs. Porter. "Jeanne, see that the cork is put securely in my bottle of mineral water. I drink but one glass with each meal, and yet the bottle appears to empty itself like magic. Of course I do not accuse anyone—"

Miss Whiffen rose. "Good night," she said firmly. "I shall not drink coffee this evening. It keeps me awake." Miss Whiffen never drank coffee. Coffee was extra.

"How like her to spoil our four at bridge!" snapped Mrs. Porter. "It seems to me some people have no regard for the feelings of others."

"We might play Russian bank," suggested Colonel Waxman, for the evening hung heavy upon his hands as well.

"I never hold at Russian bank," said Mrs. Porter. "I shall knit instead."

Next morning Miss Whiffen woke early, and her eyes fell on the square of sunlight on the floor. Spring had come, and a thrill of eagerness swept through Miss Whiffen's body. That was the ridiculous part about spring: it stirred hopes that were forever to be unfounded. It sent round the world a charge of trembling beauty from some eternal and mysterious battery. Miss Whiffen felt it, and she was both baffled and angry.

She got up and dressed swiftly. It would be an hour before Jeanne arrived with the shabby tray containing one *croissant* and the highly inferior coffee Madame Daveau dealt out to her *pensionnaires*. After she had dressed, Miss Whiffen stepped to the window. The tiny garden lay below her, every leaf a metal shield for the sunlight. It was wet still with dew, and the pear tree looked like a bride in her wedding-dress, a shabby bride, to be sure, but trembling and eager.

"That's the great hoax about spring," thought Miss Whiffen. "That tree's as old as I am; and look at it! Silly fool."

Then she saw the shutters open on the balcony across the way, and a girl stepped out. She had on some white filmy thing the breeze caught up and fluttered against the iron railing. Miss Whiffen stared. The girl lifted up her face, and the sunlight fell on it. How young she was, really young! Then a man's voice sounded from inside, and the girl laughed. A bird in the old pear tree sent up a shrill carol in answer, and Miss Whiffen stepped back from the window, closing it with a smart bang.

When Jeanne burst in with the breakfast-tray, she found Miss Whiffen at her desk playing solitaire.

"But Mademoiselle is up early," shouted Jeanne. Jeanne, Miss Whiffen believed, would undoubtedly shout at her own funeral.

"The light woke me," Miss Whiffen replied.

"Ah, the sunshine." Jeanne smiled. "What a day it is! Have you observed the pear tree? It has burst out all in one night."

"If that pear tree were to burst out any further," remarked Miss Whiffen, "it would have at least seven blossoms on it."

"Oh, là!" said Jeanne as she plumped down the breakfast-tray. "Mademoiselle has not observed the pear tree. It is of a beauty."

After the manner of all lonely women, Miss Whiffen had learned how to parcel out her day. She did, of course, her own mending, and though Madame Daveau had never been able to prove it against her, she did also her own washing and ironing. After breakfast each morning she manicured her large and handsome nails, never of course using any polish on them. Then she read the paper. Though she would not speak French except when forced to, she possessed, nevertheless, a fluent knowledge of the language.

At eleven o'clock she ate a piece of chocolate, and at eleven-fifteen she went out. Sometimes she had a bit of shopping to do, but more often she just strolled. Never did these walks fail to have for her a desolate beauty. Miss Whiffen always gave a *sou* to beggars, and very often, at a charity hospital in the quarter, would appear a mysterious gift of flowers or plants. Once a cage of small singing birds arrived, enscribed "*Pour les enfants.*" Though the overworked sisters found them a chore, nevertheless they hadn't the heart to remove them from the children's ward.

Miss Whiffen always lunched at Madame Daveau's, and after lunch she took a nap. She never allowed herself to take out her solitaire deck until three o'clock. At four she brewed herself a cup of tea. This Madame Daveau had also never been able to catch her doing. Then she washed her solitary cup, of exquisite *Sèvres*, and hid it, along with the thin silver spoon, in her trunk.

From four-thirty to five she took another walk, and from five to seven she read. Miss Whiffen's books were mostly history; but once a month she allowed herself a novel. After dinner she played bridge for two hours with Mrs. Porter, Miss Hunter and Colonel Waxman. Occasionally she went to the theater, but more often to a concert. Concerts were cheaper.

This day, however, all Miss Whiffen's plans had been upset. In the first place she had played solitaire before breakfast. After breakfast she went out at once. It was a morning when Paris was at her loveliest. Miss Whiffen made an excuse to go into a couple of shops, though she knew she could not match the yarn she was looking for. At last she sat down on a bench near the Luxembourg. The place was full of nursemaids and children—old men, who like herself were killing the hours before luncheon—a young soldier or two.

"Today is our anniversary.
Two weeks and two days have we been married."

Then at once Miss Whiffen looked up sharply. Yes, it was the same laugh, the same girl; but this time the young man was beside her. They were walking slowly, her arm through his, their slender bodies held together by some mysterious current of attraction.

"Completely bourgeois," thought Miss Whiffen.

But they were not bourgeois. There was breeding not only in their faces but in the way they walked. They were oblivious of the crowd, even when people stared. They passed by Miss Whiffen. She could hear their voices. They were talking in half-sentences, as the happy do. They had no need to speak at all.

"Shall it be the Ritz, darling?" he said in English.

For a second Miss Whiffen thought she saw a shadow cross the girl's face. "Why not this noon at Madame Daveau's?"

"Not today," the Prince declared, wrinkling up his nose like a schoolboy. "Today is our anniversary. Two weeks and two days have we been married."

They were gone, and though the sun still shone, there was a shadow. That noon at lunch Miss Whiffen inquired tartly of Madame Daveau whether the Prince had paid for his accommodations in advance.

Madame Daveau flushed. "But certainly not." Could Miss Whiffen suspect her of the ill breeding to demand security in advance of such noble guests?

"There are, of course, the trunks," said Miss Whiffen. "They couldn't get away with all that luggage without your knowing it."

Here Colonel Waxman frowned. "If you had been accustomed to the doings of the *beau monde* as I have, Miss Whiffen, you would not be so suspicious."

"*Beau monde* or not," said Miss Whiffen, "I'd keep an eye on those trunks!"

A storm of comment followed Miss Whiffen's departure from the dining-room.

"Nothing but a sour old maid," Mrs. Porter summed her up.

That evening at dinner Miss Hunter announced she had encountered the young couple on the staircase.

"I never saw anything so ravishing as the Princess," she recounted, "—an ermine coat that came to her heels. And as for the Prince,"—she rolled her eyes,—"if I were ten years younger!"

"Ten!" snapped Miss Whiffen. Even Colonel Waxman smiled.

Though Miss Whiffen contributed nothing to the conversation, she saw the Prince and Princess every morning from her little window. It had become, in fact, a part of each day's schedule. Usually it was the girl who was about first and threw back the shutters, letting in the challenge of the sunshine. Sometimes, too, Miss Whiffen saw her carry a cage of singing birds out onto the balcony.

"Ah, their room!" exclaimed Jeanne. "You would never know it for what it was. Such flowers—and the Princess' lovely scarfs and peignoirs tossed about on things. She must have color, that young darling. As for the Prince, he is so jolly. He wrinkled up his nose at the coffee yesterday. It was Madame's best, what she drinks herself. But he gave me a gold-piece."

Miss Whiffen snorted. "He did, eh? Well, your mistress will be lucky to get one."

Not until after the Prince and Princess had been at Madame Daveau's a whole week did they dine with the other *pensionnaires*. Jeanne had spread the news about, and everyone dressed especially—everyone, that is, but Miss Whiffen.

"You'd know she'd wear that old rag," whispered Mrs. Porter to Miss Hunter.

The Princess was in pale green chiffon; Madame Daveau wore her best black silk and the cameos. Even Jeanne had a new cap.

The dinner, too, was excellent. "Not since Admiral Duval was here, three years ago, have we had sweetbreads," Miss Whiffen stated.

Everyone smiled nervously, and Madame Daveau went an apoplectic purple.

"Madame Daveau's *cuisine*," the Prince said, "is famous." He glanced at the Princess. "That is one reason we determined to stop here."

Madame beamed, but Miss Whiffen fixed the Prince with her eye. "In view of the fact, you have availed yourself of your privilege tonight for the first time?"

He bowed. "I regret," he smiled. Yes, he was the handsomest man Miss Whiffen had ever beheld. "With Madame Daveau's permission, I should like to prove my regret by making of this first dinner a small occasion." He paused. "Madame Daveau's champagne, as I chance to know, is of the 1879 vintage. May I be allowed to offer a small glass to each of you?"

A wave of excitement swept round the table. Champagne, and the guest of a prince. Madame Daveau beamed.

"Ah, Monsieur le Prince, you are too good." There was a general murmur of agreement. "My champagne, as you say, is excellent. —Jeanne!"

Glasses were put around amidst a general buzz of conversation.

"Fools!" thought Miss Whiffen. She drank, however, to the health of Madame Daveau, to the Prince and Princess, to "the agreeable small company." Miss Whiffen liked champagne. It did not make her giggle, like Miss Hunter, or blink like Mrs. Porter.

After dinner the Prince played Russian bank with Colonel Waxman; and the Princess, with the height *(Please turn to page 98)*

KING'S CREW

by
Frank R. Adams

The Story So Far:

IT all started as a light-hearted adventure—and now was ending in murder, abduction and ugly peril. They had been a gay trio of adventurous young Californians: the King twins Stanley and Duveen and their older brother David—who was not really their brother (though they didn't know it), but had been left by his father to look after them because of that father's love for their mother.

Their blithe escapades became serious the very day they got into a casual street scrap with that earnest young stalwart George Porter and he afterward joined them in common cause against the intrusive police. After the fracas they bore George home with them to be patched up; and that evening, David went to dine with the Boyd Tremaynes. Tremayne had jealously protested King's presence, for he knew his too-beautiful wife Hélène was interested in David; and after an unpleasant scene King had left. Shortly thereafter another dinner guest, one Rudolph Einmetz, had come. Tremayne went to his wife's rooms and did not return; finally the butler and Einmetz forced a locked door and found Tremayne's body on the floor of a dressing-room; he had been stabbed to the heart with a paper-knife. Mrs. Tremayne had vanished—as had David King.

Detective Morse sought David as the presumable murderer; Duveen, Stanley and George Porter tried to warn and protect David. And then it developed that Hélène Tremayne had been carried off by the agents of a Mexican super-scoundrel named Rosario to his stronghold in Lower California.

Events followed fast then. Duveen also was abducted and taken to join Hélène. The two women escaped, but Duveen was recaptured. Meanwhile Morse, David and George Porter flew south in a plane to the rescue, and Hélène stumbled upon them where they had camped after the crash of their plane. Leaving Hélène with Morse, David and George ventured into Rosario's lair—and arrived just in time to save Duveen from Rosario, who held her confined in a tower room. Rosario, however, slipped from the room by a trapdoor, leaving David and George fellow-prisoners with Duveen—and a firing-squad was promised them next day.

Stanley King had likewise done his best to share in the excitement. He had been captured by revolutionists, but under pretext of his ability to locate Rosario's treasure, he gained release from custody, and was ordered to accompany thither an expedition commanded by an American soldier of fortune named Cummings. *(The story continues in detail:)*

HORACE MORSE, left behind with the loveliest woman who had ever looked at the Pacific Ocean, was totally unaware of the honor. For one thing, he probably did not know that she had that reputation; and for another, he might have been thinking of his own wife. The latter was probably the handiest woman with a pancake-turner from Seattle to San Diego; and that, in its way, is a sort of loveliness too.

To Detective Morse, Hélène Tremayne was merely a person of whom he could ask questions concerning the presumable whereabouts of one Rosario, whom he assumed to be a murderer. Breakfast first, then his business: that was the order of thoughts in Detective Morse's mind.

It seemed inadvisable to dwell for any length of time on the subject of breakfast, because there wasn't a chance of any, even by remote control; so Morse turned his attention to sleuthing.

"This Rosario killed your husband, did he?"

"I don't know," Hélène replied. "All I know is that Boyd was killed by a knife thrown through my window; and that later I was taken away in a car to a place where Rosario came."

"I think we could hold him on that," decided Morse thoughtfully, "—if we could ever get him across the line into the States."

He went on talking and questioning until he got all of Hélène's story up to and including the adventure of that very morning.

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Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

Duveen was hustled to the cells and hastily thrust into the one occupied by David and George.

He halted her when she came to the part about the hut and made her tell him again what she had seen: two skeletons, it had seemed to her to be, the skeletons clothed and sitting at a table.

"Could you go back to that?" Morse asked.

"I guess I could."

"I'm afraid you'll have to," Morse told her, "and I think it will be safer for you to come along than stay here alone."

This man Morse knew too much about women to have gained his knowledge from merely one marriage—from just one lifetime, even. He didn't offer to argue about it, but simply started off. Without a murmur Hélène followed. Morse did not look back to see if she was coming, but he heard her, and he kept his face front while he smiled.

No one stopped them on their way to the hidden and abandoned clearing; and when they entered the doorway, there were the skeletons at the table.

"Just as advertised," commented Morse. "The osteopathic patients are evidently merely scarecrows put here to frighten away any curious natives. It would be effective, I should think. You say they disappeared?"

"They sank down with the table." Hélène stood just at the door, ready to run if anything squeaked, rattled or moved.

Morse, on his hands and knees, felt over the hard earth, which was cracked and fissured like ancient cement.

"It's a clever job," he acknowledged, rising and brushing off his hands. "Those cracks all look perfectly natural. Still, you say the table went through the floor, so there must be a passage below."

But search as he would, Morse could not find a hidden lever or spring that would actuate the trap from that side; and he finally came to the conclusion that it could only be operated from within.

"Except, of course, with a pickax and dynamite," he amended.

The noise of not very distant rifle-fire and a stifled exclamation from Hélène diverted him from his investigations.

He came to the door to see what it was that had frightened her. She was in a panic.

"They're shooting."

"That's what it sounds like," Morse agreed conversationally, "but don't worry. Mr. King and that young relative of his will know how to take care of themselves."

"I'm frightened, Mr. Morse. Please take me away from here."

He looked at her, not quite comprehending. "Away from here?" he repeated.

"To some safe place—where they wont find us."

Morse was mildly surprised. But he had no criterion by which to measure the customary conduct of a convent-bred lady in the presence of danger. Women under stress, as he knew them, were mostly hard-boiled denizens of the underworld who faced the perils of existence in much the same way that their men did, and swore at them in the same language. Perhaps this woman had been through too much lately. Most likely she had gone all to pieces. Somewhere in his mind lurked the phrase, "Women and children first." It seemed indicated that he should live up to that slogan of civilization.

"I don't think there's any danger hereabouts right now," he assured her, "but if you'd feel any safer, perhaps we might go a little deeper into the underbrush until we see what happens next."

He led at first, but only for a moment. As soon as she got started, Hélène gave way to a perfect panic of apprehension and ran ahead through the underbrush, only pausing from time to time to make sure that he was following.

A few moments of that sort of progress left even Horace Morse

in a panting condition; and when they emerged from the wooded protection and found themselves not far from the bayou shore, he took hold of her arm and forced her to stand still a minute until they could catch their breath.

"No use giving ourselves away if there is anybody down there in that boathouse yonder." He drew her back into the fringe of the woods.

Morse had seen and correctly interpreted something that had perhaps escaped her fright-stricken attention. A sort of warehouse and dock built on substantial piling stood knee-deep in the inlet.

His precautions were well taken. Even while they stood there, they could hear a bell ringing somewhere in the shed, a strident, shrill bell. It stopped after a while, and a moment or so later three men, two of them Chinese, opened the door and came out.

They passed quite close to where Hélène and Morse stood, protected from sight by the fringe of wood. One of the Chinese had a sheaf of long knives with bamboo handles in his hand. He held it rather like a bouquet. Hélène shuddered. She knew only too well how those knives were used.

But Morse seemed to be paying little attention to the late occupants of the warehouse.

"I wonder if there's any more of 'em," he muttered. "Probably not. It appears to me they were answering a general alarm. You stay here while I find out."

But Hélène preferred danger in company rather than to be left alone, and she followed in his cautious but swift footsteps as he hurriedly made his way down to the shore.

The men, departing in haste, had left the door swinging open. Morse, when he had reached the protection of the side of the warehouse, partly closed the door to see what would happen.

Nothing did.

He opened it again and went inside.

Coming from the blinding glare of the morning sunlight outside, the interior seemed black as the inside of a hip pocket. But in a few moments when his eyes became slightly accustomed to the half-light, he could discern the outlines of a handsome mahogany-and-white speed-boat that was floating there buffered from the sides of the wharf by huge mattresses hung over the combing.

"That's the boat they used to bring me here!" exclaimed Hélène. "And there's no one on board. Quick! Open the doors while I cast off, and we can make our escape in it."

She was already loosening the aft painter.

Morse had stepped aboard and was examining curiously the luxuriously appointed craft. But he looked up at her in amazement.

"We can't go away and leave the others in a hell-jam like that." Then a slow smile spread over his face. "Besides, I haven't the slightest idea how to run one of these contraptions."

"But I have," Hélène retorted, feverishly hauling in the bowline. "Lie low, or you'll get hurt."

She had stepped on something that animated the starter, and the motor began to roar. Hélène took the wheel.

The boat jumped forward like a frightened kangaroo, split the seaward doors in two in the middle and raced out into the inlet at a twenty-mile clip.

"Here, stop it!" ordered Morse. "Stop it, I say."

But Hélène apparently did not hear him. She held steadily for the open sea.

Morse tried once to wrest the control of the tiny craft from Hélène by main force, but they were going so fast that even the slight deviation caused by their scuffle very nearly made them run into the rocks on the shore, and he immediately abandoned those tactics. Better to wait till there was more sea-room.

"Comin' through!" In a bound George crossed in front of Duveen, and began to walk toward the gun.

But out in the gulf there was no chance, either. Quite an unexpectedly high sea was running, and there was little possibility for a landsman to move about on the pitching deck, much less take control of a mechanism with which he was wholly unfamiliar.

"Where you going?" Morse finally demanded, shouting in her ear.

"Any place civilized enough to have a police force."

Morse laughed. He had to. "I'm a policeman," he explained.

"But there aren't enough of you."

"Oh. You're probably looking for a Labor Day parade."

She disdained reply but put on more speed instead. The cruiser clipped across the tops of the waves, covering them both with drenching spray.

In less than an hour they were somewhat in the lee of the eastern shore and Hélène turned more to the south.

"There's a town down here somewhere," she told him shortly. "A small city where Rosario buys his supplies and sends telegrams and wireless messages."

"Telegrams and wireless, huh?" That seemed to give Morse an idea too. "Beat it for there, sister. You may not be such a dumb rabbit as I thought."

"Listen," she said.

Across the water from the land ahead came the repeated staccato of rifle- and machine-gun fire—occasionally a dull explosion that connoted light field-guns.

"We forgot there is a toy war going on in this country," Morse conjectured. "I'll bet the rebels are attacking this very town we're arriving at, and probably the entire police force you were looking for is hiding in the basement of the most prominent night-club."

WHILE his brother and sister, and incidentally, George, were getting themselves into a maximum of trouble across the gulf, Stanley King and thirty-odd conscripts of the rebel army were bumping over the rails in the wake of an obsolete locomotive of the Southern Pacific Railway, headed in the general direction of San Matena, the home of heat, profanity and scarlet sunrises.

Under the able leadership of Sergeant Shorty Cummings, who had not been in the A. E. F. for nothing, they rustled rations which had been thoughtlessly overlooked by the quartermaster's department when they started. Shorty's method consisted of getting off and appropriating everything movable in sight every time the train stopped for water, fuel or a cigarette.

The same astute albeit ruthless shrewdness that provided food where there wasn't any, also stood Shorty in good stead when it came to the matter of securing transportation from San Matena to the indefinite location across the gulf where Rosario, according to Pedro Rodriguez, had his stronghold.

There were no passenger boats running in any direction, and most of the local fishermen had thoughtfully hidden their craft about the time war had been declared. But Shorty had that type of mind, so invaluable to good generalship, which is able to imagine what the other fellow will do, by simply figuring out how he himself would act under the same circumstances.

The fact that the San Rafael River emptied into the gulf just a short distance south of the town seemed pertinent and useful. And sure enough, there in the river flats he found half a dozen craft of various sizes and designs. He chose the largest, not because it was the best but chiefly for the reason that it was the only one which could possibly hold them all, and it seemed inadvisable to divide his tiny command. None of them wanted to go, anyway, and they were especially unenthusiastic when it developed that the boat leaked.

There was an auxiliary engine but no gasoline; so Shorty, who knew little more of seamanship than the average cow-hand, ordered the rotten sails to be hoisted, and steered out into the open sea.

Fortunately there was an off-shore breeze taking them approximately in the direction they wanted to go, so there was nothing to do but set all the canvas and run before it. By constant bailing they were able to keep fairly dry. Outside the lee of the shore, the wind increased enough to take them along at a pretty fair clip.

Shorty smiled at Stanley at last.

"Looks pretty good, so far," he remarked.

"Right," agreed Stanley.

"I don't guess we'll have no trouble whatever."

Which semi-regretful remark of Sergeant Cummings was based entirely on his lack of knowledge that one of the wireless operators at San Matena was in the pay of Rosario. And that Pedro Rodriguez had been talking to him during the few brief moments that the detachment had stood "at ease" while Shorty had been seeking information about boats. . . . .

Rosario was as good as his word about breakfast. In less than an hour he sent for his three prisoners,—complimenting them highly by detailing eight men armed with rifles to carry the invitation,—and had them inducted to an informal breakfast-room, a low-ceilinged, cheerful sort of place, much more interesting than the hall in which Duveen had dined in state the evening previous.

The food was good, and Rosario himself did not oppress them with his presence while they were eating.

When the meal was over, he appeared, however, clad in a white riding-costume that, while clean, showed signs of having been used.

"Ah," he said, surveying the cleared platters, "the condemned prisoners ate the usual hearty breakfast."

"Einmetz," said David mildly, "do you think it quite fair of you to try to frighten my sister with a joke like that? It's bad taste."

"Ask your leetle seester if she theenks it is a joke," Rosario suggested. "You will find she know that Rosario make no idle jests about death. Ask her to tell you what have happen here las' night."

David looked at her. Duveen shuddered with distaste.

"It will not be necessary," David decided. "You don't intend to include the girl in your plans, even if you mean them, do you?"

"Rosario had originally such intention," the master of the house replied, "but since this morning he find that he cannot. The memory of her is too poignant. Rosario is like other men, prob-

ably. He cannot kill woman until anyway he has had plenty of her."

"Easy," counseled David to George. "He's only trying to make us lose our tempers."

Rosario laughed. "It make not the slightest difference if anybody lose temper—except if Rosario lose his; then that ver' bad for you." He summoned the men who were acting as guards and said something to them in Spanish.

Then to the three he explained: "Rosario ver' sorry to inconvenience you, but until after siesta it is nes-nes-nessery to put you in not ver' comfortable cell. Not a bad cell, but not ver' good either. It is much cooler than upstairs, but not so well furnish'. Besides, Rosario is having that tower room all fix up for the nest for leetle seester, heh? There she can have her siesta in much comfort with Rosario."

George started toward him anyway in spite of David's restraining advice.

Rosario chuckled and offered soothingly: "But not until tomorrow, my young boy. Not until tomorrow. Then you shall know nothing whatever about same. You see, Rosario think always to spare somebody's feelings."

RATHER to her surprise, Duveen was marched along with the two men out into the patio. This was a large open space entirely surrounded by thick adobe walls, all recently whitewashed. The ground was covered with sand which had been raked, like a military company street or a bull-ring.

At one end was the pock-marked section of adobe which was Rosario's convenient *place d'execution*. At the other end and under the building itself were several cells on the level of the ground and quite open on the side toward the patio—open, that is, save for the most formidable-looking iron caging that Duveen had ever seen.

The thickness of the bars was very depressing even to George. Rosario noted his glance and discouragement.

"Nothing there you can bend like lead pipe, my friend. Rosario think thees cage hold even big bull like you."

In accordance with instructions in Spanish, George and David were thrust into one cell by the guard. Rosario himself escorted Duveen to the one next adjoining.

"Only for temporary you mus' stay here, my dear. Jus' ontil Rosario have nest fix up for his loved one. You shall be taken away in time, so you shall not have to see what happen. Rosario always to you is considerate. He, personal, like to see a leetle blood, but others who not feel exactly like same, he wish them to enjoy selves also."

He went away.

In these cells there was no furniture, unless stone benches could be called that. There was absolutely nothing movable. Even the iron grating at the front of the cells and between them could not be shaken enough to rattle.

The prisoners estimated the possibilities. There were none—not even if you discounted the lazy guard who sat in the shade with his rifle across his knees.

Both George and Duveen watched David with silent attention while he made minute inspection.

"Practically escape-proof," he decided, "—for anyone but us," he added with a slight laugh.

George looked at him, puzzled. "What do you mean by that?" he asked finally.

It was Duveen who replied. "It's the religion of the Crew," she said. "David made it up for us himself. All there is to it is to believe that nothing can hurt you, and that there's always a way out even if you can't see it."

"Gee," exclaimed George half-incredulously, "it sounds swell; but does it work?"

"Does it work?" repeated Duveen. "It is working right now. Look at David. Does he act like a man who expects to be shot at sunset? The beautiful part about it is that even if we were to die, we wouldn't believe it, so I doubt a lot whether we'd really be dead. If you think that over a little, maybe it will give you the idea."

David smiled at her. She was pressed against the bars that separated her cell from theirs. Her arms were entirely through and on their side, as if for the comfort of physical companionship. David went over and touched her lightly. "Good pup!" he said. "Only you've carried the faith a lot farther than I've been able to."

"Of course," Duveen admitted; "but that's because I've got you to believe in, as well as in God. That makes it twice as strong and a lot more personal."

There was not much activity in the courtyard. In the middle of the forenoon two men listlessly dragged out a machine-gun and set it up near the farther end of the courtyard, not more than twenty-five or thirty feet from the wall. The mounting of the gun was a little peculiar, in that it consisted of a heavy wooden box painted lead gray. This box was surrounded with bags of sand and ballasted with rock. On top of the box was a large turntable similar to that upon which phonograph records are played. The gun was assembled on that.

Apparently the turntable was actuated by some mechanism, clockwork, perhaps, in the box below, because when their work was completed the men tested it out. Something they did started the apparatus. The gun, which was pointed toward a corner of the wall, slowly traversed an arc which covered the entire wall from corner to corner. Then it started back again.

The significance of the movement was obvious. The three prisoners watched the relentless swing of that silent gun in mute fascination.

The men made some minor adjustments and covered the gun with a canvas. Then they went away.

"They say the trout-fishing is very good at Reno this season," declared David casually, as if he had just thought of it.

Duveen laughed. "You know I prefer deep-sea trolling."

George looked at them in amazement. Hadn't they seen, or were they crazy? David's left eyelid dropped suddenly before George's questioning glance.

"Me too," chimed in George. The idea was not to talk about anything that was calculated to weaken the morale of the troops. He could try to do that also. "I've never had much time for that sort of thing, though. I've always had to work pretty hard since I was a kid."

"You were born in California?" questioned Duveen. George's past seemed as fruitful a topic as any, and it could be pursued diligently without much danger of its connecting up with any of the distinctly unpleasant present.

"No," George replied, "it was in the East. My father came to America just before I happened along. He'd run away with my mother. She was something fine in the Old Country—she would have had a title of some sort, I think, if she hadn't loved my father more. I didn't know her myself, because she died when I was born—perhaps it was because I was so big even then, though my father never mentioned it."

George was looking away, lost in a sort of personal introspection that had misted over the sharpness of his consciousness of that hooded machine-gun which was inviting him to dwell on the imminence of eternity.

"After that?" Duveen prodded.

"We came West then," he continued.

"Was he very unhappy?"

"No. We talked about that once. He said that all anybody had any right to expect out of life was to be able to serve a woman like Mother. He died a little later with something the same sort of idea—said it was foolish to go on living after he'd hit the highest spot that any man could."

"A mid-Victorian sentimentalist," commented David, "but sincere according to his lights."

TAPS

"Madame Death, do you take this man
To have and to hold forever?
Will you rest his soul as you, only, can?
Do you promise to leave him never?
Bride of Athos, Carton, Geste,
Take one more to your blinding breast.
There's the wedding march, muffled drums,
Muted trumpets; the bridegroom comes.
'*Rat-a-tat-tat*'—the guns say you're wed—
Give him your hand—he's yours—he's dead."

(A clipping from "The Stars and Stripes" on the last page of Duveen's scrap-book.)

"Didn't George tell you about me before he died?"

"Shame on you," Duveen cried, "to try to shake George's faith in the chivalry of his father!"

David laughed. "I couldn't do that—not now. George even knows now, for the first time, what his father meant. Right, George?"

George grinned.

Before the conversation could languish,—and it would have been a hell of a job for the two men to keep it up,—Rosario came with a couple of men for Duveen.

"That room upstairs," he informed her, "have been all fix' up for leetle California wildcat which it shall be so much pleasure for Rosario to tame."

One of the men opened the door of Duveen's cell, and she came out, a figure of comedy and tragedy in the dangling remnants of George's shirt, a still dirty face, but with a light in her eyes that was never going to go out—not while anyone was looking.

"You may have one minute for to say good-by to that brother of you, and the beeg bull friend."

Duveen let her gaze flicker for an instant in David's direction. What she read in his face,—and she could interpret the merest flicker of his eyelash,—made her turn back to her captor once more.

"No, thank you," she said politely.

"No?" Rosario shrugged. "Among Rosario's people it is a custom to show more affection when parting forever; but perhaps Rosario not quite understand. You are sure you have comprehend that this is last opportunity?"

Duveen said nothing, but led the way herself. Rosario and his men followed—into the house and out of sight.

David and George watched her go, George in adoring wonder, David with something new in his eye, approval that was nearly reverence.

"First round to the Crew!" he declared.

Chapter Twenty

IT was nearly dusk when Shorty Cummings' first naval command sank in four feet of water just off the quay which was a part of the docking facilities at Rosario's private gateway to the gulf. Sergeant Cummings had not let his ship sink intentionally, but everyone had become so interested in making a landing that they unanimously forgot to bail. The result, above noted, ensued promptly.

Rosario's own launch-crew, the two Chinese and the Indian, were in the boathouse where they had been debating,—in Chinese only, for the Indian took no part in the discussion,—whether it would be safer to report the loss of the motorboat to their master or flee to the mountains before he discovered it. Either course seemed an engraved invitation to destruction.

The arrival of the nondescript military detachment, however, and its subsequent floundering to shore, put rather a different face on the matter; and keeping out of sight, they made their way to the cover of the woods, and thence, deviously, to the headquarters of their chief.

The status of Pedro Rodriguez, ex-chauffeur to Rosario and now soldier of the revolution, had changed immediately upon landing at the place to which he had reluctantly guided them. There was, in fact, little difference between his privileges and those accorded a prisoner of war.

Shorty trusted him just like a brother-in-law, and accordingly had him bound and tied to a tree with an old rope that had been salvaged from the wreck of their transportation. Two men were detailed to guard him and to keep him from giving vocal or other signals.

"A word with you, Private King," ordered Sergeant Cummings.

He and Stanley withdrew out of earshot of the other members of the detachment, which, differing from American soldiers, exhibited no curiosity as to their surroundings whatever. The born-weary *soldados* were content not to explore but were perfectly willing to rest where they sat. Resting and sitting were two of their best military maneuvers.

"Any suggestions as to what we ought to do now, Stan?" inquired the Sergeant. "Shall we attack the *casa* openly now, or wait until it's dark and try to sneak in? We'd probably have plenty of men to win an out-and-out fight if our gang was Yanks and we had plenty of rifles and ammunition. As it is, we might not be able to put it across. These *hombres* aint really all-fired interested in who wins."

(Please turn to page 106)

IN TUNE WITH

Photo by Nickolas Muray, N. Y.

RUTH DRAPER

When she was a little girl, proud grown-ups listened to her monologues and let their tea grow cold. She now performs a more awesome miracle: Night after night her acting draws to the wings the most ruthless of all critics—the stage-hands—draws them away from their crap games! For years she filled a New York theater on Sunday nights. Then one night she said to her audience: "For years you've come on Sunday nights. I know every face. Please come backstage—I want to clasp your hands. I'm going away for two years. It's a long time—" She returned to fill the theater *every* night. Her monologues are written, directed and acted by Ruth Draper—herself, alone. In one short evening her facile features and swift sympathetic mind portray an English society woman, a Polish immigrant, a Spanish belle, a school-teacher abroad checking up on her Baedeker, as readily as she changes costumes.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Brooklyn sent forth this gentleman of the press many years ago, armed with a knife in his mouth, to spread the gospel of reform. Over a million newspaper readers, and magazine readers, are jerked daily out of their gentle, optimistic evening's reading by his eloquent, magically persuasive shouts to the high heavens on women's independence, birth control, prison reform, freedom of speech and press, justice in court, race prejudice, etc. (Behind his bold typewriter, he is safe from his own shyness.) But for all his vigor and enthusiasm, his task of championing the underdog is a heavy one. "The job of setting Americans mad about anything is difficult, and the task of keeping them that way is still more terrific," he complains. He can paint and act, too, but we'll not go into that, thank you. His picture appears below.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

the author of "A Farewell to Arms." At this date there isn't anybody who hasn't read it, or read about it, or heard it talked about and fought about; so we'll only comment on the man behind it. He is as handsome as this photograph at the right indicates, and weighs some two hundred pounds. He left his Midwestern home when he was very young, to become a prize-fighter—he made a very poor one. Then came reporting, travel abroad, the War and the Italian army in the order named. In memory of the War he wears a metal knee-cap—medals, too, though they don't seem to please him any too well, either. He is married and has a child. They live very quietly in Paris part of the year—rents are cheap and Hemingway has known grim, hungry poverty; and in the United States they live in such places as Arkansas and the outposts of Florida. New York? No. He is in his early thirties and already ranks among the first novelists in America. Why, we couldn't even find his name in the 1927 edition of Who's Who.

Underwood & Underwood

Our Times

Photo by White Studio

EVELYN LAYE

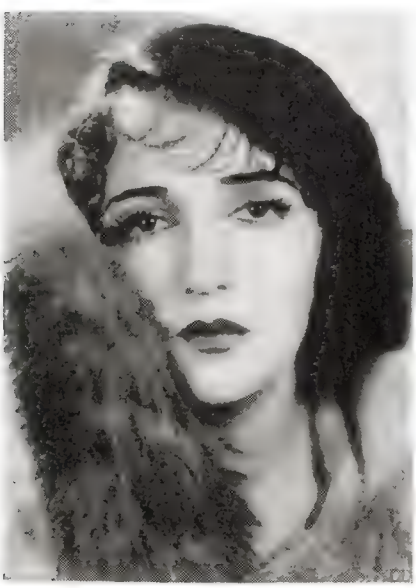
is now making her début on the American stage. She came from England with Noël Coward's musical operetta "Bitter Sweet," and with her lovely voice, her humor and her spirit she leads the ladies in the big cast. She is New York's current singing delight and favorite.

Her father was an actor. He enjoyed it. But he would never allow Evelyn to follow the dramatic profession. Not he. He took her with him constantly from province to province, country to country, to cure her. She learned a lot. She learned not only the principles of acting, pantomime and musical comedy, but also stage management. But she learned with intense enthusiasm and diligence rather than with the increasing boredom and weariness that he had gambled on. So he tucked her away safely, as he thought, in a school—from which she promptly ran away, and won for herself completely and permanently her destined estate. Her picture appears at the right.

BEBE DANIELS

Out in Hollywood they call Bebe Daniels the American Señorita—which is a pretty equal division of truth and poetry. Just to throw you off the track, we'll mention first that her father is Scotch, and that she was born in Dallas, Texas. From her father she inherited her retiring nature, her interest in the domestic arts, and her capacity for hard work. (She began her screen career at the age of eight.) But from her Spanish mother, now we're back to the glamorous sobriquet again, she inherited her warm, enticing eyes, her black hair and her flair for spirited acting.

Her maternal great-grandfather was Governor of Colombia, a brilliant Spaniard of high birth. Her acting in "Rio Rita" throws her back to his gallant, romantic age and proves that time is only relative in the bloodstream.



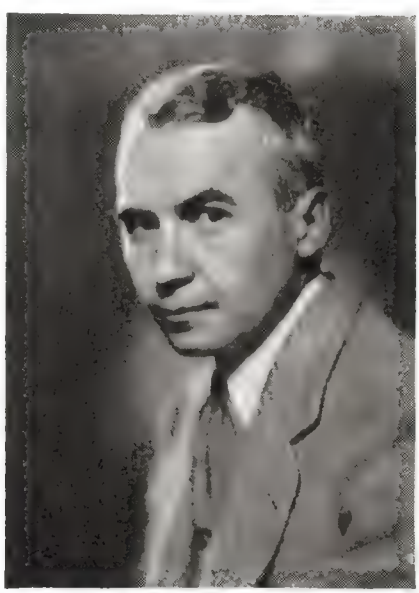


Photo by Nickolas Muray, N. Y.

ELMER DAVIS

Elsewhere in this issue, Mr. Davis tells a sympathetic, incisive story of the debatable freedom and scope of bachelor girls.

He is a Hoosierite (guiding, inspiring city of Aurora!) by birth. Franklin College gave him an A. B., and a Rhodes scholarship sent him to Oxford University, which taught him ancient history and sent him home to teach it. But ancient history grew dull; maybe it was teaching. Anyway, after a year of it, he took a fling at modern history in the city-room of the New York *Times*. They quickly made a political editorial writer of him, and he in time expounded authoritatively on the mysteries of bi-metallism (see Dictionary of Political Economy) and Eastern European politics. This he did for ten years, and at some time during that period, between naps, perhaps, he wrote a history of the New York *Times* and half a dozen novels. "Giant Killer," his latest, is a study of David of Israel. He now writes novels and short stories almost exclusively, and we are looking forward to publishing his short stories frequently in Redbook.

BLOODHOUND for a NIGHT

There came upon the dog a triumph of scent over sight.

Being the honest narrative of the problems of a gentleman who took pay from both sides and tried to be true to each of them—

THE only masculine thing about Miss Snellgrove's Seminary for Young Ladies was Gladstone Smith, its new colored janitor, who made up in height a portion of what he lacked in cleverness.

So far as he was concerned, the new employment was not without its good points. For while it was true that Miss Snellgrove was all the time worrying a boy about shoveling coal and washing windows, it was also true that Lucile, co-respondent in the impending Smith *vs.* Smith divorce-case—which would shake a section of Demopolis socially as soon as Gladstone could accumulate twenty-five dollars to finance it—was a maid at the Seminary.

Above-stairs, it was also beginning to appear that Cupid had got his business seriously in a jam—so much so as to occasion the interview now in progress between Miss Snellgrove and the school janitor.

"Gladstone," she said, taking him gravely into her confidence, "a matter has arisen here in the school that calls for the most firm and careful handling—delicate handling, I might say. You know, of course, Miss Hardie—Miss Madeline Hardie, of our senior class?"

"Yas'm, Miss Fannie; you means dat li'l yaller-ha'red gal? Sho is pretty. Yas'm, I knows her."

"And you also know a young man here in town, Mr. Wayne Adams, do you not?"

Gladstone shifted his weight to a fresh hip. "Mist' Wayne? You mean dat white boy whut run he car 'cross de railroad bridge dat time?"

Miss Snellgrove's pained expression indicated that Gladstone had picked the right one.

"Yes, Gladstone. And now pay attention to what I am about to say. And do not repeat it to *any*one. I am relying on you, understand?"

"Yas'm. Is you aint want nothin' balled up, git Gladstone to 'tend to hit—dat whut ev'ybody say."

"Well, I certainly am pleased to hear it. In a word, Gladstone, I have been informed by Miss Hardie's father that young Mr. Adams and Miss Madeline plan to elope one night this week—from the school dormitory here. Her father came over from Selma to warn me of it—"

"Yas'm. Is you aint want nothin' balled up, git Gladstone to 'tend to hit."

by Arthur K. Akers

Illustrated by Everett Lowry

Julia's changing of skillet-hands gave him a chance to be a motorist.

Gladstone fingered a bare place on the back of his head reminiscently. "You means dat red-face' Mist' Hardie whut run dat sawmill at Selma?" he queried.

"I do not know about his business connections," returned Miss Snellgrove coldly. "He is a large gentleman, florid in face, and I understand not to be trifled with."

"Yas'm! Yas'm!" Gladstone connected up past and present in a hurry. "Dat he. Dat de gent'man whut fotch me dat lick 'cross my haid wid a scantlin' dat time. Naw'm, I aint gwine trifle wid *him*."

"Now, what I am coming to, Gladstone," continued Miss Snellgrove impatiently, "is this: you sleep in the basement, I understand—"

"Yas'm. Me an' Julia aint git on so good—"

"I am not interested in your domestic affairs, Gladstone!" Miss Snellgrove cut him short in her best New England manner. "What I want is a sharp and constant watchfulness on your part. Much as I now regret it, the fire-escape leading past Miss Madeline's room is the one that comes down past the furnace-room. I want you to sleep prepared to give instant alarm if anyone ascends—or descends—that fire-escape during the night. Do you understand?"

"Yas'm. All broke' out wid und'standin'! Is nobody clumb about on dat fiah-'scape, I hollers fo' you."

"Exactly! I rely upon you in this. The honor of the school is at stake. I have talked to Miss Madeline,—seriously,—but the child is infatuated, and I shall feel safer, in view of young Mr. Adams' past record, if I know that you are on guard too."

Gladstone responded to responsibility like the sunflower to the sun. "Ties Peppuh—dat my dawg—to de bottom 'f de fiah-'scape ev'y night," he accepted the trust. "Peppuh kin to bloodhoun's on he pappy's side, an'—"

"That will do, Gladstone!" Miss Snellgrove cut him short. "And now I want you to get your broom and get the leaves out of the school gutter along the street front."

It is a world of dovetailings. Gladstone missed a breath as he achieved fresh realization of this sometime later. A familiar-looking white gentleman with a mighty mad look on his face came down the school walk toward where Gladstone was disturbing the leaves as little as possible for eight dollars a week and board.

"You the janitor around here?" the gentleman demanded sharply as he banged the gate.

"Yassuh, Gin'ral; sho is."

"Uh-huh! Well, Miss Snellgrove mentioned you to me just now when I was talking with her about my daughter in there, Miss Hardie—Miss Madeline Hardie."

"Yassuh, Gin'ral; sho is pretty li'l lady, Miss Mad'line. Ev'ybody say dat—"

"But look here!" the visiting parent interrupted him suspiciously. "Aren't you that big-eating boy that I chased off my place in Selma a couple of years ago for keeping on coming to see my cook right at meal-times?"

Gladstone fingered his scar as though assisting his memory. "Naw suh, boss!" he protested stoutly. "Mus' been 'nother boy: I been workin' heah fo' Miss Fannie mos' fo' yeahs now."

"Well, you sure look like him," persisted the white folks skeptically. "But that isn't what I started to talk about. Miss Snellgrove tells me she has got you to help stop something that's going to be sure death for that young Mr. Wayne Adams if he tries it. She says your sleeping-place is close to the bottom of the fire-escape."

"Yassuh. Ties my dawg Peppuh to de bottom of de 'scape, too. Peppuh kin to bloodhoun's on he pappy's side."

"Sniff dem pants good, Peppuh! An' when you smells 'em ag'in—dawg, do yo' stuff!"

"H-m-m! Is this your dog sniffing around me now?"

"Yassuh. Dat's jes' de bloodhoun' in him showin' up—all time sniffin' 'bout."

Gladstone thought he detected distinct signs of a movement on Mr. Hardie's part toward the particular pocket where the white folks carried their bill-folds.

"W-w-well, now," Mr. Hardie was saying too, in a confidential and mollified tone, "don't say anything about this to *any*body, but you keep your eyes open, boy. This thing's mighty important to me. I reckon I really ought to take my daughter home with me; but my wife's away, and Miss Madeline's probably safer here with Miss Snellgrove—she'd twist me around her finger and walk off with my blessing if I undertook to pen her up around home, anyhow."

"Yassuh, womens does dat," agreed Gladstone with his gaze riveted on what was in Mr. Hardie's hand now. "Dat huccome I's sleepin' in de basement heah—"

"So I've got to trust to the school here to see that she doesn't go running off and marrying a young fool that's got her thinking he's John Gilbert and Colonel Lindbergh rolled into one. And here's ten dollars for you, boy, for keeping your eyes open—a close watch on the fire-escape, understand?"

Gladstone understood one thing—ten dollars in hand subtracted from twenty-five he needed to get that divorce, meant there wasn't but fifteen dollars left to worry about in Smith *vs.* Smith.

"Peppuh, hitch yo'se'f to dat fiah-'scape—an' git fierce!" he instructed.

Pepper licked his off chop furtively. The bloodhound blood which his proprietor kept so prominently in the forefront of the conversation was more or less submerged by indications of his ancestry also including bull, Airedale, collie, police, cur and a dash of lapdog.

"Gr-r-r-r-r!" rumbled Pepper morosely in deferred sensing that his master had once come to harm through this departing white gentleman. . . . .

School regulations didn't apply to the janitor. Hence Gladstone seated outside the alley doorway to the furnace-room at what would have been scholastically ranked as a late hour, trying to figure out a way to raise fifteen dollars. Lucile had been acting mighty uppity lately anyhow—letting fall that if Gladstone couldn't finance his freedom without waiting all winter, there were others on her waiting-list. And disturbing rumors came from Baptist Hill that Julia, his wife, wasn't entertaining any ideas of seeing Lucile walk off with Gladstone uncontested.

"Women all time runnin' aft' me," mourned Gladstone in the darkness. "Look like you cain't hahdly git shet of 'em aft' you ma'ies 'em."

Suddenly the hairs on the back of Pepper's sturdy neck stiffened above a throaty rumble in his sub-basement.

"Call off that Siberian cheese-hound, Gladstone!" a healthy young whisper cut the blackness from across the alley, and indicated that the newcomer was no stranger.

"Who dat?" Gladstone whispered back.

"It's me—Wayne Adams. Don't let that dog open his cut-out, or I'll create a cur shortage around here!"

"Naw suh; Peppuh aint say nothin'. Jes' fixin' hitch him to de fiah-'scape fo' de night."

"Yes? Well, that's just what I came back here to talk to you about." With which the vigorous young Mr. Adams became visible at close range.

"Gladstone,"—he turned the conversation to the subject nearest his heart,—"you know Miss Hardie up there in the dormitory—Miss Madeline Hardie?"

"Dat good-lookin' li'l lady? Yaller ha'r an' all time smilin'? Yassuh, sho is."

"You've got more sense than you get credit for," observed Mr. Adams proudly. "Well, Miss Madeline and I are wanting to get married, but—you know her father?"

Gladstone fingered his scar ruefully. "Yassuh, sho do."

"He's the trouble. He's all right, a good egg and all that, Gladstone, but pig-headed—pig-headed as a couple of stockyards. *He's* the reason we've got to elope."

"Yassuh. He make me lope once too—wid a two-by-fo', out of the kitchen—"

"So, just to get right down to business, Gladstone: I need a friend around the foot of this fire-escape tomorrow night that can keep his mouth shut. How about it?"

Everybody wanted him to keep his mouth shut! Gladstone was seized with a fit of head-scratching not chargeable to the scar of the scantling. In his pocket a green ten-dollar bill kept other memories green—of having promised Mr. Hardie to make Horatius at the bridge look like a *Go* signal so far as blocking traffic on the fire-escape was concerned.

"M-m-mist' Wayne,"—this finally forced Gladstone partially into the open,—"d-d-dey's too many white folks aft' me 'bout dat fiah-'scape now. An' Peppuh gittin' mix' up too: aint no tellin' whut dat dawg gwine do if he git twist up much mo' in dis business—"

"Jes' de bloodhoun' in him showin' up—all time sniffin' 'bout."

Mr. Wayne Adams knew a symptom when he sensed it.

"Of course, Gladstone, I don't mean you're to be my friend for *nothing.*" He introduced a new note—of the five-dollar denomination—into the proceedings and Gladstone's hand. "And remember to keep your mouth shut."

Gladstone kept on scratching. He had just passed the point where he could *afford* to open his mouth any more: True, ten and five made fifteen; and fifteen from twenty-five left only ten to secure. But what really agitated the outer and inner surfaces of a boy's skull, both, was how to take money from both sides this way without getting Pepper into an intellectual jam calculated to bring on hydrophobia.

Then came the dawn!

"Sho would be handy wuz Peppuh go to sleep while he tied to dat fiah-'scape tomorrow night." Gladstone hazarded a tentative solution that had suddenly come to him.

"Some dogs like the smell of chloroform," young Mr. Wayne Adams met the idea nine-tenths of the way. "I'll bring over a bottle of insomnia-cure for him myself. And remember, use it just before ten o'clock tomorrow night." . . . .

Meantime, Lucile, the maid, had been listening wide-eyed to Madeline Hardie:

"And, Lucile, why should I be afraid to go down a fire-escape when Wayne—Mr. Adams—is an aviator? He flies the mail at night, and *he's* not afraid."

"Naw'm, he aint skeered," agreed Lucile, "but dey aint no *dawg* hitched to whar he land, neither."

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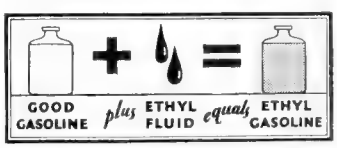

Knocks out that "knock."

"Dog?" queried Madeline.

"Yas'm. You know dat Gladstone, down dar in de fu'nace-room?"

"The janitor?"

"Yas'm, dat he. Me an' him gwine git ma'ied too, is he ever raise de money. Well, Miss Snellgrove been talkin' to dat boy. He say she got him to hitch de bad dawg, Peppuh, to de bottom of de fiah-'scape heah ev'y night now. Dat Peppuh aint no dawg fo' *no* white gent'man to mess wid round de foot of a ladder at night, neither. No'm!"

Miss Madeline tapped pretty teeth with a pencil, and knitted prettier brows.

"Lucile, listen!" She brought her persuasive powers fully to bear upon the maid. "What do you and Gladstone need most to get married?"

"Gladstone's divo'cement," responded Lucile promptly.

"And what's keeping you from that?"

" 'Bout twenty-five dollars. An' Julia —dat's Gladstone's last wife."

"Julia I can't help," decided Madeline Hardie. "But Lucile, here's five dollars toward the divorce if you'll get Gladstone to tie that dog somewhere else just before ten o'clock tomorrow night, and then help me to get out of here. Do you think you can do that?"

"Yas'm!" giggled Lucile. "Aint nothin' Gladstone aint do fo' five dollars. I fix hit wid him!" . . . .

The trouble about Miss Snellgrove, grumbled Gladstone, was that she never knew when a janitor was through. All the next morning she hustled him from task to task, until it was nearing noon when he at length achieved leisure wherein Lucile could hold private converse with him.

"Miss Mad'line gimme five dollars fo' yo' d'vo'ce, is you tie Peppuh some'r's else jes' befo' ten 'clock tonight," she outlined the shift in Gladstone's plans to him.

Gladstone gulped. He was keeping quiet about enough now to send a boy to the jail-house all winter, and now here was more to keep dark! All these figures made him dizzy: Ten dollars from Mr. Hardie to prevent the elopement; five dollars from Mr. Wayne Adams to further it by chloroforming Pepper — and now five more from Miss Madeline for tying his dog up elsewhere at ten! Business was good! But it looked like things were closing in on him, at that. Every time he fixed his future just right in one place, it broke out into fresh complications somewhere else.

OUTWARDLY school routine went on as usual. But beneath the surface there was no calm. From time to time Mr. Stanley J. Hardie paced past the grounds that sheltered his daughter, a suspicious bulge on his hip. Miss Snellgrove had errands which took her to the third floor and enabled her to keep check on everything in Miss Hardie's room—except the packed suitcase in her closet, wrapped temporarily in newspapers. Lucile, who had packed it, went about her dusting, bursting with excitement engendered by the confidences of Miss Madeline and the knowledge that her own basement Romeo now lacked only five dollars of having enough to lift the shadow of Julia from their romance.

On his mid-afternoon round, the florid-faced Mr. Hardie called upon Miss Snellgrove. Lucile, answering the bell, sensed that his blood-pressure was now well past 212 degrees in the shade, with the barometer falling and storm-signals flying.

"That — that — that young *Adams* skunk!" stammered Mr. Hardie inelegantly as Miss Snellgrove made her frigid appearance. "I've just found out he and Madeline have definitely fixed it to elope at ten tonight—from her room window down the fire-escape! I'm a rough customer around a sawmill, ma'am; but that daughter of mine—er—well, she twists me about her finger when I'm with her! And my wife's away; so she's in your charge. I—er—rely on you. But it's a life-or-death matter, ma'am—a skunk's death!"

Miss Snellgrove remained calm. "There will be no elopement," she stated quietly. "Our young ladies are under excellent care and supervision. I cannot spy upon them, but I trust them—and take precautions."

"You don't know that Adams boy, ma'am. I do. And I'll be waiting in the edge of the grounds for him tonight, from nine o'clock on!"

Miss Snellgrove compressed her lips firmly. Boys like young Adams were what kept a young ladies' seminary from reaching its highest destiny.

WITH Mr. Hardie's departure, Miss Snellgrove's mind turned with deplorable weakness to masculine aid. There *were* times when the creatures in trousers had their uses, it seemed. And the only male member of her staff was the woolly-witted Gladstone. While she laid great stress upon his personal loyalty to her, she had been in Alabama long enough to realize that too great a strain might be placed upon loyalty in an unsupported state.

Therefore Lucile appearing in the basement with: "Miss Fannie say she wants you upsta'rs."

"Dawggone! Bet she done found 'nother speck of dust some'r's!" groaned Gladstone.

"Come in, Gladstone," instructed Miss Snellgrove when a shuffling and fumbling without her study door indicated that her message had borne fruit.

"Yas'm, Miss Fannie—jes' fixin' to dust dat place now."

"What place?"

"Uh—uh—de one you's fixin' tell me 'bout."

"Hm! A guilty conscience needs no accuser, it seems. What I wish to speak to you about is something far more serious—"

Gladstone checked up fast. What *did* this Northern lady take more seriously than dust? She couldn't by any possibility have noticed his personal gin-bottle back of the furnace—

"I spoke to you of Miss Hardie, didn't I?"

"Yas'm. I keeps Peppuh tied to de bottom of de fiah-'scape jes' like you say—"

"Not only that, Gladstone, but you are to be personally watchful—especially so —*tonight*, do you understand?"

"Yas'm. I's raised wid watchdawgs. Git so I looks jes' like one, is anybody staht up de fiah-'scape."

"And so, Gladstone,"—Miss Snellgrove ignored his self-praise,—"to show my appreciation and stimulate your zeal, I have decided to make you a little present. Here's five dollars for your most careful watchfulness tonight. And call me without fail if there's any disturbance."

"Yas'm, yas'm—sho will."

THE head of the seminary ascended for another inspection tour of the third floor. Gladstone descended to start his personal addition all over again.

"Le's see," he burdened his brain with his business in the basement, "—gits ten dollars from Mist' Hardie fo' watchin' de 'scape; an' five dollars from Mist' Wayne to chlorofawm Peppuh so he cain't watch hit; and five dollars from Miss Mad'line to tie de dawg some'r's else tonight; an' now five dollars from Miss Fannie to watch de 'scape *good*—an' ev'ybody say not to do no talkin' wid nobody else. I aint—an', *dawggone!* Hit all add up twenty-five dollars an' Lucile! Julia, watch my smoke!"

Then, as always, other thoughts intruded. When a boy sold out to both sides this way, he didn't always live to enjoy the proceeds, ruminated Demopolis' most reliable janitor. And: "Sho is hahd job pleasin' ev'ybody — 'specially when dey aint want de same thing."

A knock at the basement's alley door!

"Dawggone, Mist' Wayne!" whispered Gladstone hoarsely as he opened it. "Jes' been settin' 'bout waitin' fo' you! But whut you doin' heah in de daytime, suh, wid dat bundle?"

"Where's Pepper?" countered young Mr. Adams.

"Dar he. Jes' fixin' tie him up to de fiah-'scape ag'in."

"That wont do."

"Huccome, Mist' Wayne? Miss Fannie *tell* me keep him tie' up dar," protested Gladstone; "but you say you's gwine fotch some chlorofawm fo' Peppuh to smell, so I c'n do de right thing by ev'ybody. Dat way I c'n keep him tie' up, jes' like Miss Fannie say do—an' asleep, jes' like I promise you he be. Always aims do right by ev'ybody."

"Sure I did. But I've thought up something a lot better, since I've heard that Miss Madeline's father got wind of what is up and is going to be hanging around here trying to stop us tonight."

"Huccome you fin' out so much?"

"Never mind that: I don't know enough on Mr. Hardie's chauffeur to send him to jail for life for nothing."

"Dat boy git sunburn' if he ever git out de shadder of de jail-house—dat's a fact," admitted Gladstone.

"So I want to divert suspicion," continued Mr. Adams, "by having Pepper do his stuff a little while *before* ten o'clock. You say Pepper has bloodhound in him?"

"Yassuh! Sho is. You let dat dawg smell somep'n, an' he aint never fo'git hit: he track a pohk-chop plumb to de Miss'sippi line once."

"Well, listen here: I'm going to pull a feint, if you know what that is—"

"Yassuh. Faint's whut I'd 'a' pulled dat time Mist' Hardie fotch me dat lick wid de scantlin' if hit hadn't come down on my haid—"

"Shut up! I mean I'm going to fool them — show up here early tonight and seem to get chased off by Pepper. Then about ten-thirty when everything's quiet, I'll be back for Miss Madeline—make two

operations out of it that way, you see. They'll think everything's all over and I'm licked, when actually I haven't started."

Gladstone saw even more than the originator of the scheme! This fixed up the jam in his business too! He couldn't help both sides at once, but he could help them one at a time like an honest man! In the first episode he would earn the thanks and money of those opposed to the machinations and marriage of Miss Madeline and Mr. Wayne. Then, his virtue having been duly noted, he would make equally good with the opposing side by promoting the cause of the young lovers with a clean conscience and unflagging zeal! It just showed how everything fixed itself if a boy attended to his sleeping and didn't mess with his business too much!

"So," went on young Mr. Adams, "I brought along some clothes that Pepper'll want to remember next time he sniffs 'em."

"Dat's right. You let dat dawg smell somep'n once, an' nex' time he come 'cross hit, he cain't remember nobody but he bloodhoun' kinfolks twel he finish treein' who's in 'em!"

"You're sure of that?"

"Yassuh, sho is."

"All right—that calls for more rope," responded Mr. Adams enigmatically. "And here, Pepper, get a noseful of these!" With which he presented before the inquiring nostrils of Gladstone's bloodhound-for-a-night a bundled-up suit of gray.

"Sniff dem pants good, Peppuh!" adjured his master. "An' when you smells 'em ag'in—*dawg, do yo' stuff!*"

Pepper uttered low growls and licked his chops expectantly.

"Peppuh say he all set," translated Gladstone. "You come back heah tonight in dem clo'es, an' you wants move fast an' pick yo'se'f a good tree, 'ca'ze Peppuh aint nothin' but business when he bloodhoun' blood git up."

"All set, is right. But just one thing more, Gladstone: since he's so fierce, when you tie him up to the fire-escape tonight, use a good long rope. Let him make a first-class bluff of chasing without doing any real catching, you understand? A strong start but a sharp finish. Let him run—but not too far."

"Yassuh. Got a clo'es-line in de fu'nace-room be jes' right."

OVER the Seminary that night fell darkness and a seeming unconcern. Miss Snellgrove trusted her girls—and kept her eyes open. Especially on the third floor, where one of the younger reasons why gentlemen prefer blondes concealed a heart that beat high behind a worn volume of geometry.

With a huge ring of school keys dangling upon her arm, Lucile the maid went about with saucerlike eyes and relied heavily upon a "luck ball" tied in a corner of her apron.

In the basement, now that the climax neared, Gladstone fidgeted and perspired freely. If word got across town now to Julia about how well he was doing with his divorce fund, it was going to be hard to finish figuring out his business.

In the shrubbery, far down the grounds, the tiny pin-point glow of a lighted cigar indicated the pacings to and fro of a watchful parent. And in the blackness at the foot of the fire-escape twin phosphorescent gleams showed that Pepper was on guard there against the expected Lochinvar.

NINE o'clock. And Gladstone, arousing himself to search out the long clothes-line for Pepper's promised leash, saw the to-and-fro movement of Mr. Hardie's cigar begin to speed up nervously. Above-stairs Madeline Hardie was softly tearing a sheet into strips in the approved manner to make a cord for lowering her suitcase to the ground.

Then nine-thirty. And suddenly Gladstone started up wildly from a fresh doze at hearing the crunch of alley gravel beneath automobile tires—followed by firm but muffled footfalls, as of one meaning business. Here he was, Gladstone suddenly realized, with Mr. Wayne coming, and no long leash on Pepper yet.

Rubbing his eyes, Gladstone shuffled hastily out the doorway and around to the fire-escape. If he worked fast, he'd fix everything yet.

"C'm on back to de fu'nace-room wid me while I gits you dat long clo'es-line, Peppuh," he addressed that partial descendant of bloodhounds.

"*Gr-r-r-r!*" remarked Pepper uncivilly.

But as they rounded the rear corner of the building on the return journey, there came upon the dog, padding unleashed in Gladstone's wake, a sudden triumph of scent over sight, of memory over matter. Apparently out of a clear sky the ferocious Pepper thrust his tail between his hind legs and bolted, unleashed and *ki-yi-ing*, into the night.

And then the blow—and the explanation of all save the automobile—fell.

"*Yeah!*" a familiar hand seized him, and a voice that he recognized too late assisted the fleeing Pepper in shattering the strained silence of the night. "Fixin' git a divo'cement from me, is you? I'll divo'ce you—from both lungs an' all yo' laigs, in a minute! I'll cripple you twel you crawls, you yeller-livered baboon wid de pip! You an' Lucile! Lucile c'n have you if she c'n find you—after I gits through changin' de way you looks wid dis skillet!" *Wham!*

Desperately Gladstone ducked and dodged. It was just like Julia, to use a frying-pan this way. She never would hit a boy with anything quiet. And right when he had more business to attend to than a country dog in flea-time, too.

"You aint gwine need no divo'ce! You gwine need fo' or five good und'takers when I finish fixin' over yo' face wid my foot!" howled Julia, while all over the school, windows began to go up.

Then it was that new bedlam broke loose upon the campus! Above the clangor of Julia's handiwork upon his head, the screech of sashes, the hysterical screams of seminarians, and an inexplicable pounding upon the door of Miss Snellgrove's study above-stairs, there came to Gladstone's despairing ears the bloodcurdling sound of Pepper, baying full-mouthed upon the trail of a victim!

"Lawd Gawd!" mourned the scrambling Gladstone beneath the clangoring rain of Julia's blows. "Pepper aint got de rope on him, an' *he done tree Mist' Wayne!*"

From up the alley, too, sounded fresh mystery—the whine of a starter followed by the roar of a motor. Somebody was going away from there. Gladstone envied him, until Julia's changing of skillet-hands just as he was passing the outer basement door gave him a chance to stop envying a motorist and be one, clinging desperately to the spare tire on the back of the car as it shot out of the alleyway and headed east in high.

MILES and minutes went by. Showered with dust and flying gravel, the freezing Gladstone clung to the tire-rack and checked over his unfinished business. True, he was leaving Demopolis, where a heap of white folks were going to be looking for him tomorrow. And leaving Julia, which he could stand. But Lucile—she would wait for any boy who had twenty-five dollars. The big and burning question for him about all this, however, was beginning to be—with whom was he leaving Demopolis? Mr. Wayne Adams was high up in a campus tree, with Pepper hanging hungrily around below. Miss Madeline was still three flights up, waiting in the lurch. Mr. Hardie, of scantling-scar memory, was—

Suddenly Gladstone recognized a landmark, hastily added two and two, and all but fell from his speeding perch! This car was heading for Selma. Mr. Hardie lived in Selma. . . . . The massacre of Gladstone would simply occur upon the Hardie home grounds there!

But the speed was too great to risk any leap for life now. Mile after mile the breakneck pace kept up, until at daybreak the racing car halted at an all-night filling-station in the outskirts of Selma, too abruptly for the cold-stiffened Gladstone to uncoil himself and flee.

"Where'd you get the stowaway?" the pump attendant questioned jovially at sight of the gray-faced Gladstone. And Gladstone shrank gibbering from death at dawn—shrank farther still as a sleepy silvery voice from the front seat indicated the fuller failure of the attempted elopement—that Mr. Hardie had not only returned home himself but had brought his daughter with him. Which also meant that, even if Gladstone lived now, Mr. Wayne Adams would simply be hanging around the hospital exit waiting to put him right back in a ward again.

It was while paralyzed anew by this possibility that a sudden unlooked-for yank from the rear brought the frightened Gladstone to the ground, blinking face to face with the driver—Mr. Wayne Adams!

"'F-f-f-fo' Gawd!" gasped Gladstone. "W-w-w—"

"Fooled you all, didn't I?" exulted Mr. Wayne Adams with a prideful glance at the other occupant of the front seat. Madeline Hardie could look lovely even at five o'clock in the morning. "So much happened, though, that I didn't have to work the rest of my scheme after all—we just walked out of the school doors in the excitement and got in our car here—and we'll be married in Montgomery before breakfast."

"Peppuh git loose when Julia staht lammin' me," spluttered Gladstone in haste. "An' somebody hamm'rin' on Miss Fannie's do'—an'—an' Peppuh tree you—"

"Pepper tree me? Julia?"

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"Yassuh, dat how Peppuh git loose widout no leash. An'—"

But a change—swift, startled and unfathomable swept over Mr. Wayne's face at this. "Pepper *loose?* L-l-l—"

"Oh, that hammering was Miss *Snellgrove!*" came Miss Madeline's rippled interruption. "Lucile got so excited she accidentally locked her in her study when all that noise started in the basement—"

But Miss Snellgrove's happy incarceration was suddenly unimportant in the face of the cold facts that clutched here at Gladstone's fast-numbing consciousness. For Mr. Adams was talking in a gray, lifeless voice—talking as if to explain to himself as well as to Madeline:

"I brought a gray suit to the school yesterday," he was reciting colorlessly, "and told Gladstone I was letting his dog smell it so he'd chase me when I came back in it last night—chase me as far as the long leash would let him, I meant. But I *didn't* tell him where and how I really got it—who was *really* going to wear it last night, and be kept busy by it while we made our get-away, when Pepper recognized it again—"

And then, far back in Gladstone's dazed dome of thought, the light broke! Broke in stark horror, as with it flocked memories—of the dominance of Mr. Wayne Adams over Mr. Hardie's chauffeur, of the fatal absence of a leash on Pepper at the moment when Julia had suddenly gummed the game, of—

"Dawggone!" breathed Gladstone as he felt for the scar of the scantling with one hand while he sought Canada with both hurrying feet. "Dat—dat must be *Miss Mad'line's papa* whut Peppuh done had up dat campus tree all night!"

NEW YORK MAY NOT BE AMERICA, BUT—

(Continued from page 73)

Gibbons. This need not concern us. Indeed it concerned the reporters present very little. We banded together to sing the praises of a young girl in a tent-show whom we may call Felicia Lane. Miss Lane yodeled. So much was wired to the New York papers about the talents of Miss Lane that Florenz Ziegfeld felt that she should be glorified in his current Follies. The deal was made, and the little girl from the wild Northwest started out for the great city to make her fortune.

Mr. Ziegfeld is a shrewd showman, and he felt that a proper entrance was ever so important for his new star. Accordingly he sent a courier to meet the train at Harmon and forestall reporters who were waiting at the Grand Central Station. Mr. Ziegfeld had guessed correctly. Felicia Lane had used some share of the money wired her, to buy a new outfit in the stores of Shelby, Montana. In other words she was dressed like millions of other young women. There was not a single thing in her costume calculated in any way to attract attention. This was not the idea of Mr. Ziegfeld, but his representative had come prepared.

"Here," he said to Miss Lane, "this wont do at all. Take this." He handed her a package of purchases which he had made at a Broadway shop which specializes in masquerade costumes. . . . When Miss Lane arrived at the Grand Central Station she wore a red shirt, chaps, spurs, high boots and a sombrero. It would have broken the great heart of New York to know that girls in Shelby, Montana, dress much as they do in Manhattan.

IT may be said that some of the similarities dealt with here are superficial and trivial. There was a time when the rural American was a grower of things and the urban citizen a maker, or trader or fabricator. This distinction is passing rapidly. In numbers the urban population of America now outdistances the rural. And once large-scale agriculture sets in, the farmer becomes essentially a captain of industry. He must marshal his forces, arrange for the distribution of his output and finance his enterprises in much the same way as a manufacturer of shoes or iron bolts or what not.

Farming can be and is rapidly becoming big business. It may be that in another generation or so there will be no such thing as the Farm Vote. In fact, I understand that Al Smith at the present time is a little skeptical of its existence.

One could set up the theory that the last national election was a contest between the urban and the rural elements of America, and that the rural forces won hands down. Still, it would be stretching a point to picture President Hoover as the typical product of the soil. While he was born on a farm, his mature life has been devoted entirely to vast enterprises controlled and managed from city offices. Mr. Hoover is not a farmer. Nor do I believe that Al Smith was beaten because he came up from city streets even though he was the first candidate for President whose urban origin has been vitally stressed in a campaign. Very possibly Mr. Smith came from the wrong street for his own political good. In the long run he was handicapped less by being a New Yorker than because he was identified with a district always solid under the control of Tammany.

During the campaign there was an exchange of broadsides between the Democratic candidate and William Allen White of Emporia. As a violent Smith partisan I wrote several articles pointing out that White's opposition to Smith was the inevitable prejudice of a small-town country editor against a New Yorker. Now that the battle has ended and we are all a little cooler I can appreciate the grotesque quality in this claim. In recent years Emporia has been little more than a jumping-off place for William Allen White. One month finds him in Paris, and the next week you see him at a Broadway first night. He is not the typical farm-minded American. I wonder if anybody is.

The campaign did much to emphasize the importance of the radio as a medium to stimulate American thought in the mass. Not every voter in the land could see Smith, but most of them must have heard him. Some of his managers feel that his insistence upon his native pronunciation of "raddio" cost him millions of votes in the West and Middle West. Still, Smith is no fool, and he probably realized that any considerable effort on his part to eradicate the tang of the town from his tongue would alienate votes back home.

Science, I fear, has doomed the dialects of America. In another hundred years there will be no Southern drawl, and even on the lower East Side a bird will be just that and not a "boid." The talkies will give us a common speech. This is not fantastic guesswork. In the days when the screen featured little pitchers which had big ears and no tongue at all, America became visually standardized. Mary Pickford had but to wear her hair in a certain way, and millions of young girls followed suit. She was a stanch Canute in holding back the shears from golden curls. Real cowboys copied the styles which imitation ones used upon the screens, and every existing mustache was Menjoued.

BUT the effect of the silent drama went further and deeper. Since most marriageable young women were in a dim and distant way in love with John Gilbert, their suitors tried to copy his mannerisms and his gestures. Nobody could propose without having in his subconscious mind some recollection of the manner in which it had been done by some hero of the screen. I feel certain that in thousands of actual emotional crises the stricken individual cried out and used a caption which he had seen upon the screen. If so many millions tried to look the stars of filmland, it seems to me inevitable that we will want to talk like them too.

Very soon there will be a moving-picture accent. I'm not saying that it will be admirable, but it will be uniform. And when these precise tones are thundered into the ears of the masses every matinée and evening, how can they fail to take hold and effect lodgment? Little eddies such as the so-called "Harvard accent" will be swallowed up in the flood.

In the days which are passing, the difference between the city woman and the country woman was even greater than that which separated the farmer and the city man. It was idle to talk about the broadening effect of periodicals, automobiles, moving pictures and the radio upon an individual so racked with toil that she never even had time to sit down, let alone see a show. But some share of national prosperity has touched the farm, even though it may be disproportionate, and the farmer's wife, more than any other individual, has benefited by the introduction of labor-saving machinery. The person who gave the American woman the washing-machine deserves to stand upon an equal pedestal with the person who gave her the vote. Both were emancipators. And there is still another: I wish to have an opportunity of paying homage at the foot of some shrine to be erected to the man who invented the can and put cookery within the reach of us all.

Essentially it is the machine which has wiped out sectional differences. In the days of handicraft each particular section of industry might well have its own little tricks and methods, but a carpet sweeper is a carpet sweeper from the rock-ribbed

In nasty weather WATCH YOUR THROAT

WHY not make an effort to escape colds and sore throat during the months of February and March when these troubles seem to strike everyone?

Simply try gargling every day with undiluted Listerine, the safe antiseptic. Many thousands report the efficacy of this treatment.

Ordinary colds and sore throat are infections caused by germs multiplying in the mouth and throat. When the body is weakened by wet feet, sudden changes of temperature, over-heating, over-exertion, and chills, these germs get the upper hand.

Gargle full strength Listerine every day. It inhibits development of sore throat, and checks it, should it develop.

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Laboratory tests show that full strength Listerine destroys even the stubborn Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. Yet Listerine is absolutely safe to use this way. In addition, it soothes and heals the most delicate tissues. We are prepared to prove these claims to the entire satisfaction of the U. S. Government and the medical profession.

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"Yeast is used constantly in my clinic . . says world authority on nutrition, Professor Dr. Carl von Noorden, Geheimrat

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"Yeast has an extraordinary tonic effect on the whole system."

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, following the directions on the label. Every cake is rich in the *two* indispensable vitamins, B and D. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Let us send you a booklet giving the health advice of world-famous doctors. Address Health Research Dept. Y-1-3, Fleischmann's Yeast, a product of Standard Brands Inc., 597 Madison Ave., New York.

(*Above*) "How I dreaded those terrible colds and winter sicknesses!" *writes* Mrs. R. F. Finneran *of Columbus, Ohio.* "I felt sluggish, listless—due perhaps to staying indoors too much . . . After eating yeast, my sluggishness disappeared. I had worlds of new pep. And I found I could go through a whole winter without one of those awful colds."

(*Below*) "I am a commercial artist and sometimes have to work late into the night to get my drawings out," *writes* John C. Pellew *of New York.* "A year ago I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Fleischmann's Yeast was what pulled me through. It worked wonders in my run down condition."

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Europe's greatest stomach specialist, Dr. Maurice Delort, *says:* "Yeast acts as a digestive cleanser. It stimulates gastric secretion and encourages the working of stomach and intestines."

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Austria's great internal specialist, Hofrat Professor Dr. Gustav Singer, *says:* "Yeast is the best intestinal purifier known."

coast of Maine to the sun-kissed shores of California. If you want to realize the extraordinary progress which has been made in the physical and intellectual unification of America, examine the Constitution of the United States. There are scores of things in that document which indicate that the framers were dealing with a stage-coach nation separated by vast and difficult distances. The gap between election day and the President's accession to office was established largely to give him time to make the journey to Washington. Even the principle of State's rights, for which a few leaders are still willing to bleed and die, was not wholly a matter of principle. When our country was founded, it was essential that certain powers should be reserved for the States because the Federal Government could not possibly get around to all the inaccessible spots. Quite obviously the document was an agreement between communities which did not know each other well—had no great trust in their associates. The system of checks and balances represents the strength of sectional feeling.

Agriculture was still the predominating industry, but our forefathers did have enough prophetic vision to foresee the coming of the duel between rural and urban Americans. They could not possibly tell how it would come out. To do that it would have been necessary for Jefferson, Hamilton and the rest to anticipate the coming of the railroad train and after that the airplane. There cannot be a hinterland if you can wing your way there within a few hours. Distance dies. We are physically close now—all of us. And when we rub shoulders, it is inevitable that we should also rub minds.

ONE PERFECT THING

(Continued from page 77)

of amiability, settled down to bridge with the three ladies. Miss Whiffen won, as she almost always did, and at once demanded her winnings.

"We only play for a quarter a centime a hundred," Miss Hunter giggled. "Some of the ladies do not approve of playing for money."

"We play for a quarter a centime," announced Miss Whiffen, "because we can't afford to play for any more."

The Princess smiled, and she looked at once as young as a child. "I do not enjoy playing for high stakes. It makes me trembly."

The Prince, it developed, lost to Colonel Waxman, but since he had nothing smaller than a hundred-pound note, for which at the moment the Colonel declared he had no change, he was unable to pay.

When the Prince and Princess said good-night, they left behind them a storm of approbation.

"Charming fellow," puffed Colonel Waxman. "Knows ever so many people I know."

"They are both as sweet and natural as anything," simpered Miss Hunter. "And oh, what looks! They're my idea of a real romance."

"Un vrai roman!" echoed Madame Daveau.

"That was excellent champagne," said Miss Whiffen. "You will put it on next week's bill, of course? I presume the Prince has already settled for this week's."

There was only a whisper of an expression on Madame Daveau's face that made Miss Whiffen know the Prince had not already settled. "But of course, Mademoiselle. Moreover," she added, flushing, "I cannot see what affair it is of yours."

"None,"—she stopped,—"except that I should hate to see an honest woman like yourself put upon."

IN her bedroom again, Miss Whiffen stepped at once to the window. There they were, the two of them, on the tiny strip of balcony. His arm was around her, and her head rested against his cheek. The night was very clear and still.

"Were you frightfully bored, my darling?" the Prince said.

Miss Whiffen saw the girl press closer to his side. "My dear, I'm frightened."

He bent down above her and laughed.

"Life can be so frightfully dreary, can't it?" She stopped. "I mean all those dreadful old things. If anything should happen to you, I suppose I should grow to be just like them."

"You never would, my darling. Besides,"—he laughed again,—"nothing is ever going to happen to me."

Even in the moonlight Miss Whiffen thought she saw that cloud of anxiety on the girl's face. "The champagne, my dear,"—she hesitated,—"wasn't it frightfully expensive?"

The Prince laughed. "It made them happy."

The little Princess laughed too. "Poor dears!"

"Then," said the Prince, "I claim it served its purpose."

There was a moment.

"The account for this week,"—again she hesitated,—"lies still upon the desk." She smiled. "I admire a tidy desk."

"And I." He drew her to him; and Miss Whiffen, after a moment, looked away. In the moonlight they seemed to have melted into one figure. A little shudder ran through Miss Whiffen.

"It was cold, standing there," she told herself firmly. "At my age, I've no business standing at night by open windows."

ON the staircase a few days afterward Miss Whiffen picked up an absurdly beautiful little handkerchief that could have been dropped by no one save the Princess. Miss Whiffen walked directly to the Princess' room, and with her fingernail tapped lightly on the door.

"Entrez," called a voice.

Miss Whiffen entered. It was obvious she had surprised her hostess. The little Princess' face flushed.

"Oh," she gasped, "I thought it was my husband."

Miss Whiffen closed the door softly behind her. Yes, the room was as she had pictured it, gay with flowers, and the small birds were twittering and flitting about their cage. A bar of sunlight fell across the aged carpet and touched the hair and shoulders of the girl.

"I have learned," said Miss Whiffen, her voice without inflection, "that if you place the chairs so,"—she moved them slightly,—"the board rests more securely." She took the little electric flatiron from the Princess' hand, and with the skill of practice she ran it along the dainty garment. "See, it is better that way."

There were tears in the girl's eyes. "It is my trousseau," she said with a little gesture. "I could not bear to have careless hands ruin it."

"My hands are not careless," said Miss Whiffen.

The girl looked at her. "My husband—it would distress him to think I did such things for myself."

Miss Whiffen nodded. "Such garments,"—she held up the dainty slip,—"it is always better to iron on the wrong side. But you will learn."

The girl dropped down on a little chair. "Miss Whiffen—" She stopped; then she seemed to gather courage. "Miss Whiffen, might I ask you not to mention this to—to anyone?"

Miss Whiffen did not look up. "Why should I tell anyone? Of course it is not allowed, ironing. It uses up the current." She paused. "For ten years I have done my own ironing." Her voice was even and emotionless. "But then, of course, I am poor."

There was a moment. "And I am poor. He didn't know. These things,"—her hand swept the room,—"they are all I have. I think I must have been mad. But I wanted so much to be beautiful for him."

Miss Whiffen fixed her eyes upon the girl. "And you still care, then, knowing what you must now know?" It was a chat in the dark.

The girl was standing now, her whole body pleading. "Perhaps there was some one, once, you cared for?"

Miss Whiffen shook her head. "No one. Who would ever look at me? And why should you appeal to me?" She stopped. Then she picked up a bit of handkerchief. "Lace," she said, "should be ironed so. Do you observe? Pull out each thread of the border first before you put any heat upon it."

"I see," said the little Princess.

THERE were two more gala dinners before the Prince sprang his grand *coup*,—two dinners when Madame Daveau outshone herself, and the whole company drank the Prince's champagne almost as though they were used to it. All quarreling ceased in the shabby little pension. There were no more innuendoes, no cruel slurs born of frustration and loneliness. Youth had descended upon the Pension Daveau, and gayety, and for a moment they were all transformed. Only Miss Whiffen remained unchanged.

It was at the end of their fourth week that the Prince invited everyone to a *parti de plaisir* in the country. Of course everyone accepted, and the Prince made arrangements with a famous caterer to supply the hampers of lunch. They should go, by motor, to a place beyond Versailles the Prince knew of, where there was a wood and a tiny stream.

"Everyone shall have a holiday," he declared. "Jeanne and the cook and that

Your Teeth aren't Really Clean if You Only Polish the Surfaces

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

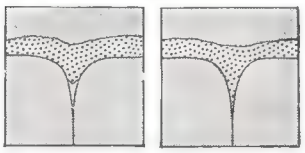

Diagram showing tiny space between two teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high Surface-Tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's penetrating foam (having "low Surface-Tension") gets down deep into the spaces between teeth, cleansing them where ordinary brushing cannot reach.

ECONOMICAL—The 25c tube of Colgate's contains *more* toothpaste than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.

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Some toothpastes merely perform the single duty of polishing the outer surfaces of the teeth.

Colgate's does that, of course . . . *and something else besides!* When brushed, it breaks into a sparkling, bubbling foam which has a truly remarkable property. This active foam *penetrates* into the tiny pits and fissures of the teeth and gums, softening the impurities which become lodged in these hard-to-reach places and *washing* them away in a surging, antiseptic bath.

Thus Colgate's cleans . . . giving your teeth double protection against the impurities which cause decay. Scientific tests prove that Colgate's has the highest penetrating power of any of the leading dentifrices . . . hence, Colgate's ability to clean teeth best.

Superiority and economy have made Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream the world's favorite dentifrice—used by more people, recommended by more dentists.

WARNING! Don't attempt to "doctor" your mouth with a dentifrice. A toothpaste cannot possibly cure pyorrhea, correct acid mouth, firm the gums. Its one and only function is to *clean.* Self-medication is always dangerous . . . if you have any fears for the health of your teeth or gums, see your dentist at once!

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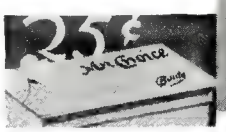

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poor fellow who drags up the luggage. We shall make a day of it, and motor back with the sunset. Are we all agreed?"

There was a chorus of exclamations.

"And you will come too?" The Prince turned to Miss Whiffen.

Miss Whiffen nodded. "It will be a relief to eat out once."

The Prince laughed. "You know, I like you. You make me think of my Great-aunt Gisella. She used to spank me when I was a child, but she always had the most delicious peppermints."

"I suppose she left them to you in her will," said Miss Whiffen.

He shook his head. "Poor dear, she had nothing, except some fine jewels. I think the Bolshies got those."

WHEN the day came at last, it was so fine the Prince himself could not have ordered one better. At ten o'clock they packed themselves, boxes and hampers, into two motors.

Even Miss Whiffen relaxed. It had been a long time since she had seen the country. She loved Paris, of course, but here were fields of wheat with poppies blowing in them, and sapphire cornflowers. Their beauty hurt her.

"Perhaps if I could paint," she thought, "if I had any outlet—"

The Prince sat beside her, very smart in English tweeds. "You know, I want you to have a good time today," he said.

"Why?" demanded Miss Whiffen.

"Because the capacity for pleasure isn't given to many. They pretend it. But you possess it."

"I've had little enough of it," she retorted. Then at once she smiled. "You're a smart young man," she said, "and that's more than these other fools know about you."

"And you," said the Prince, "I have always known to be an intelligent woman."

"Too bad we're both miscast." Miss Whiffen grinned.

He looked up, startled. "Miscast?" He paused. "I don't think anyone ever is. No life is without its satisfactions."

"No," said Miss Whiffen, "though I must say I hate to admit it."

At last they reached the little wooded hill the Prince had in mind; and the party carried the hampers and baskets to the summit. One could see for miles —a peasant in a field, a tiny village down the valley. The sound of a church-bell rose up to them, and the air was full of the drowsy whir of bees.

Miss Whiffen sat down in the deep grass and lifted up her face to the sun. A languorous content stole over her. The luncheon, when it was served, was excellent, and there was champagne as well, in great buckets of ice.

"It's a dream," thought Miss Whiffen. After the last *gâteau* had been eaten the party drifted off. But Miss Whiffen did not move, even when the Prince asked her if she would like to explore the little stream with him and the Princess. She only shook her head.

"I must see whether that cloud overtakes the sun." She smiled. "It is important."

IT was while they were gone at the brook that the little Princess must have sprained her ankle. Miss Whiffen saw the Prince coming up the hill with the girl in his arms. She rose quickly to meet them.

The Prince's face was grave. "Please say nothing," he said, as he stopped. "We would not for the world destroy the happiness of the others."

The Princess nodded.

"You are in pain?" said Miss Whiffen.

The girl's face was old with anxiety. "Not a great deal."

"We will slip back to Paris quietly." He shifted the girl gently in his arms. "You will be uncomfortably crowded in one motor. I regret that. But it can't be helped." He paused. "Do not call the others. It is better there should be no confusion."

Miss Whiffen nodded. Then she sat down again and watched the cloud. It was very peaceful there. Her hands swept over the long grass. Yes, that small bird up there against the sun must be a skylark.

After a while Colonel Waxman joined her, and then Miss Hunter and Mr. Porter and at last Madame Daveau.

"Where are the Prince and Princess?" demanded Madame Daveau. "Such heat! The idea of a picnic is always so much more pleasurable than the event itself."

"The Prince and Princess have gone," said Miss Whiffen. She explained.

There was a hubbub.

"So inconsiderate," said Miss Hunter, "though I suppose she couldn't help it, poor thing."

"We must hasten back," said Madame Daveau. "It will be of the highest discomfort in one motor. Nevertheless—"

"There is a train," said Miss Whiffen.

"Nonsense," snapped Miss Hunter. "We came in a motor. We go in a motor."

THE journey back, it must be admitted, was not so light-hearted as the one out. They were crowded, and the Prince had not bothered to take with him any of the hampers.

"I knew it would end this way," said Miss Hunter. "Good times always do."

At the Pension Daveau no one answered Madame Daveau's ring, and she was forced to extract a key from her reticule. "Strange," she muttered. She ordered the chauffeur to wait. Monsieur the Prince would be down at once to pay him.

Inside the dingy hall the little party scattered at once; and Madame Daveau, heavy of foot, proceeded directly to the Prince's door. Her knock against the panel was a peremptory one. But no one answered.

"Name of a name!" she muttered, and knocked again. Then she burst open the door. Miss Whiffen stood in the doorway behind her.

"Quelle horreur!" She wheeled on Miss Whiffen, her face purple with rage and consternation. "But do you see?" She flung her arms out in a gesture. "Gone, gone! Not one shoe, not one rag."

"There is the small trunk there," Miss Whiffen pointed. "You had better look inside it. You are in no position now to scorn what little salvage you can secure out of the mess."

Madame Daveau flung back the top with a bang and tossed out the trays in

reckless fury. "Empty, empty." Then she grabbed up something. "This." She held it at arm's length.

"A wedding dress," said Miss Whiffen calmly.

Madame Daveau made a start to tear it.

"The lace is good," said Miss Whiffen.

"Lace!" She laughed. "I shall have the police. The police, yes." Then she stopped, and her face grew pale. "Perhaps he was not—after all—the Prince de Gracchi."

Miss Whiffen shook her head slowly. "I don't think he was."

"You knew!" screamed Madame Daveau. "You knew, and yet you did not speak!"

Miss Whiffen took a step forward. "Listen to me: How much does the Prince owe?" She smiled. "I am so used to calling him that."

Madame Daveau held up her hands. "Not one sou has he paid. Not one."

"So I supposed," said Miss Whiffen.

"Ah, you warned me," sobbed Madame Daveau, "you warned me!"

"Nothing," said Miss Whiffen, "is more irritating than to be warned."

Madame Daveau collapsed into the chair that Great-uncle Daveau had probably sat upon.

"Listen to me," repeated Miss Whiffen: "I will pay their account, every sou—do you hear me? In exchange,"—she leaned over and picked up the dress from the floor,—"I shall take this. The lace is good."

Madame Daveau opened her eyes. "You are mad."

"Perhaps." Miss Whiffen smiled. "Also I wish to tell you I make tea for myself every day in my room, and I do my own ironing."

Madame Daveau was sobbing again. "It shall be permitted. Ah, Mademoiselle, you are too good, too good."

"There also shall be no talk of the police."

Madame Daveau nodded. "No." She looked up. "Besides, it gives a place a bad name."

TWO months afterward the Princess de Gracchi received her wedding dress, neatly folded and packed in tissue paper. Inside was a card on which was written: *"No life is without its satisfactions."*

Yes, Miss Whiffen had been at some pains, without the aid of the police, to trace the Prince and Princess. But Miss Whiffen was a determined character.

For some time the sisters in the hospital received no bundles of flowers for the poor, and the children no birds. Miss Whiffen remained as sharp of tongue as ever, or almost as sharp. But deep in her soul lay a sense of achievement. She had done one perfect thing.

When the Eugene O'Briens, for that was the Prince's real name, later paid her and invited her to visit them in London, where at length they were making an honest living running a small shop, she did not go. But each spring, when the pear tree came in blossom, she thought of them, and sometimes she even fancied she saw them standing there, arm in arm,—a symbol of the spring that she had never known,—on Madame Daveau's moonlit balcony.

The striking accent of sophistication
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BACHELOR GIRL

(Continued from page 42)

The telephone in the hallway jangled, loud and long. As she ran to it, she remembered that her mother could hear every word she said.

"Hello!"

Lin's voice answered.

"Where are you?" she demanded.

"Armand's."

A wave of anger swept over her; fear blotted it out.

"How are you? What's the matter? Are you—are you sick?"

"I'm not stewed, if that's what you mean. But I'm about through. I got your note, but I wont go back to the office. What's the use?"

"But you've got to go back to the office!" What did he think his wife and children would do if he lost his job, with no money saved up?

"They've all got it in for me. This trip I thought I'd show them, put something over; but—hell, I'm no good! You'd better drop me."

So he was in that mood again! Sometimes it followed a drunk; always it led to one. Now, in between, there was still time—

"Listen!" she said. "You stay right there, where you are, till I get there. . . . . Yes, I'm coming down; I'll be there in fifteen minutes. Wait!"

In the five steps to her mother's door, she made up her story.

"Mother—" Her voice was dry and hard. "It's a girl in the office. She's sick, at a restaurant downtown—it's ptomaine, she says. Probably she's been drinking. That was the boy who was with her that telephoned awhile ago. He lost his nerve—ran out on her, left her alone. I've got to take her home. She lives over in Astoria, so I may be out rather late."

"These people who think it's smart to drink—" Mrs. Pryor sighed.

"Have you any money, Mother? I'll have to take a taxi—can't count on the subway at this time of night; and I paid an insurance premium today—"

"You'll find three dollars in my purse, on the dresser. . . . . You're knocking everything over. Turn on the light."

"I've got it, now." In the darkness Eunice bent over her mother and kissed her. "Don't worry, Mamma; I'll be safe enough. Good night."

IN the taxi, she wondered if that story had got over, even in the dark. But she'd never suspect her of anything, thought Eunice drearily. Anybody else, maybe, but not her. . . . . Rotten.

Why was she such a fool? Lin was right; she ought to drop him. Even if she saved him now, there'd be another time, and another. And she wasn't much in love with him. She'd begun by being sorry for him—a square peg in a round hole; she found him amusing, in his saner moods; his sudden headlong adoration had warmed and flattered her, his pathetic need of her had stirred her pity. The rest—loneliness, and a desperation that used to seize her as she looked ahead, down an endless corridor of empty years—years that would never build up into anything, that were only tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow. And finally desire—impersonal desire that focused on him because he, and no one else, was there. But she'd never pretended to be much in love with him.

And here she was, hunting him in a speakeasy at one in the morning! Crazy!

He was in a booth at the end of the dining-room, an empty glass on the table; he was white, shaky, a wreck. She sat down facing him.

"No, Lin, I don't want a drink. Neither do you. How did it happen?"

"Oh, I muffed my big chance, as usual—Sibley. I had an average trip—fair lot of orders. Then I went to Elmira—knew I'd get a bonus if I sold Sibley. I gave him that sales talk we worked out together. You could have sold him, with that talk! But I—honestly, Eunice, I did my damnedest; but it wasn't enough. I'm just no good—"

SHE supposed he really had done his best. And it wasn't enough; something in his make-up simply couldn't rise to the big, the decisive chance.

"When did you get back to town?" she asked.

"Yesterday—about six. My train was late—couldn't catch you at the office. Anyway, I was ashamed to come back to you licked. So I took a drink, and—well, I took too many. But I haven't been drinking today; just a couple this morning to set me up, and one or two this afternoon. Need one now, though. Let's—"

"No more, Lin. You spent two days in Elmira? Then all we've got to do is to explain this last day, and persuade Barclay he didn't see you. I can think up some story. But you've got to look all right when you show up at the office tomorrow. . . . . Yes, of course, you're going to the office! No more nonsense!"

He scowled—then looked at her and shrugged in acquiescence. "Of course!" said Eunice severely. "You know you've got to keep your job. Why didn't you go home last night?"

"Oh—Mabel and I had a row before I left. Nobody's fault, specially; she does her damnedest too, and doesn't get much out of it. But I made Niagara Falls, this trip. We went there on our honeymoon. I got to thinking how different things were now. Couldn't go back to her, just yet."

"Lin, does she—she doesn't know anything about me, does she?"

"My God, no! Think I'd tell her?"

"No, but—when you're away from home so much, she must wonder—"

"Maybe she wonders, but she never asks. Things are bad enough for her now; but if we split up, without any money! You don't ask questions if you couldn't stand the answer." He began trying to roll a cigarette.

She knew she ought to send him home. But he might not be able to get a train for an hour, and if she let him out of her sight, he'd start drinking. Besides, he'd have to come back so early in the morning. And besides, Eunice realized, she didn't want him to go home.

"Lin, would a Turkish bath make you feel better?"

"I don't want a Turkish bath. You're

all that makes me feel better. Last night, Eunice, if I hadn't got drunk, I'd have jumped under a subway train. I was feeling about as rotten tonight, till you came down. But now—" He looked around. "This dump seems to be closing up. Let's have a couple before they turn us out."

"No more!" she commanded. If she left him, in this nervous disintegration—

"Lin, let's walk around outside awhile, and talk things over."

But they came out into a spatter of chill rain. A taxi slid up to them. He couldn't afford one of those endless taxi-rides around the Park. They looked at each other uncertainly.

"I—I've— There's a hotel down the street," he stammered.

"Oh, Lin! It's half-past one. I couldn't."

"You could for a little while. Please don't leave me, yet."

"But wouldn't they think it was queer, my coming in so late as this?"

"They don't look as if they ask questions. Just a little while—"

But whenever she left him, he'd go out to hunt a drink, and find it. Unless he had a bottle in his suitcase. She'd have to look for that.

"Wait in the taxi, Lin, while I phone Mother. I've got to add a few embellishments to my story. . . . . But of course I must! You know I've never dared stay out before. . . . . Yes—this time—"

Presently she came back and got in beside him, abrupt and sullen.

"I hate lies!" she snapped. "I'm no good at them, either. Still, maybe I got away with it this time. I'll have to go home before I go to the office. . . . . Why? To change my clothes. Can't go to work bareheaded, in a dinner dress. Why didn't I think of that before I started? Crazy, I guess. I ought to take you to a Turkish bath—"

Then her frigid tension dissolved; her arms went around him.

"Oh, darling, darling! I love you so terribly much—"

OUTSIDE, the morning was a sullen gray. They had the dingy hotel to themselves; Times Square does not get up at six-thirty. Even the waiter had slunk out of earshot, after he brought their coffee—or a scalding tasteless fluid that passed for coffee. Suddenly Eunice set down her cup; he saw tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Oh, I can't stand it, Lin; I can't stand it! I'm not built for this sort of thing! Oh, what are we going to do?"

"Why can't you stand it? Because I'm married—or because we're not?"

"No, I—I don't mind that. Your wife—I might mind if I knew her. But somehow she has never seemed real. But I hate lies! I hate to sneak and hide! I hate to feel that hotel clerks and bellboys are snickering at me! It makes me feel smudgy! And this isn't smudgy."

She was sobbing uncontrollably now. With a glare that drove the inquisitive waiter back into the shadows, Lin was beside her, his arm around her, petting, soothing. Presently her sobs ceased; she dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief.

"Sorry, dear. I wont do that again.

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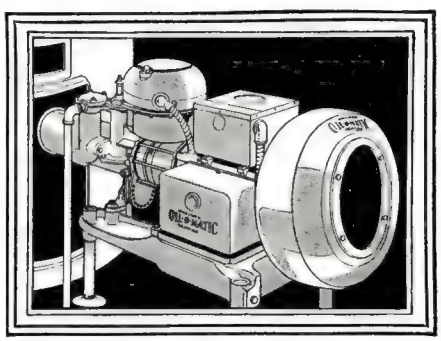

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Can you—can you light my cigarette for me?"

He lit it. In his chair again, he scowled savagely at the table.

"Eunice—if I was any good, I'd find some way out! I suppose you wonder why I don't get a divorce and marry you. Mabel'd let me have it—wouldn't even name you, if I went at her right. But those boys of mine—tough young hellions, hard for her to handle. I help a little. Our house—ramshackle old dump, but better than anything she and the kids could get on any alimony I could pay. We just get by, all of us living together. To pull it all down on their heads—it wouldn't seem right."

"Of course not, Lin. I—I wouldn't think of letting you do a thing like that. No, I'll be all right. This sneaking around cheap hotels, and lying to everybody, just got on my nerves. I wouldn't mind it if I had a place by myself, where you could come sometimes."

"Well—do you have to live with your mother? She's got a lot of friends uptown; you could tell her you had to live near the office—"

"She couldn't imagine my leaving her, except to get married. And she's not a fool; she'd see through that story. Lin, if she knew, it would kill her. She's broadened in some ways, but she still thinks there are only two kinds of women. If she ever dreamed that I— No, she's never suspected me, yet. Always before, when I'd been with you, I told her I'd been to the movies. Last night I said I had to stay with a sick girl. Maybe she'll believe that one, this time; she's never heard it before. But it wouldn't work twice. Oh, I hate to lie, Lin! I hate it!"

"Listen!" he said. "There's a fellow in Buffalo I get along with pretty well. He offered me a job last week—only seventy-five; still, I could send most of it to Mabel, come down week-ends. You could get a job anywhere. We could take a little apartment in Buffalo, as Mr. and Mrs.—"

"What would I tell Mother?" He shrugged impatiently. "I suppose you think I've got a mother complex too," she said. "No such thing. She and I get along about as well as any two people get along in four rooms, but that's all. But she does her job, Lin. She makes my money keep two about as well as I could make it keep one. She takes care of my house, cooks my meals, mends my clothes, nurses me when I'm sick—like a wife. Together, we live in decent comfort—but I can't support two establishments any more than you can. And I feel the way about her that you feel about your wife—it wouldn't be decent to pull everything down on her head. If I was getting married it might be different. But for what she'd call living in sin—"

A LONG silence. She rubbed out the stub of her cigarette.

"Well?" he muttered. "What are we going to do, then?"

"I guess there's nothing we can do. Except go on—as long as we can."

"As long as we can? What's to stop us?"

"Lin, how long do you suppose we can get away with this without somebody in the office getting wise? It's so hard to—to act as if you were just anybody, when you come up to my desk. And no matter how careful we are, somebody might always see us in a hotel. If Hannegan knew—"

"He'd fire us both," Lin conceded.

"He wont fire me; I make up his income tax. But that's rotten too! To have to think of what you've got on the man you work for—"

"Well—one of us could go out and get a job somewhere else."

"Sixty-dollar secretarial jobs can't be picked up every day. I'm worth that to Hannegan because I know his business better than he does; but it would take time to make myself worth it to anybody else. And you—"

"Yes. Not much competition for my services. Well, we've been careful; we've got away with it for six months. We can go on being careful and get away with it—"

"Oh, Lin, why do we talk about it? There's nothing we can do!"

"No—I guess not. . . . . Eunice— I know what I ought to say— I ought to say we could stop. Give it up. You're the best friend I've ever had; we'd still have that, anyway. But I can't give you up. Not unless I left town. Not while I'm where I can see you if I try—"

She laughed shakily.

"Thanks, my dear. I'm glad you can't, because I couldn't, either." She looked at her wrist-watch. "Lin, I've got to go. It's seven o'clock. Get your check—quick." She took out her compact, inspected herself in the mirror. "My God, do I look like that? And I've rouged as much as I dare. . . . . Listen, Lin. I thought up a story for you to tell Hannegan. Walk over to the subway with me, and I'll tell you about it."

THE waiter came, and went. Lin reached in his pocket for cigarettes, whistled softly, and held up a flask.

"Forgot this, Eunice. Just a drink apiece. Now listen, a man with a hangover is a lot better for just one next morning. And you—"

"If you took one, you wouldn't stop. And I—"

She had never needed a drink so badly in her life; but when she went home, her mother would kiss her. The story that might barely get over now would never get over if she smelled of whisky.

"Not this morning, Lin. Give me that flask!" She emptied it into the coffeepot. "Lin, I'll see you in two hours, at the office. For those two hours, I've got to trust you. Not one drop, Lin! Promise me?"

He promised with a gravity that would have warmed her soul, if she could have believed it would last. As they walked to the subway, she coached him in his story for Hannegan; then, on the steps, they kissed each other good-by. Not like a pair of parting lovers, she thought as she dropped her nickel into the turnstile slot; almost like husband and wife. She wondered if she'd like being a wife. Not much fun, according to most of the wives she knew; but easier, maybe, than having to be your mother's husband and your lover's mother. . . . .

At seven in the morning the uptown subway express was almost empty; but

she clung to a strap, because if she sat down, she'd go to sleep and ride on to the end of the line. She could feel the other passengers staring at her—bare-headed, haggard, the coral dinner-gown showing under her coat. . . . . Yes, she looked as if she'd been out all night!

The 116th Street station, tiled in blue and white, the Columbia campus, swept by a bracing wind; Morningside, home of plain-living, high-thinking and decorously repressed emotions. The apartment-house lobby—empty, thank God; she didn't have to face the elevator boy. She let herself into the apartment. . . . . Now for it!

"Hello, Mother! It's a tough life, being a good Samaritan."

Her mother met her—smiling, serene, untroubled. They kissed.

"I do hope the young woman is all right now, Eunice."

"Yes, she's going to work. But the poor kid was a wreck, Mother; I don't know what she'd have done without me. I had some coffee in Times Square, between subways. . . . . Yes, I could use some more. Thanks a lot."

In her bedroom she tore off her clothes, shaking with relief. . . . . Her mother didn't know! She'd got away with it! A warm bath relaxed her, and a cold shower braced her; clean clothes, her office dress, took away some of that smudgy feeling. On the breakfast-table was a steaming pot of coffee—real coffee, smoking popovers, crisp bacon. Amazed, Eunice found that she could eat. By the window, her mother was reading the morning paper.

"I didn't know when you'd be in," she apologized, "so I've had my breakfast; and I want to finish Mr. MacDonald's speech on parity. It really looks as if they're beginning to get somewhere with this disarmament."

That was all—except, eventually, a hasty good-by.

"Good wife," thought Eunice as she hurried toward the subway. "Gets you a bang-up breakfast and asks no questions. But I wonder—" She had had the feeling that the air was heavy with questions unasked, questions that never could be asked, because the answer might pull everything down on their heads. But that, she decided, was only nerves. She'd got away with it—this time. But there would be a next time; she knew Lin. She was beginning to know herself, too.

SHE breezed cheerily into the office. Three men were talking beside the water-cooler; with a gay, "Hello, boys!" she passed them; then—

"Well, there's Lin Valentine! We've been wondering where you were."

He smiled at her—a little pale, but—yes, he looked all right.

"That's a long story, Miss Pryor. I'll save it for Mr. Hannegan."

But Mr. Hannegan didn't come in till half-past ten; and when he came, he looked the way Eunice felt.

"Valentine? I don't want to think about Valentine this morning. Has he told you his story? Does it sound straight? . . . . All right. But tell him to wire us next time he changes his schedule. . . . . Miss Pryor, I had the scare of my life last night. My daughter drove her car bang into another on the Pelham

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Parkway. . . . . No, she wasn't hurt; nobody was hurt. But that kid will kill herself some day—can't hold her liquor. God, I envy you bachelors!"

Mrs. Pryor sat on a bench on Morningside Drive—a tiny Riviera, warmed by the sun, sheltered from the wind. Presently one of her friends would join her—some widow, placid and cheerful, or one of the young mothers who came out with their baby-carriages; and they would have a good talk about the constructive, worthwhile interests of settled women. Meanwhile Mrs. Pryor thought about Mr. MacDonald's splendid speech on parity and disarmament, about the interesting lecture she was going to hear at the university that evening. She thought about these things hard and resolutely, to keep from thinking about anything else.

Then, as she saw Mrs. Cheeves approaching, recollection of something Mrs. Cheeves had said last night brought a warm wave of reassurance that she dared not analyze, of release from some apprehension that she dared not name. . . . .

Girls who have lovers look happy.

KING'S CREW

(Continued from page 83)

Stanley admitted the truth of that.

"Besides," he continued, "we have no idea of the lay of the land. Beyond the fact that Rodriguez, who actually has not seen my sister, says so, we do not know positively that she is here. The chances are also, that even if she is here, this bird Rosario will not be anxious to keep her if anybody will take her off his hands."

"Meaning what?"

"Merely that my darling twin is a cat out of hell."

Sergeant Cummings, not knowing Duveen, accepted at face-value her brother's unflattering estimate of her personality.

"And furthermore," Stanley continued, "we have no idea where my brother Dave is—or George Porter, a large, strong gentleman who eats nails, spitting out the heads, of course. They may have some scheme on foot we ought to know about."

"Yeah? And where are we gettin' to?"

"I thought it might be a good idea if one of us, me probably, because I know what Duveen looks like, should stroll up to this pirate's residence casually, just like dropping in for tea, and find out if she is there and get a bird's-eye of the layout."

SHORTY agreed, but amended the plan by putting in a clause to the effect that he would hold the balance of his command in readiness, and if Stanley did not return inside of an hour, come after him.

Stanley considered his own appearance. "I look pretty tough to appear as an emissary of peace. I wonder if I ought to shave and clean up a little."

Shorty laughed. "What with? No, I think that you'd better make yourself a little dirtier, if anything. You'll be less conspicuous. And take my hat—that cap makes you look too much like a kid."

Stanley tried on the sombrero. It was a little too large.

"Fix that, easy enough," his superior officer decided. And taking Stanley's handkerchief, he manufactured a stain on it with a little tobacco juice, and then tied it around Stanley's head.

"Much better," he admired, "and the hat will fit you all right now. You look more like a guy huntin' for trouble who's already had some and is spoilin' for more. On your way."

Taking directions from the sullen Rodriguez, Stanley proceeded directly and without caution to the gate of the Rosario castle.

The guard on duty there, who was expecting violence instead of affability, detained him for a moment while he sent word to his chief. Stanley, while waiting, inspected the walled courtyard and the house itself as well as he could in the gathering dusk, but he couldn't see much.

After a few moments' delay Stanley was admitted to the house. A big man whom he guessed to be Rosario received him pleasantly.

"Welcome to the poor home of Rosario," he said.

"Hello," Stanley returned.

"You," said Rosario, "are Mr. King?"

"Yes," Stanley admitted. "I've come for my sister."

"Which one?"

"There is only one."

"Rosario is glad to know that. And how many brother have you got also?"

"One brother."

"Only three Kings. Good. Rosario have much pleasure to know that at last he have met all of them."

"I want to see my sister."

"What make you think she is here?"

"I know she is here."

Rosario considered the bluff and knew it for what it was. He shrugged his shoulders, however. "And Rosario's chauffeur, Mr. Pedro Rodriguez—you left him in good health, I trust."

"Rodriguez is still alive, if that is what you mean."

"Um, yes. Perhaps life is no great blessing to him now. He make' too many expensive blunder."

"But my sister."

"Ah, yes, your seester. Rosario assure you, Señor King, that your leetle seester, whom to each you so much resemble, is quite entirely safe here as the willing guest of Rosario."

"Willing guest?" Stanley doubted.

"Yes, *si*, absolutely."

"I'd believe that if I saw it."

"Oh, but you shall. You shall see your leetle seester, and also that brother not so leetle, and for good measure Señor Porter, who is ver' large gentleman."

"They're all here?"

"Have Rosario not said so?" He clapped his hands.

A soldier servant entered the room.

"Thees gentleman," said Rosario in English, but slowly, so that the man would understand, "weesh to see that so-beautiful young lady. You will take him to her boudoir for five minutes. After that," he apologized to Stanley, "it is neces'-necessary that she should dress for dinner."

Turning again to the servant, he went on: "When he have seen his seester, then show thees gentleman to the apartment of hees brother."

THE tower room had been greatly changed since Duveen had last occupied it. The bars on the windows had been repaired, and very efficiently too; but everything else was different.

There was a heavy davenport which must have been difficult to bring up through the trapdoor, a solid and beautiful mahogany table with a many-branched candlestick on it, beautiful Oriental rugs on the floor, and colorful drapes at the window, one of them a heavy curtain that could be dropped to cut out entirely the view of the courtyard.

There was even a telephone of Continental type on the table.

Duveen at first regarded that hopefully, although her common sense told her that it probably had no outside connection.

That fact was established when she picked it up and a voice in Spanish requested her to wait a moment.

In a second or so Rosario spoke. "Hello, pretty bird! Rosario is ver' glad that you amuse yourself. Thees telephone is for you to order anything which you weesh, or to summon Rosario to your side when you desire." He laughed and added pointedly: "And for Rosario to summon his pretty bird when he have the desire himself."

Duveen hung up while he was still chuckling.

There was nothing else in the room that gave her the least hope. She searched carefully everywhere. Under a rug near the trapdoor she found a tiny splinter of glass that had evidently been overlooked by the servants when they had cleared up the room. It was very small, and would have escaped observation quite easily.

Duveen hid it again. For one purpose it would be long enough.

DUVEEN unfortunately had a wristwatch. The passing of time, therefore, hammered itself in slow seconds upon a mind that got slightly out of control and "went feminine" in a panic of apprehension that could not be exorcised.

That Rosario meant what he said she had no doubt. He could not be annoyed with David alive. To keep him prisoner would be a nuisance. To free him would let loose a deadly menace. No, the Kings had to go, David one way and she another. Duveen had no illusions as to the duration of her own future. A few months, perhaps, according to Rosario's probable plan—a few moments after David's death, according to her own arrangements with destiny. That sliver of glass—it would serve. . . . .

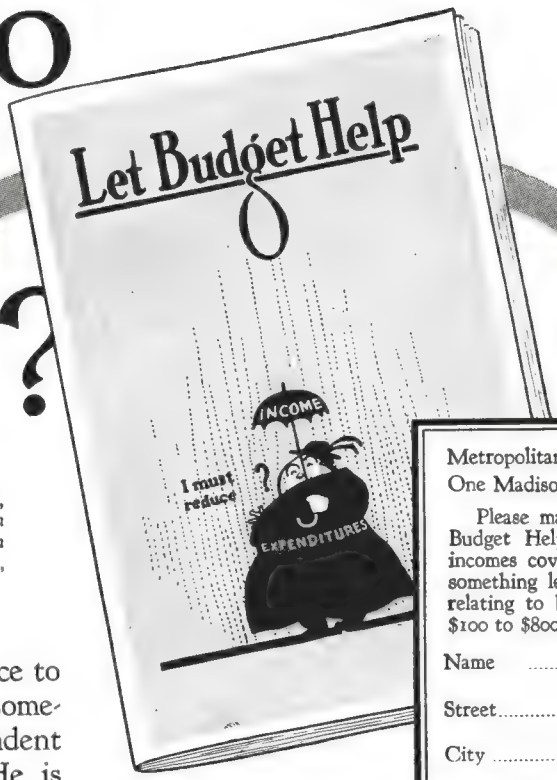
It was getting dark. She had lighted one of the candles. There was a thumping on the under side of the trapdoor.

Duveen looked hastily around the room. The rug that hid her glass splinter was in place. Everything looked all right.

The door opened, and a man with a bandage around his head came up.

"Stanley!" Duveen flew to him.

Want to Get Ahead?



The great English writer, Arnold Bennett, said, "I suppose that for the majority of men the suspension of income for a single month would mean either bankruptcy, the usurer, or acute inconvenience".

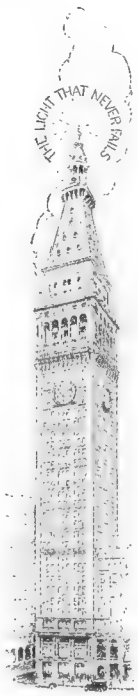
A MAN has small chance to get somewhere and be somebody if he is entirely dependent upon his next pay-check. He is likely to be as helpless as a child if his income stops.

Many a man finds himself in a rebellious frame of mind and sorry for himself because he is "broke". He feels bottled-up, half stifled, almost handcuffed and shackled. Unhappy in his work, he does it half-heartedly, badly.

He wants to quit his job but he doesn't dare. His boss would like to discharge him but waits because he is sorry for him and his family.

If a man has not learned how to live within his income, it makes little difference whether he earns $1,000 or $10,000—he will always be in trouble. But budgeting his weekly or monthly salary to cover expenses for the necessities and comforts of life will show him how to live within his income whatever it may be.

Do you know how the experts arrange a budget for salaries from $1,000 to $10,000? Do you know what per cent of the income should be spent for each of the general expense items—food, shelter, clothing, household operating expense, insurance, education, entertainment and *investment?*



When *speculation* is substituted for *investment* the last hope for safety usually vanishes.

Budgets have solved money problems in many homes. A typical illustration is furnished by a woman who provided a good home for husband, high school daughter and 12-year-old son on $200 a month. She reported that when they attempted to live without a budget they were always in debt and worst of all in mental and physical distress. Since their conversion to "the budget way" they have found they are able to live better and save 10%.

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The door behind him dropped shut.

"Hello, Dub. Steady on. What's the idea? I've only got five minutes. Are you a prisoner, or only the checkroom girl in this night-club?"

She told him swiftly.

"I see. I wonder why, under the circumstances, the old bird let me see you?"

"That's easy," Duveen explained. "Don't you see, you've walked into a trap? Rosario doesn't intend that you shall ever leave this place, either. That's why he doesn't care how much you know."

Stanley considered. "It's lucky, then, that he doesn't know all that I know."

"What do you mean, Stan?"

"Only that there's a detachment of the Revolutionary army surrounding this house, and they're coming after us if I don't return in an hour. I've been here thirty minutes already."

"Oh, Stan! Wonderful! But don't say anything more out loud. Some one might hear."

The telephone-bell tinkled. Duveen silenced an exclamation on Stanley's lips by a gesture.

Fearfully she went to the instrument and picked it up.

"Hello." It was Rosario's voice. He was chuckling.

"Yes?"

"Rosario wishes to thank that young Mr. King for information. Tell him with Rosario's compliments that in thirty minutes it will be too late—even for him. Rosario sends immediately some soldiers to escort young Mr. King to his brother, that he may tell him also that good news."

Horrified, Duveen laid down the instrument.

"He heard you," she told Stanley. "He heard you."

"A dictagraph in the room somewhere," Stanley diagnosed swiftly. "Damn' fool that I am!"

"Wait," ordered Duveen. "Don't talk. Let me think."

She beat her hands on her head. Only seconds now. . . . . What could she do?

"I'm older than you," she said finally. "Take orders."

"But—" Stanley began.

She stopped him with a look.

"Orders," she repeated. "Orders!" And under her breath she whispered to herself: *"Gangway! Comin' through."*

WITH gestures she motioned Stanley to help her. Together they moved the heavy davenport over the trapdoor.

None too soon. Some one below was trying to open it. But standing at the top of the stairs pushing up, that would be difficult. It would take several men.

There was perhaps a minute to spare. Duveen put out the candle. There was still a faint light from outside. She started to disrobe and indicated that Stanley should do likewise.

Stunned by the disaster which he had unwittingly caused, in a sort of trance, he followed her example.

There was a pounding on the trapdoor.

Thank heaven, Rosario's men had not resorted to force immediately.

It took him longer than it did Duveen, but in a moment they stood in their underwear. Duveen took his dirty, discarded garments and put them on. Not comprehending exactly, but committed to her plan by the force of circumstance and the impossibility of arguing, Stanley struggled into her discarded costume. Fortunately it was too big for her, and of an old-fashioned voluminous style, and so he managed it after a fashion. He added the final touch to her transformation himself by taking off his improvised bandage and tying it around Duveen's head. Silently he handed her the hat.

The trap opened. Then two men, one with a lantern, scrambled through.

"El hombre solo," he muttered, grabbing Duveen by the arm and dragging her toward the hole in the floor.

Stanley turned away toward the window. He heard the trap shut.

Chapter Twenty-one

THE stairs and corridors were not well lighted. The men were in a hurry, too, having been delayed to open the trapdoor. Everything contributed toward the success of her disguise. They did not even meet Rosario in the room downstairs.

He was out in the courtyard giving directions to some of his men, who, alert enough now, were standing in military formation by the gate. At a word of command, they marched out.

Other men were removing the canvas from the gun.

Duveen was hustled to the cells and hastily thrust into the one occupied by David and George.

David recognized her instantly, but her finger on her lips stopped him from any exclamation. The soldiers moved away.

"I had to come," Duveen explained defensively.

"But how? Why?" David was no longer to be kept in the dark.

George, at her voice, trembled and stood between her and the grisly preparations going forward in the courtyard. They were placing an ammunition-cylinder in the automatic rifle.

Duveen told them of Stanley's arrival, of the soldiers outside, and the terrible disaster to the time-schedule.

"But even then," David expostulated. "why throw away your chance?"

"Oh, David, I had to! There wouldn't have been any use in living if there was just one of the Crew left, would there? I wouldn't have lived, anyway." She told him of the glass splinter. "And it will be easier to be brave if I'm with you."

"Oh, my dear!"

He made a movement as if to take her in his arms, but stopped.

"We've got to gain time," he said instead. "Just a few minutes may do it. Let me think."

Duveen turned to George, who was watching her anxiously with a devotion in his eyes that could not be masked.

There were three shots close by.

"Only the machine-gun," David explained hastily. "They're testing it."

That meant only a minute or two more. They would never have dared fire until everything was ready.

Duveen touched George on the arm.

"You're very wonderful, George. I'm sorry you had to get mixed up in this."

"I'm not," he told her huskily. "It's been worth it."

A squad of men was approaching the cells. One of them, in charge, had the key. He was unlocking the door.

"This isn't good-by, is it, David?" she asked, trying to hold her voice steady.

"No, dear, it isn't. You know that."

"I know it too." This was unexpectedly from George.

"Good horse!" said David.

"Kiss me then, David, a good-night kiss to last until morning."

David looked at her, marveling a little.

"All right, soldier." He held her a moment in his arms, tenderly. "Good night, kid. Only until morning." He kissed her as he had held her, almost reverently.

Duveen turned to George. "And you too, George." She held up her lips.

"Not yet," he whispered.

"You love me too, don't you?"

"Yes." This was no time for untruths or evasion. "You know I love you."

And the opportunity was gone. Their guards led them out into the patio.

They marched across the courtyard in the merciless glare of an arc-light that suddenly sprang into existence. They passed the machine-gun with its gunners carefully inspecting the mechanism.

"Steady, the Crew," whispered David.

"Coming through," Duveen returned.

The guards halted them at the wall.

There were iron rings set deep in the adobe masonry. To three of these the prisoners were tied by lashings that first bound their wrists, David on Duveen's left, and George on her right.

George would be the last.

Distant firing began outside, somewhere in the forest, probably.

Rosario, who had gone over to the gun, seemed not disturbed by that.

In fact, he scarcely raised his voice as he addressed his victims.

"Almost always in stories," he said, "the soldiers arrive just in time to save the lives of the heroes. But Rosario think that is beeg mistake. In life it not often happen so, not if Rosario is there to make plan. Rosario, you mus' admit, is ver' capable man."

He paused for a moment to listen to the firing, which had become a bit louder.

"You hope, my friends, that even if you die, Rosario get caught soon after. But no, Rosario have plan even about that. Neither he nor his men be here when soldiers arrive, also too late to save you. By ingenious arrangement they not wait longer. You comprehend, Rosario thinks. There are in thees gun plenty of bullets for all. Rosario just start thees leetle phonograph and retire to safe place to watch while she play leetle tune for you, that sad leetle tune, the dance of death. *Adios,* my friends, *adios.*"

One of the men started the turntable. Rosario himself set the trigger.

"Ready."

Duveen gave a choked cry.

"Steady," murmured David.

The machine-gun began to talk, spitting its bullets at the one arc of the circle and swinging its stuttering muzzle relentlessly toward David.

Rosario and his men left the gun and retired to the house.

Only two or three seconds left. . . . .

The gun, merely a few yards away, swinging its inquisitive snout closer and closer—

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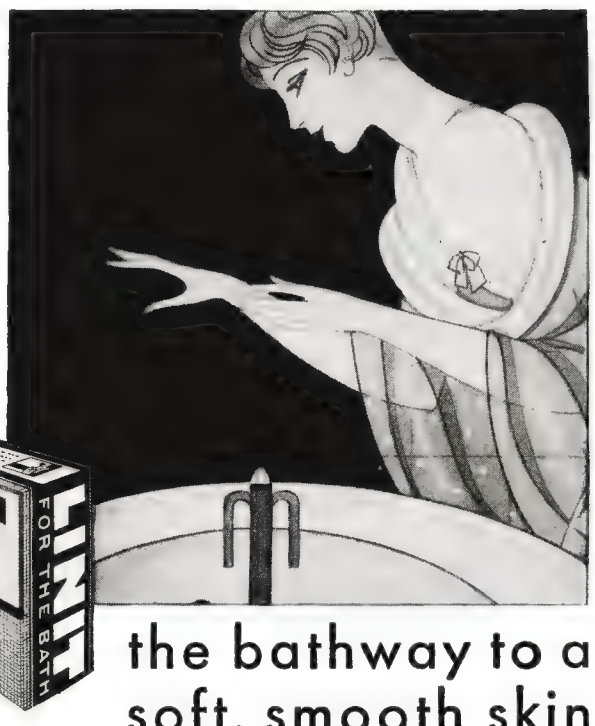

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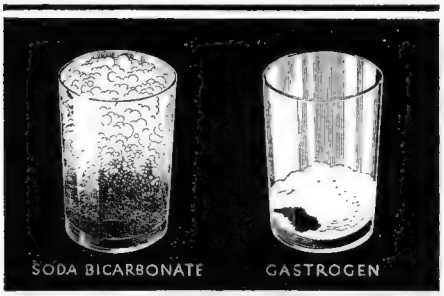

Note the fizzing, the foaming and the seething in the tumbler with the soda. Note how little gas is released with Gastrogen—actually *less than half* as much, while neutralizing the *same* amount of acid. You see why soda disturbs and bloats the stomach—and why Gastrogen brings relief quietly, comfortably and without retarding normal digestion.

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"Gangway!"

George said it—George, in some unaccountable way standing free of the wall, the iron ring to which he was bound dangling its long staple behind him.

"Comin' through!"

He moved fast, did George.

In a bound he crossed in front of Duveen, stood a second by David's side, then when the bullets chipped the adobe near David's shoulder, calmly stepped out in front.

The first one hit him in the arm but he only swayed slightly.

Instead of falling, he began to walk toward the gun,—right up to it,—never faltering, guiding slightly to the left, taking every thudding bullet in his devoted body, every piece of lead that would have otherwise riddled David and Duveen.

At the weapon itself he fell across it, overturning the mounting.

The gun, on its side, kept on relentlessly spitting its leaden venom into the ground.

Something flashed through the air, a long sliver of steel.

It buried itself in George's shoulder and stood there, the handle quivering.

SERGEANT SHORTY CUMMINGS walked in at the gate, two revolvers in his hands.

He fired once from each into the shadows of the building.

There was no response.

"Come out of there, you lousy, cockeyed—" Shorty was reverting to the vernacular of the A. E. F.

No one answered.

"Follow me," he said, looking over his shoulder toward the gates. "Shoot if you see the white of a liver."

His ragamuffin soldiers came cautiously in through the portal.

"Come and release us!" David shouted to them. "There's a lady—"

"I'll not faint," said Duveen; "not yet."

Shorty cut them free in a moment.

David tried to lead Duveen away, but she drew him after her—to George.

He was still breathing. The bullets had hit him low, most of them. But he was riddled—nearly gone. His eyes were closed.

Duveen leaned over him. She touched him. Her hand was wet with blood when she tried to wipe away a tear from her own cheek, but she never knew.

His lips were twisted, but she kissed them.

George opened his eyes. He smiled.

"I told you," he said, trying not to gasp, "I told you what would happen to me when you did that! I came back, didn't I?"

He paused a moment to gather his strength, to remember what he came back for.

"I know now. I wanted to tell you—to tell you—"

"Tell me what, dear?"

She had to lean close. He was only whispering. Duveen was not entirely sure that she heard him at all with her ears. But what he was saying was something that she had somehow known for a long time—something buried in her heart, that his words merely unveiled. . . .

He was nearly spent.

"I thought—I thought it might help a little if you knew. Good luck, kid."

She waited. But that was all.

It was then that she leaned down "from the gold bar of heaven" and kissed his eyes—they were closed now for always.

It was her face that he followed—up, up, up, as she was saying:

"George Porter, King's man of King's Crew, you're the bravest man I've ever known."

Chapter Twenty-two

THE arc-light in the courtyard went out. "Stand to!" ordered Shorty.

It was very dark after the brilliance of the moment before. The blackness enveloped them in a stifling velvet that seemed to cut each individual off from his fellows and to leave him alone in a ring of malignant evil.

"David," half-cried Duveen. *"David!"*

"Yes, kid."

"I can't leave George alone here, but I'm frightened."

He was by her side now, his arm around her, drawing her gently away.

"It's all right to leave him, I think."

"He might come back," she wailed piteously, "and what if I wasn't there?"

David quieted her. He knew how. Her tears came as he held her close.

George's face, their faces, the outline of the patio, grew into a soft distinctness—as a room lit in glowing radiance by the lighting of a candle.

"They've fired the building," explained Shorty. "Come on. We've got 'em cornered. They'll have to come out."

But they didn't come out.

The flames which had been only a faint promise of fire leaking through the windows, now began to appear actually. There were two muffled explosions. The light grew instantly brighter.

"Gasoline," said Shorty soberly.

Then he seemed suddenly to think of something. "Stan! Where are you, Stan? Private King, let out a hoot, so I'll know where you are."

But neither Private King nor anyone else answered.

Sergeant Cummings started toward the doorway. It was lighter there.

"Look out!" warned David.

Shorty dropped.

A knife slit the air where he had been.

"Roll sidewise," David counseled.

Shorty followed his advice and escaped from the perilous path of illumination. Rising to his knees, he fired at the spot from which he thought the knife had been thrown.

"Stanley is up in the tower!" cried Duveen, shocked from her sorrow by the sudden recollection of her brother's whereabouts. "He's locked in. He'll be burned."

"Not enough to hurt him any," interrupted Shorty grimly. "Not if that tower can be climbed."

"I climbed it this morning," said David briefly, "and I can do it again."

"That makes two of us."

David was leading again now.

Duveen's heart was in her mouth as the two men sought the comparative shadow of an angle of the building.

She saw them disappear and then reappear a moment later in outline on the flat roof of the main building.

It was afire in earnest now, and they looked like two giants of mythology as they ran crouching toward the higher superstructure. Working against time, and aided by David's knowledge of the wall, they swarmed up the side.

They were on the window-ledge, hanging onto the bars—hanging onto those bars that Duveen knew had been reinforced since morning so that no human strength could break or bend them—no human strength, now that George lay lifeless there in the middle of the courtyard, as silent and grotesque as the steel snake which he had grappled and choked.

While Duveen was watching, the light in the tower room flashed brighter, died down a moment and flashed again.

After the second flash, the figures at the window had disappeared.

But flames were licking through the bars where they had been.

Overhead in the night there were strange noises, the threshing of motors, like the laughter of demons trailing their wings across the sky.

But Duveen's fascinated gaze was fixed on the window of the tower. What had become of David and the Sergeant? She looked neither up nor down. So she did not see the two men who approached her, not until one of them touched her.

Duveen screamed. But it was David.

"Steady!" he said.

It had been too much for a girl to bear alone. But at the touch of his hand, she controlled herself.

"Where's Stan?"

"Not there," David reported. "They must have taken him downstairs. The trapdoor was open, and there was no one in the room. I could get my head between the bars, and I was able to see all around."

"Then he's somewhere in the burning building?"

"No," David demurred. "I think there must be another way out. Rosario has fired the house so we wont find where he went to earth."

"You think Stan is all right?"

"Perfectly all right, I'm sure. Rosario has taken him along under the impression that Stanley is you."

"But he'll find out that he's not, and then—"

"Yes, kid, but it gives us a little time."

DAVID and Shorty went into consultation there in the light of the burning building. As a result the entire command withdrew from the courtyard. Shorty took half the detachment and started to circle the wall in one direction, and David with the rest of the men went the other way. Duveen kept close to David.

They had proceeded only to the first corner of the wall when firing somewhere ahead startled them. It was no one shooting at them—there was no whine of bullets in the air, nor thuds against the wall.

Leaving a picket of two men behind him, David led the way, with the others, in the direction of the timber, and came out on the clearing occupied by the adobe hut.

There was no light to see what was going on. Firearms crackled in a small circle before the door. Other weapons replied from the house itself.

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Suddenly the firing from the house ceased, and after a moment of cautious silence half a dozen barely discernible figures rushed the entrance.

Some one inside said: "Hands up!"

In a moment a voice replied: "Sorry, Mr. Morse. I've been stabbed in the shoulder and can't raise my arms much."

Duveen knew that voice. So did David.

"Comin' through, Morse," called David. "Don't shoot."

A flashlight was turned on David and Duveen as they stood in the doorway.

"O. K.," declared Morse briefly.

He was the only one of his party not in uniform. The rest wore clothing which might never again be seen south of the Mexican border—the uniform of the Los Angeles City motorcycle policemen.

"Our old and valued friends," murmured David. "How bad are you hurt, Stan?"

"Not much, I guess. I had quite a fight, though."

"I'll bet you did. Where's Rosario?"

"His gang bolted out the back while you were attacking the front."

"No guards back there?"

"Yes," replied Morse ruefully. "But I've only got seven men all told. The one I stationed in the rear couldn't hold 'em."

SOME one had found candles and lighted them. The grotesque party gathered around the table, as bizarre as the skeletons that rested there. Stanley in a blood-stained dress; Duveen in Stanley's clothes, still wearing the bandage around her head, and with additional blood on her face; Morse in conventional city attire; seven smartly belted policemen; and David, a scarecrow.

"They can't get very far away," said David. "Let's start after them."

Detective Morse shook his head.

"I haven't the shadow of an excuse to use Los Angeles policemen to chase a foreigner around in the woods of Mexico. I exceeded every right I've got to order them down here on a pleasure-trip in a plane to help me execute a warrant on a fugitive."

"Meaning me?" David asked.

"Meaning you."

"Thanks for the warning." David edged around the table cautiously.

Morse grinned, and at a sign from him two policemen stepped beside David.

The latter appraised them with sidewise glances. But he said: "Where's Hélène?"

"Gone back. There was a passenger steamer. They sent the wireless for me that brought the boys down by plane. I don't think they'd have been able to locate the place, though, except for the house on fire."

"Hélène went back?" David's question was half relief, half incredulity. "She's unhurt?"

"Absolutely, and very happy to be where she can get a manicure."

"Thanks for getting her away."

"No thanks necessary. It was her own idea," Morse confessed modestly. "I couldn't even run the boat till I'd noticed her do it for an hour."

"About this matter of arresting me. You don't think that warrant of yours is any good down here, do you?"

"Not technically. But I've seven men who say it's good."

"I'VE got thirty that say it aint." Shorty lounged in the doorway and lighted a cigarette. "My, it seems good to take a good inhale! I didn't dast to light a smoke while we was out there lying dido."

"You mean doggo," corrected Stanley, but faintly.

"Why, hello, Stan. Gee, I didn't recognize you in them lady's contraptions. You police fellers lay your guns on the table here with Mr. Bones and Mr. Tambo, while we see what's going to be did."

Shorty motioned his followers in, a formidable and ferocious-enough band.

"What do you say, Skipper?" Shorty automatically conferred the command on David.

"Let me get this straight, Morse," said David. "Do you think I could be convicted of anything if you did arrest me and take me back to town?"

"I don't know. That isn't my business. I'll admit that I wouldn't vote 'guilty' if I was a juror, but some juries are dumber than I am. My orders are to arrest you."

"How long would it take me to get out if I could prove my innocence?"

"Well," Morse admitted, "it might take a couple of months."

"And meanwhile the man who killed George as well as Mr. Tremayne, could escape to the ends of the earth? No, Morse, I'm sorry; I'd like to oblige, but I can't. Rosario is somewhere in this strip of country. I'm going to find him if I have to go alone."

"You wont have to," declared Shorty. "I'll disband my army and go with you."

"And I'm coming," said Duveen.

"No, kid."

"But David—"

"Orders, kid. You look after Stan. Take him home and get him all healed up. Then if I need you two, I'll come back for you. Understand?"

"Yes sir."

"Good. We're starting now. Morse, sorry I can't help you out—especially after your kindness in bringing the double quartet down to sing the theme song. Look after the two kids, will you? I'll do something for you sometime."

Shorty was already outside, assembling his men in the cleared space.

"Bring a few of them police revolvers," he yelled from outside. "They're better than the blunderbusses we've got."

"O. K.," replied David, gathering up all but two of the weapons. "You wont need these going back."

"Fall in!" said Shorty outside.

"Good-by." David backed out the door.

"Follow me—march!" ordered Shorty.

Shuffling feet and crackling underbrush carried them away into infinite desert silence.

Chapter Twenty-three

AFTER they got home, Stanley provided Duveen with a part-time occupation for about a month. He was pretty badly hurt, and had lost a lot of blood besides. It had occurred—the stabbing, that is—when Rosario had tried to kiss him, and Stanley had knocked him down. In the subsequent manhandling he had pretended to be hurt even worse than he was, and so had been left for dead.

Later Duveen had to appear before a police magistrate and make a statement in connection with the murder-charge against David. That, largely owing to the efforts of Detective Morse, was eventually withdrawn.

But after that was over and Stanley got well enough to get out of bed and go for his treatments to the doctor's office down on the Boulevard, Duveen found that she had altogether too many hours in which to worry about David.

There was no word from him; nor had any official news come out of Mexico that might have had any bearing on his activities. She thought that he might communicate with Hélène in some way, and so one afternoon Duveen dressed up in the finest gown that she had and went to call. Hélène, wearing just something that seemed like a part of her skin, made Duveen feel as if her own clothes had been put together by a rural dressmaker with only one eye, and that one crossed.

Hélène received her, but could offer no consolation. Later when a young middle-aged man, the vice-president of the Orange Growers Trust and Savings Bank, came for tea, Duveen excused herself and went home to play with Tightwad a rough game called "Growl, Tear the Dress!" until her costume was no longer her best frock but merely a "damn' thing."

Duveen spent a great deal of time at the window of her bedroom upstairs. From there she could see down the hilly street along which she had so often watched him come home, ever since she was a tiny youngster.

Stan found her there one day. He came up behind her and slipped an arm around her, his good arm.

"You'd better not think about it too much, Dub. You know David can take care of himself all right. And besides, I don't know but he's happier out there where it's wild, than he will be when he gets back here."

"Why? What do you mean, Stan?"

"Well, for one thing, he aint goin' to have a permanent date any more with his girl friend down the street. Gee, they're going to be married, I hear—Hélène and that bird from the bank. That aint goin' to set so good on David's chest."

"Perhaps not," Duveen conceded with a sigh. "But he ought to be glad to come back to just us."

"Oh, yeah, in a way, I suppose. But we can't take the place of the girl a man loves. I'm thinking some of going out and getting me a new filly myself this evening. I think I could stand a little necking if I could find one who would promise not to get rough. You'd better go out and meet some sheiks yourself."

Duveen shook her head.

"My God, you aint going to stay in mourning for George Porter all the rest of your life, are you? He was a good scrapper and all that, but—"

Duveen stopped him. "Never mind about me, Stan. You never used to be so solicitous. What's the matter? Have I lost a couple of coats of tan so that I look pale or something? If you're going out to collect up a new date, you'd better get at it. It's nearly dusk."

"No hurry," Stanley told her. "I know where the good ones can be found even in the dark."

However, he left the house jauntily. Duveen from her window saw him go down the hill.

WHEN David came home,—she never said *"if"* although that word always had to be crowded back before she could go on with the thought,—when David came home, she wondered how he would take the loss of Hélène. But maybe it would not be a loss. Perhaps Hélène would come back to David.

And what if—

But she never finished that thought. Something down the hill moved. It was only a blur, but her heart stood still nevertheless.

It was David. She knew that without being able to see him really at all. It was the way he walked, the gallant swing of his steps that marched with a band.

Step by step,
Mile by mile—

That was the very melody he kept time to. There was a bugle-call in it.

He was close to Hélène's house now. His pace did not even falter at the driveway. He passed it.

Duveen went downstairs and opened the door.

"Hello, kid."

"Hello, Skipper."

"Well, I'm here." He dragged her down to sit beside him on the step of their little entryway porch.

"Did you—" Duveen began.

"No. He got away. Knew the hills too well. I buried George. I knew you'd be glad to be sure about that."

"Yes."

"I did everything I could all by myself, and then I finally decided to come back and get you."

"I'm glad. Where did you want me to go with you?"

"Everywhere. Always."

Duveen sat stunned. She couldn't reply, of course.

David himself was embarrassed, uncertain.

"I thought you knew. Didn't George tell you about me when he whispered to you before he died?"

"Yes," Duveen admitted, "he told me. But I think," she added, "that I've sort of known it always."

"You aren't going to let that make any difference in your loving me, are you?"

Duveen trampled on that for a moment.

"Do you want it to make any difference?"

"Yes—and how!"

Duveen held in her hand the lovely iridescent ball of dreams that life had suddenly given her to have and to hold, considered it incredulously. It was perfect, what she had always wanted. If the crystal ever broke, it would not be her fault. George had cradled it in his heart, this lovely thing—had spent his life that she might have it. She would try to be worthy of the tradition.

She was crying; but what she said was: "I don't know, Skipper, exactly what you mean; but if it's anything at all, I suppose I ought to get started toward finding out."

"You should. Gangway, dear."

THE END

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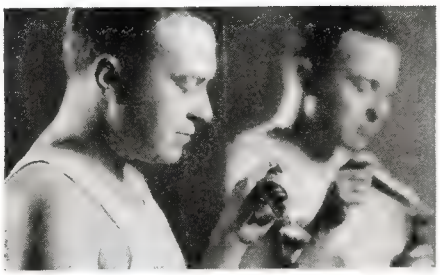

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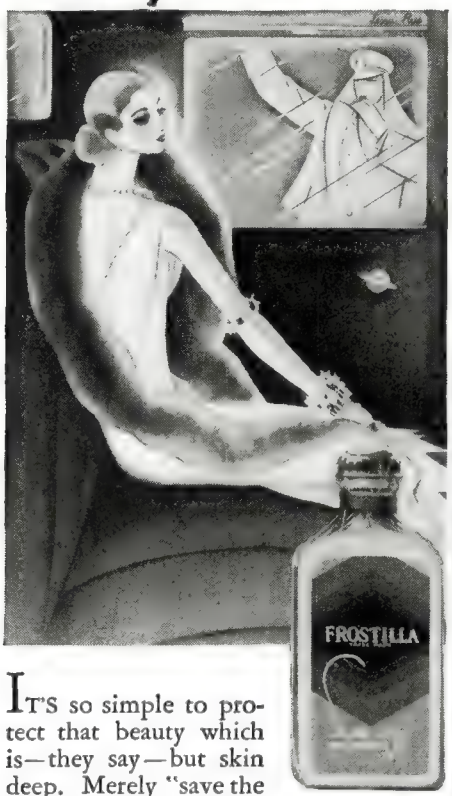

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SAVAGES ARE PLEASANT PEOPLE

(Continued from page 47)

My first three years in the North were spent among Eskimos all of whom had seen white men before and some of whom had been in contact with Europeans at least once or twice a year for thirty or forty years. Missionaries had preached to some of them for a few years before I came, and during my second year they began to make converts. Therefore it was not possible to be sure which of the gentle qualities I saw might have come from Europeans either direct or through modification. It was only when I discovered Eskimos who had never seen a white man that I found myself in a position to take my stand definitely with Livingstone from Africa and with the travelers from every other part of the world who have said that the best savages are always the ones least contaminated by European influence.

These three years had been spent on the north coast of Alaska and in the Mackenzie district of Canada west of Cape Bathurst. Three hundred miles of coast east from Cape Bathurst toward Coronation Gulf were supposed to be uninhabited. The first hundred from Cape Bathurst were known, both to the partly civilized Mackenzie Eskimos and to the whalers who had begun to spend the winters with their square-rigged and schooner fleets at Herschel Island. There were ruins of wooden dwellings along this coast, graves, skeletons, and the tradition that two or three generations ago there had been occasional Mackenzie Eskimo trade with a strange and ferocious people who lived far to the eastward.

The Easterners of tradition had a reputation for killing all strangers and were called *Nagyuktogmiut,* the People of the Caribou Antler, because of their peculiar way of allotting wives. A marriageable girl would be placed in a circle of suitors each armed with a hook made of caribou horn. At a given signal, they would rush for her, each pulling her his way with the hook. The one who got her, if she lived through the ceremony, would be her husband. "Skill," said the Mackenzie Eskimos, "is developed by practice. The more victories you gain with these hooks the more skillful you are in their use. Therefore, a few of the Nagyuktogmiut have nearly all the women, and most of them are without wives."

HAVING lived for several years among a people savage at least to the extent that their old men well remembered the first Europeans, I took the stories about the Nagyuktogmiut with a grain of salt. In one respect at least, the savages out-Herod the civilized. They misunderstand, misrepresent, and hate distant people even more than we do.

Though I was not a believer myself, the fearsome tales about the Easterners made it hard for me to secure Eskimo companions to search a coastline that might be uninhabited because there was no game for a hunting people to live on, or might be inhabited by the gruesome and dangerous "people of the caribou antler." I finally persuaded a man and woman from Alaska and a man from the Mackenzie to go with me.

The journey eastward, the country, the climate, the living by hunting, the worries and fears, are part of another story. Here we want to tell merely what sort of people the Nagyuktogmiut proved to be when we at last found them.

After a month of travel we came upon them one day hunting seals on the ice in the straits between the mainland of Arctic America and Victoria Island, about ten or fifteen miles from shore. At a four- or five-mile distance we discovered a single hunter through our field glasses. He must have seen us coming for the last mile or two, but he did not realize that we were strangers until we were within half a mile. Then he noticed that we had more dogs on our sledge than he was used to, that the sledge was higher, and the figures of our people were of a different outline from his countrymen, for our clothes were different. This he told us afterward.

He was there alone on the ice, though we could see three or four other hunters at various distances from half a mile to two miles, each watching his seal hole. We knew he would be frightened if we came dashing up to him in a body, so we stopped the sledge a quarter of a mile away, and Tannaumirk, the Mackenzie Eskimo, whose dialect presumably resembled the stranger's most closely, went up to greet him.

I SAT on the sledge and watched through my binoculars. The hunter was crouched forward, his face directed as if he were looking at the seal hole, but his eyes slanted upward watching every step of our ambassador. When the distance between them was five or ten yards, he jumped up, seized a long-bladed copper knife that looked like a Zulu's spear, and stood on guard. We could not hear it but our ambassador heard that the hunter was giving a low groan with every breath he drew. I would have understood this had I been near enough to hear, for it is a widespread belief among Eskimos that if, in the presence of a spirit, you draw one breath without a noise you will never make a noise again.

Evidently, then, we were spirits to him. Tannaumirk realized this on the instant and knew that seal fat had doubtless been rubbed on the brandished blade of the copper knife to make it potent against spirits. A greased weapon is the Eskimo equivalent of the silver bullets and arrows which our forefathers used against spirits.

Tannaumirk was frightened, but he had his wits about him. His job now was to offer some proof that his strangeness was that of a visitor who came from a far land rather than from another world. He began at first excitedly but later slowly and distinctly to say over and over again that he was an ordinary man, he was not a spirit, his clothes were caribou skin and not of ghostly fabric, he was not only human but just an Eskimo. At first the seal hunter was so frightened that he did not listen. But one does not stay paralyzed with fear very long, and when his senses began to come back, the sounds of the Eskimo words began to impress him.

Presently he realized he understood them, although they were spoken with a strange accent.

THE next step was for Tannaumirk to spread out his arms, to lift up the flaps of his coat, and in other ways to illustrate what he was saying, that he had no knife or other concealed weapon, that all these had been left behind in our sledge. Fearful more of a spirit than of a possibly armed enemy, the seal hunter now approached slowly and felt our man all over, not so much frisking him as making up his mind that the garments were ordinary and not spiritual caribou.

The worst was now over. Tannaumirk explained our desire to visit the village. The hunter pointed to where the snow-house clusters were barely visible on the horizon, and said that he and Tannaumirk would walk slowly in a direct line toward the village, the rest of us following a quarter of a mile behind. Meantime he would announce to the seal hunters scattered over the ice that we were friendly strangers. This he did by making short runs past us, alternately to the right and left.

As we proceeded toward the village, it was no longer the hunter that was frightened, but Tannaumirk, as the powerfully built, strangely clad men, armed to the teeth, gradually converged from both sides and made a group around him, each carrying in his right hand a double-edged spear-shaped knife, the blades from eight to fourteen inches long. These knives, Tannaumirk knew, were the sort used by them in close-up fights with polar bears, the kind about which he had heard so much from the old people of his tribe in the stories of how the Nagyuktogmiut used to kill all strangers.

There turned out to be forty people in the village, in about a dozen snow-houses. They all came running toward our ambassador, the dogs in the lead. These dogs were not ferocious-looking, but jolly and full of pranks; for to them every visitor is a friend. The watchdog idea seems to be wholly unknown in most savage communities, to men and dogs alike. Next were the children, shouting, hopping on one leg, running backward, intoxicated with the delight of what they already knew were stranger visitors than they had ever had before. Then came the women and two or three old men. The able-bodied hunters were already all in Tannaumirk's bodyguard.

The crowds swarmed around Tannaumirk noisily until the first hunter demanded quiet. He made a short speech. On the way toward the village he had made up his mind that we were really what we said we were, men from a distance who had come to see what kind of people lived here and what sort of country it was. That the rest of our party were following at a distance was not because he himself was afraid of us any longer but rather because he thought the villagers might be afraid, as he had been at first. He had learned from Tannaumirk that we had peculiar ways of cooking our food, making our beds, and so on, and it would therefore be best to build for us a separate snow-house rather than to invite us to be guests in their homes. Strangely, he told his village mates, we did not know

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how to build snow-houses and had nothing to dwell in except a tent, although we knew that snow-houses were better than tents. Accordingly, said he, the children should all run home as soon as the introductions were over, and get the snow-house building outfits of their fathers and brothers, so they could arrange for us a comfortable place to sleep.

His speech over, we were called forward and directed to stand in line. The villagers grouped themselves together informally. Then a woman stepped out, leading a child by the hand, took her position in front of one of us, and said: "My name is So-and-so, and this is my small son. Who are you?" When she had received the name, she moved to the next of us in her line and made the identical speech, although we had of course all of us heard her the first time. One of them explained that the women were introducing themselves ahead of the men because they wanted to hurry back and start cooking our dinners. It was a longer job than the men had in building the snow-house and so the men's introductions could wait.

When the women had passed before us, the men took their turns, the procedure being the same except that most of the children had been introduced by the mothers. A few, however, remained to be introduced by the fathers.

We were asked where we wanted the house built and selected a spot about a hundred yards from the village, in reality because my Eskimos were frightened but ostensibly to prevent our dogs from getting into fights with theirs, an explanation which they apparently accepted at face value. We were asked whether we wanted a roomy house which would be colder, or a small one that would be cozy and warm. I don't know what we would have decided had not one of the local men spoken up, saying they had better make the house very large, for this particular village had no club or meeting house, and they would have to visit in ours. The warmth could be taken care of, he said, for the village had plenty of seal blubber and there were any number of spare lamps around so that the house could be heated as we liked, even if it were big.

We were told next that we would not be permitted to turn a hand to anything that was done except the unhitching and tethering of our dogs, for they were so large that the local people were afraid of them. The villagers were careful to protest that they knew the dogs were doubtless very gentle, really safe to handle. It was their own foolishness which made them nervous about such things, and they hoped we would overlook it.

When the dogs had been tethered, each of us was taken to a different house for dinner. I cannot describe our experience so well now, or at least not so accurately as I did at the time, and so I put here exactly what I wrote.

"BEFORE the house they were building for us was quite ready, children came running from the village to announce that their mothers had dinner cooked. The houses were so small that it was not convenient to invite all three of us into the same one to eat; besides, it was not etiquette to do so, as we now know. Each of us was therefore taken to a different place. My host was the seal hunter whom we had first approached on the ice. His house would, he said, be a fitting one in which to offer me my first meal among them, for his wife had been born farther west on the mainland coast than anyone else in their village, and it was even said that her ancestors had not belonged originally to their people but were immigrants from the westward. She would therefore like to ask me questions.

"It turned out, however, that his wife was not a talkative or inquisitive person, but motherly, kindly, and hospitable like all her countrywomen. Her first questions were not of the land from which I came, but of my footgear. Weren't my feet just a little damp, and might she not pull my boots off for me and dry them over the lamp? Would I not put on a pair of her husband's dry socks and was there no little hole in my mittens or coat that she could mend for me? She had boiled some seal meat for me, but she had not boiled any fat, for she thought I might prefer my blubber raw. They always cut it in small pieces and ate it raw themselves; but the pot still hung over the lamp, and anything she put into it would be cooked in a moment.

"When I told her that my tastes quite coincided with theirs—as, in fact, they did—she was delighted. People were much alike, then, after all, though they came from a great distance. She would, accordingly, treat me exactly as if I were one of their own people come to visit them from afar—and, in fact, I *was* one of their own people, for she had heard that the wicked Indians to the south spoke a language no man could understand, and I spoke with but a slight flavor of strangeness.

"WHEN we entered the house the boiled pieces of seal meat had already been taken out of the pot and lay steaming on a side table. On being assured that my tastes in food were not likely to differ from theirs, my hostess picked out for me the lower joint of a seal's fore-leg, squeezed it firmly between her hands to make sure nothing should later drip from it, and handed it to me, along with her own copper-bladed knife; the next most desirable piece was similarly squeezed and handed to her husband, and others in turn to the rest of the family. When this had been done, one extra piece was set aside in case I should want a second helping, and the rest of the boiled meat was divided into four portions, with the explanation to me that there were four families in the village who had no fresh seal meat. The little adopted daughter of the house, a girl of seven or eight, had not begun to eat with the rest of us, for it was her task to take a small wooden platter and carry the four pieces of meat to the families who had none of their own.

"I thought to myself that the pieces sent out were a good deal smaller than the portions we were eating, and that the recipients would not get quite a square meal; but I learned later that night from my two companions that four similar presents had been sent out from each of the houses where they were eating, and I know now that every house in the village in which any cooking was done had likewise sent four portions, so that the aggregate must have been a good deal more than the recipients could eat at one time.

"During our meal presents of food were also brought us from other houses; each housewife apparently knew exactly what the others had put in their pots, and whoever had anything to offer that was a little bit different would send some of it to the others, so that every minute or two a small girl messenger appeared at our door with a platter of contributions to our meal. Some of the gifts were especially designated as for me—Mother had said that however they divided the rest of what she was sending, the boiled kidney was for me; or Mother had sent this small piece of boiled seal-flipper to me, with the message that if I would take breakfast at their house tomorrow I should have a whole flipper, for one of my companions was over at their house now and had told them that I considered the flipper the best part of the seal.

"AS we ate we sat on the front edge of the bed-platform, each holding his piece of meat in the left hand and the knife in the right. This was my first experience with a knife of native copper. I found it more than sharp enough and very serviceable. The piece of copper (float) from which the blade had been hammered out had been found, they told me, on Victoria Island, to the north, in the territory of another tribe, from whom they had bought it for some good driftwood from the mainland coast. My hostess sat on my right in front of the cooking-lamp, her husband on my left. As the house was only the ordinary oval snow dome, about seven by nine feet in inside dimensions, there was only room for the three of us on the front edge of the two-foot-high snow platform, over which reindeer, bear, and ovibos skins had been spread to make the bed. The children, therefore, ate standing up on the small, open floor space to the right of the door as one enters; the lamp and cooking gear and frames for drying clothing over the lamp took up all the space to the left of the door. In the horseshoe-shaped three-foot-high doorway stood the three dogs of my host, side by side, waiting for some one to finish the picking of a bone. As each of us in turn finished a bone, we would toss it to one of the dogs, who retired with it to the alleyway.

"Our meal was of two courses: the first meat; the second, soup. The soup is made by pouring cold seal blood into the boiling broth immediately after the cooked meat has been taken out of the pot, and stirring briskly until the whole comes nearly (but never quite) to a boil. This makes a soup of a thickness comparable to our ordinary pea soup, but if the pot be allowed to come to a boil the blood will coagulate and settle to the bottom. When the pot lacks a few degrees of boiling, the lamp above which it is swung is extinguished and a few handfuls of snow are stirred into the soup to bring it to a temperature at which it can be freely drunk. By means of a small dipper the housewife then fills the large ovibos-horn drinking cups and assigns one to each person; if the number of cups is short, two or more persons may share the contents of one cup, or a cup may be refilled when one

has finished with it and passed it to another.

"After I had eaten my fill of fresh seal-meat and drunk two pint cupfuls of blood soup, my host and I moved farther back on the bed-platform where we could sit comfortably propped up against bundles of soft caribou skins while we talked of various things. He and his wife asked but few questions, and only such as could not be considered intrusive, either according to their standards as I learned them later, or according to ours. We sat and talked perhaps an hour, until a messenger came (it was always the children who carried messages) to say that my companions had gone to the house that had been built for us, and that the people hoped I would come there too, for it was a big house and many could sit in there at once and talk with us."

THE most vivid memories from my travels in many lands, civilized and savage, Arctic and tropic, are these and the others like them which I treasure from my first few days among the People of the Stone Age. But their meaning is not clear unless we realize that we are traveling in time as well as in space when we go to visit savages. These, for instance, were not merely people it had taken me three years to reach from New York. They were also people ten thousand years behind us (and, according to Shaw thirty thousand years ahead of us) in that progress in a circle which we call the development of a civilization.

If such pictures are, as most scientists believe, views from the past of our own ancestry, they show us that our progress in ten thousand years has not been so very great, or at least not so very even. We have a more complicated diet than the savages, but we do not enjoy it more, nor are we healthier on it. We have a more complicated government, but we do not obey our laws better; nor are we happier under them. We have more things, but we are not more content.

Even in that ferocity for which the word *savage* stands to most of us, we are little advanced, if at all. We have a smaller percentage of murders than do the Eskimos, but London has a smaller percentage than New York, which fails to convince the average New Yorker that London is the more civilized. Besides, what we call murders among the Eskimos are in many cases really the equivalent of what we call executions among ourselves. They have men who kill because of violent temperament but they have no systematized fraternities of gunmen. Not even the head huntings of certain tropical savages are really more ferocious than wars of conquest, such as those of the Romans, wars that are practically a sport, like those of Alexander, or wars as the French see them when waged by the Germans, or as the Germans see them when waged by the French.

I feel that the savage is the better man and that Bernard Shaw is right. But that is merely feeling so. Thinking about it, I conclude that between civilized and savage it is about six of one and half a dozen of the other. I liked it on Coronation Gulf among the savages, but I like it in New York and London, too, among the civilized. Neither is half bad.

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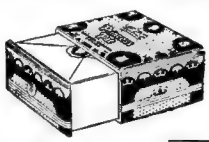
It has been every woman's dream to discover a powder that would velvet the skin, impart patrician beauty, yet—as powder—remain invisible. You have dreamed of this magic powder, longed for its cool, delightful "feel," visioned its perfection! But have you found it? Yes, if you've used Princess Pat; no, if you haven't.

The aristocrat of powder boxes. Luxurious and beautiful, with exclusive drawer feature shown in pen sketch below

How, you may say, can *one* powder be so different? Ah, but that's the story. There is no other powder in the world like Princess Pat. The fine domestic powders are not like it; the expensive imported powders are not like it.

The Exclusive Almond Base is the Chief Difference

Usual powders are made with a base of starch. Princess Pat does not criticise, but believes the more costly, the more soothing, clinging almond infinitely superior. Millions of women using Princess Pat believe this, too. For Princess Pat goes on like a caress, as softly as a rose brushed across the cheek. It has a certain "pliancy." Thus when you smile, Princess Pat remains supremely smooth over the smile lines. It is as though nature had given you a new and perfect skin. *Of course* it clings longer than any powder you may try.



Patented box—opens like drawer.

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You really select powder for *immediate* beauty, for make-up that is *perfection itself.* This perfection Princess Pat gives. But, in addition, the almond base is *good for your skin.* Think of that, when you recall that some powders parch and dry the skin. Princess Pat, on the contrary, *soothes and softens*; it benefits the most sensitive skin.

Princess Pat prevents coarse pores—and blemishes. Its almond, held in contact hours and hours with the skin, is constantly bringing *permanent beauty.* And you'll definitely notice all these advantages. Select your cherished weight, medium or light, and your favorite shade, and let Princess Pat delight you. Seven Shades: Olde Ivory, Flesh, White, Brunette, Ochre, Mauve, *Summer*tan.

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One sample free; additional samples 10c each.

HEART OF THE NORTH

(Continued from page 71)

asleep that morning, with the fish-line tied around his big toe. A thundering sound in the sky had roused him; and looking up, he had beheld a fearful thing come out of the southern horizon and roar out over the lake.

The sight of it, said John Afraid-of-his-Squaw, had nearly tumbled him from his boat. The thing was shaped like a mosquito-hawk or dragon-fly, and it beat its wings so fast that one could not see them move at all. It was huge, with the wing-spread of several eagles, and had a body bigger than a *chug-chug* canoe. It flew twice as swiftly as the sickle-billed curlew; and though it was several miles away, he had distinctly heard the thunder of its flight.

It had lit down on the water, he said, near Goose Point. And behold, a few minutes later it rose and started across the lake for the south shore. He had watched it no longer, but scurried to the bank and crawled in among some rocks; for the dreadful thing might have been hungry and questing for food.

Afraid-of-his-Squaw's story was variously received at Endurance. Some folk thought he had got hold of a bottle of twisted iron and seen visions. Others believed he had glimpsed a golden eagle larger than ordinary and his imagination had done the rest. A few thought that he really might have seen an airplane—a cartographer machine or perhaps a stray craft of the big mining companies that were combing the near North with planes on the hunt for rich deposits.

FRANK PEDNEAULT listened thoughtfully to the Indian's story, and then began drawing some conclusions of his own. To him this Indian's shiny monster was a possible key to many puzzles. After hearing the account, he stood in the barracks doorway sucking a goose-quill toothpick, and gazed long and meditatively into the northeast.

To the best of his recollections he had never seen Alan Baker throw down a job merely because it was tough. And he knew that Baker had been heart and soul determined to wipe out that first stinging defeat and save Joyce MacMillan's dad. Bill had intimated that Alan had gone after those bandits; without violating his oath of secrecy, he had dropped a few broad hints to that effect.

It had stumped Pedneault to explain why Alan had gone out to Edmonton. And Bill Hardsock going A.W.O.L., a clean drop out of sight—what was behind that? And now a mysterious airplane in this lonely country, and its careful avoidance of Fort Endurance.

Pedneault drew a conclusion: "Alan went out and got himself a flying machine to hunt them men out of the Thal-Azzah or make that Inconnu trip. He and Bill arranged to meet somewheres. He picked Bill up and now they're over there on the rousingest trick ever!"

As he stood in the barracks doorway gazing wistfully across the Mackenzie to the distant hills, he felt all deserted by his comrades. "And they left *me* out in the cold. Didn't tell me one damned thing about it. To hell with 'em both! But Lord! I wish—on a trick like that—oh, Lord, I wish—"

Not absolutely sure of his conclusion, he started out along the grassy terrace toward Mrs. Drummond's flower-garden, where Elizabeth Spaulding sat reading. He had in mind the vague outlines of a trick of his own. It was a serious matter, and he wanted to be certain of his guess before he cut loose with a scheme like that. Elizabeth no doubt knew all about Alan's plans, since she was waiting there for him to return and marry her.

ELIZABETH did know the whole story. Haskell had let her know. Not daring to go to her himself, he had employed Whipple to tell her casually that Baker had stolen valuable Government property at Edmonton, had broken several flying regulations, and was certain of arrest and imprisonment the hour he showed up in civilization. No longer a Policeman, and having no authorization of any sort, Baker might even be charged with murder if he killed any of those bandits.

The news affected Elizabeth very little. Superintendent Williamson and Colonel Steele were both good friends of Alan's, and both had power in high places. If his venture should be successful, they no doubt could get him clear. There is a lot of virtue, she reflected, in success.

When she saw Haskell and Whipple go away in the launch, heavily armed and secretive about their business, she suspected they were out to "get" Alan; and for three days she lived in a painful, throbbing uncertainty. If anything should happen to Alan, it would put her in a pretty fix! But when Haskell returned, empty-handed, muddied, mosquito-bitten, with a temper as snappish as a diamond-back turtle's, she knew his attempt had miserably failed. Alan had eluded him and gone on after those bandits. Instead of a prison term, he probably would get public praise—and that reward.

When Pedneault came across and began asking roundabout questions concerning Alan and his venture, Elizabeth told him what she knew, and told him also her opinion of Haskell for trying to stop so brave and difficult an attempt. She knew that Pedneault would repeat her words to Alan, if he got the chance; and Alan would thus hear from another person of her steadfast loyalty to him.

Very thoughtful, when he found out his guess had been correct, Pedneault walked back across the terrace to the mission hospital where Larry Younge, propped up in a chair beside a window, was reading a month-old Edmonton *Bulletin*. For twenty minutes, leaning over the sill, Pedneault conferred with Larry in low tones.

From there, he went over to Haskell's cabin, knocked, and entered.

Haskell was shaving. He turned around and snapped:

"Well, what is it?"

"Sir, a *méti* brought word of trouble down-river in an Indian camp. The Smokies, several families of 'em, have got hold of some permit, and they're quarreling, fighting—"

"Well, let them fight!" Haskell said irritably. "I can't send a patrol. I'm too short-handed here."

"But, sir, it'd only take three hours. I could handle it myself. I've straightened out messes like that. I could be there and back in the launch in three hours—with your permission."

"I said you can't go. I need the launch myself in a little while."

Pedneault cleared his throat nervously. "Sir, I know it's not my place to say a thing like this, but—just a mere suggestion, sir: Superintendent Williamson is coming here on the next down-boat, and he's always very vexed about Indians getting hold of permit and killing each other in drunken brawls. He's always pleased when we nail a camp like that, sir."

It was a consummate stroke, his reference to Williamson. Larry Younge had prompted him to that.

Haskell took thought. If he sent a man and smoothed out this Indian trouble, it would look very well in a report. It would be a positive action, an achievement. Properly written up, it would reflect credit. . . . . A drunken riotous camp, several score of Indians just on the verge of butchering each other, *his* dispatch of a patrol, a big whisky-smuggling ring completely broken up—

He said: "All right. Go down and reduce them to order. But be back here in three hours. I want that laun—"

Pedneault was already on his way up to barracks for rifle, belt-gun and keys from Whipple. Down at the wharf, he hurried tanked up on gas and put in a big drum extra. Jumping in, slipping into the wheel seat, he stuck a pipe between his teeth, jammed his hat low over his eyes, yanked the starter chain and swung out upon the broad river.

A little puzzled by these preparations and all this haste, Haskell stepped outside his cabin. As he stood there, watching Pedneault's demoniac driving, watching the scarlet-and-gold launch vanish in its own spray down the mighty Mackenzie, he heard a feeble shout up the terrace behind him; and he turned and looked at the tiny hospital.

At that moment Larry Younge, leaning forward in his padded chair, was shaking a fist out the window and emitting a weak—

"Yee-oow! Three whoops for Ped!"

IT was Haskell's intention, as soon as Pedneault came back with the launch, to take Whipple and make a trip up the Big Alooska. Baker would probably use MacMillan's trading post as a maneuvering base against the bandits. By muffling the motor over the last few miles, the launch could slip up quietly. They would not be expecting him to strike a second blow; they likely would be up at the trading store; and at best it would take them ten full minutes to tow the plane out, rev up and rise out of the narrow cramped river.

But as he sat there in his cabin, planning this blow, Haskell doubted if he was to succeed. A kind of fatalism had laid hold of him. In his feud with Baker

he had been successful in the main, but what did all his triumph mean—when he had lost Elizabeth Spaulding? His victory had been a barren one. He saw that she was going to marry Alan Baker. In these last weeks the prophetic knowledge of that marriage had been a waking nightmare.

His bitterness found outlet in avenging plans—vengeance against Alan Baker. At Williamson's coming visit, he could deal Baker some terrible blows. His own position was now stronger, far stronger than it had ever been. His enemies had played into his very hands. Baker had bought out under suspicious circumstances, had made a criminal of himself, had taken the law into his own hands and turned justice to private ends.

Bill Hardsock had stolen Police property and subverted it to his own uses, had gone A.W.O.L., had aided in a criminal enterprise, and to crown all, had deserted.

Knowing Williamson's foibles pretty well, Haskell foresaw the Superintendent's anger when he learned those blunt facts. They violated every tenet in the stern old officer's code. He would soak Hardsock to the limit. He would turn thumbs down on any leniency toward Baker. The ex-sergeant would be branded with disgrace—if he escaped the penitentiary; he would see his partner sent over the road for helping him; and if he did get those bandits, he had awaiting him the news that Trader MacMillan, whose innocence he had championed, for whose sake he had done all this and whose vindication had been his great purpose—that Dave MacMillan, broken by shame and bitterness, was lying dead, a suicide, at Resolution.

Haskell saw that his only real difficulty lay in overcoming Williamson's earlier prejudice and winning his personal liking. Planning his talk with Williamson, he jotted down notes on important matters:

"Suggest don't punish Hardsock. Will seem magnam. of me, and will only make W. the more determined.

"Say Baker good man. Praise him highly. Sorry he left. Suggest he bought out because failed commission. Remark it was only natural.

"If anything said about me being incompetent, say modestly, I'm new here. Listened to advice exper. subordinates.

"Re *men's antagonism, say Baker lax on discipline before I came. They thought me strait-laced.*

"Say Baker flew off handle. Wouldn't listen my suggestion send patrol to Inconnu.

"If fail to smash plane up the Alooska, don't divulge I tried to stop his venture. Say tried to help him."

As he went on planning his clever mixture of truth and lies, he felt confident he would win the Superintendent's approbation.

His talk with Williamson, later, justified that confidence beyond all his hopes.

Chapter Twenty-two

FOR the two men there at MacMillan's trading-post, the waiting was the worst of it—the long hour after hour of grim self-enforced delay.

Office Headache? Here's the Simple Remedy:

DON'T drag yourself through a long, hard morning in the fond hope that lunch—and coffee—will mend a throbbing head and a half-sick system! Keep a bottle of Sal Hepatica handy around your office as well as in your home.

Into a glass of cool water, pour a spoonful. (Measure with the bottle cap if more convenient.) Drink the mixture!

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"We've got to let them get out of the timber country into the open Thal-Azzah," Alan said to Buzzard, who looked to his experience and leadership in this fraught crisis. "There we can be sure of sighting their canoes. They'll have no shelter there, when we drop down on them. We're going to give them a fifteen-hour start on us."

It was his cold man-hunting wisdom that spoke; but all his being clamored to start instantly, flinging himself against those men and tearing Joyce away from them. The long evening and the hours of semi-darkness would have been unbearable if he and Buzzard had not driven themselves to certain tasks.

Up in the trading hall he fashioned a pair of grappling hooks from sled-runner iron. From the middle of the canoe-landing, he grappled up and down and as far out into the current as he could reach.

After an hour's search he found what he had thought to find.

Buzzard quit work on the plane and came to him, and stood looking down as Alan cut away the thongs holding the weight-rocks. Ordinarily Alan would have made a careful inquiry into the manner of death and have asked Buzzard to witness his inquest, so as to have court-sure proof. But he made no examination, and he did not speak save to ask his partner to fetch a square of canvas from the storage shed. . . . . It was not his intention to bring those five men to judgment before any human court.

He spent another hour at digging on a slope back of the post, and carrying heavy stones to build a cairn. Afterwards, with an ax at his belt, he climbed a near-by spruce that stood alone and conspicuous on a clayey knoll, and lopped off all its branches up to its rounded crown. . . . . It was such a lobstick as old Pence himself would have wished for.

Toward twilight he brought the machine-gun out of the fuselage cubby, set it up on the landing, examined it with great care, and then drummed away a few dozen rounds at a rock down the river, to brush up his hand and eye.

A little later he forced himself to go up to the trading store and cook a meal, for they had eaten nothing since dawn. That was an hour of torture, there in the kitchen. Joyce seemed present with him. He seemed to feel her presence in a way that shook even his stanch nerves. All afternoon a dread had haunted him. He remembered the little automatic Joyce always carried, remembered the hard bulge of it that time he lifted her down from the window. Knowing her spirited pride, her passionate nature, he had fearfully imagined her choosing a proud escape from her horror. And now that feeling of her presence almost unnerved him. In the dim flickering candlelight he seemed to see her coming out of her room or standing tiptoe at a shelf; and in the stricken silence of the post he could hear her quick light step nearing him, never quite reaching him. . . . .

WHEN he and Buzzard had forced themselves to eat supper and were putting things in order again, as though for Joyce to come back and find, they heard a far-away drone down the Big Alooska. A breeze whipped the faint sound away for several minutes. When they caught it again, the sound was clear and unmistakable. They once had heard that same low throaty drone approaching across En Traverse Lake to destroy their plane and stop their venture.

Alan rose, with an expression on his face that frightened Buzzard.

"Haskell is coming to smash us. He didn't quit with that one attempt. I don't think—even if he knew that you and I are all that stands between Joyce and a horror—I don't think he'd hesitate a second. Buzzard, you stay here. I'm going down to the landing. I don't want you to be involved in—I suppose it'll be called murder."

HE went out through the trading hall and down to the landing, and crouched there behind the machine-gun; and with his hand on the spade grip, training the weapon downriver, he waited.

To save the plane, it was his intention to open fire the moment the launch swung around the first bend below. He was visioning Joyce in one of those bandit canoes, the prisoner of that whaler mate who intended to "keep her for himself." He saw her glancing fearfully around the horizon for a sight of the airplane, and her deepening horror if that plane never came. There was no hesitancy, no compunction in his heart.

But then as he listened to that powerful launch tearing wide-open up the treacherous Alooska, he grew convinced that Whipple never would or could drive it at so demoniac a clip. Frank Pedneault was the man behind that wheel.

Uncertain, in a dilemma, he reasoned: "Haskell might have forced him to make the trip, but Ped would never throw himself into it like that, he'd never risk his life that way, unless it was something he felt like putting all his heart into."

Lifting the binoculars, he focused them on the first bend below. When the launch came tearing into sight, thundering on up toward the post, he saw at a glance that it carried but one man—a man with hat jammed low on his eyes, and with a dead pipe in his teeth.

Swinging the launch around in midstream like a toy, Pedneault gently nosed it in beside the plane. Alan stepped forward, grasped the painter and lapped it around a pier-head as Pedneault leaped out upon the planking.

"Thank the Lord, you're here, Alan. Was afraid you'd be gone—"

"Ped! What are you doing up here? You on some patrol?"

"Patrol, hell!" Pedneault panted, breathless and excited. "I caught on to your idea. Elizabeth told me about it, too. She's aching for you to win out. Larry and I talked it over. I said: 'By the Lord, I'm going, Larry! I'm going to be in on that with Alan and Bill!' So I euchered the launch away from Haskell, pitched off, and streaked for here. Brought you extra gas if you need—"

Alan was staggered.

"Good Lord, and *you've deserted too!*"

"But I couldn't miss out on a trick like this, could I? Most he can give me is a few months in the butter-tub and kick me out on my ear."

Alan winced. Here was Pedneault mixed up in his trouble. Like an eager wolf-hound whom his master has left behind, Ped had chewed his collar and come along on the hunt.

"Where's Bill and Joyce?" Pedneault asked. "And what's the matter with you, Alan? You look— What's happened?"

In half a dozen sentences Alan told him. Pedneault's face grew long; his eager excitement sobered down. He decided it was better to say nothing just now about Dave's suicide. Alan had enough preying on him.

"I'm thankful for that drum," Alan said. "And your coming to help, Ped—at the price you'll pay. But I don't see how you can help. We can't carry a third person on this trip. I'll have to have room to work the machine-gun—"

"Then I'll go in the launch."

"You can't make it. Above the Alooska Forks there's twenty miles of low water."

"I can make it now. I know what the launch can do. After all these heavy rains, draining down that left fork from the Thal-Azzah— Look there! He pointed at the water stage on a pier. "That's eighteen inches higher than when we made our first patrol after them. I can get through; and once I'm in those deep-water channels of the Thal-Azzah—"

"All right," Alan agreed. "You'll be a mighty help. If they put us out of it, you'll be in position to carry on with them. Let's go up to the post and make our arrangements. You'll be leaving ahead of us."

MEETING Buzzard in the trading hall, he introduced Pedneault and explained. They went on back to the kitchen and worked out their plans.

Pedneault was to leave at dawn in the launch. The plane would leave at ten o'clock. Passing Pedneault just inside the Thal-Azzah, the plane would fly on ahead, locate the bandits and bring them to bay. The two craft would thus not be far apart for the finale, and Pedneault would be in position to close in and help.

It looked like a good plan. With his long-range glasses, searching from six to seven thousand feet in the air, Alan knew he could sight the bandits long before they could hear the plane. They would be out in the open Many Waters, with no chance to hide, with no shelter when it came down to battle.

There was but one hitch in the plan. All three men were aware of it, but no one mentioned it. Those bandits had Joyce with them; they could and would use her for protection. How could they be swept with a machine-gun's deadly spray when she was with them?

It was something they had to leave to luck or fate.

Buzzard arranged a wing-dip signal code with Pedneault, to give him directions in the crisscross waterways.

Alan gave final instructions: "If anything happens to the plane, don't try to fight those five men by yourself, Pedneault. Swing wide of them, go on east to that big lake I just mapped for you, and join Bill there. Then the two of you fight them to a finish.

"One other thing: I don't want Buzzard or myself to be charged with murder. You're in service, Pedneault; you'll not only be on a legitimate patrol, but you have the power to deputize us as special

constables. We'd better put that down in black and white."

It seemed strange to Pedneault, who had sworn in half-breeds and Indian scouts and dog-team drivers on emergency occasions, to be swearing in his former Officer Commanding in so lowly a capacity. He wrote out the formal authorization: *"James A. Featherof: status—special constable temporary; capacity—aviator. Alan McCleod Baker: status—special constable temporary; capacity—scout and machine-gunner."*

AT the earliest hint of dawn they went down to the landing, inspected the launch and lashed Joyce's light canoe on the stern half-deck. Pedneault shook hands with them, slipped into the wheel seat, and set out alone, a solitary figure, up the Big Alooska.

Waiting, nervous and jumpy, as both had waited for zero hours in France, Alan and Buzzard stalked about the unutterably lonely trading-post. Buzzard wandered into Joyce's room and found a book and desperately tried to read. Alan dared not go in there.

At nine o'clock, drawn down to the landing, they went over the plane for the third time; Alan mounted the machine-gun in the cockpit; and when their zero hour came, he towed the craft out into midstream, held it there while Buzzard warmed the spluttering motor; and then, sending the canoe spinning with a kick, he sprang up into his seat.

Buzzard lifted the plane out of the river, climbed to five thousand feet, and headed into the northeast.

Thirty miles above the Alooska Forks, they caught up with Pedneault, and saw the launch, far away beneath them, driving steadily up the left branch.

When he saw that all was going well with Pedneault, Alan turned his glasses ahead again, sweeping the dozen waterways within vision. Unexpectedly a dark flitting blur seemed to pass across the lenses. Turning the binoculars back to it, catching it in clear focus, he picked up two tiny slender black objects creeping up a broad blue channel ten miles on into the Thal-Azzah.

Signaling Pedneault that they had sighted the canoes, they slowed down to stalling speed. Alan studied the waterways spread beneath them, and mapped a route for the launch to take. The bandits were in the first channel to the north. Halfway between the launch and the canoes, a creek led north from the Alooska branch to the broad blue channel. The motorboat could cross there, and have a straight shoot down upon the canoes.

When they signaled directions to Pedneault, and repeated them, and he answered back that he understood, they saw him open out the launch till a long narrow V-wake of white froth stretched behind it. Then, winging on ahead, they closed in for the battle.

As they drew near and Buzzard dropped to a couple of thousand feet, Alan began to make out figures in the two craft. His heart leaped as he counted six persons. Nearer still, he distinguished a slender girlish figure in the prow of the lead canoe. They must have found that gun on Joyce, or else she had clung to her faith that he would save her.

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The plane closed up, less than a thousand feet high. The two canoes just then were crossing a good-sized lake dotted with boggy islets and reed beds and fringed with tall dense flags. As the machine roared overhead, Alan looked down and saw those men, faces upturned, staring at the plane. As though realizing that the machine was their enemy, that their enemy had at last run them to earth, they were making ominous warning gestures with their rifles.

Half-rising, Alan glanced back westward to find how near Pedneault was. A puzzled expression crept over his face as he failed to glimpse the launch in either the Alooska branch or the broad blue channel. With a premonition of disaster clutching him, he whipped up the glasses and focused on the connecting creek, and caught the launch in clear vision.

The thing he saw brought a cry into his throat.

Chapter Twenty-three

THE launch was not moving; it lay on its side, half out of water, hopelessly stranded. Either from reckless piloting or from an accident no man could have averted, Pedneault had struck a mud bar hidden under the treacherous muskeg water; and now the launch, lodged solidly in the muck by the momentum of its headlong dash, was out of the battle for good and all. Pedneault could not even go on and help Bill.

Alan tore his gaze away from that disaster. It was all up to him and Buzzard now. Pedneault was out; the launch was out; Bill was a hundred miles away.

Alan tilted the Browning muzzle downward and steadied himself to run a burst at the rear canoe. But that craft darted up alongside the leading boat and hovered there, protected against his machine gun by their nearness to Joyce. With sullen faces upturned, the bandits watched the maneuvering plane, waiting for Alan's next move, defying him to touch them.

Buzzard had banked in a neat hairpin turn, had dropped down to six hundred feet and was flying back past, a hundred yards off the vertical, so that Alan could fire down at them diagonally and double his concentration by ricocheting bullets off the water. It was a superb position. Alan could have killed those five bandits and sunk their canoes in half a minute. But he dared not fire a shot.

It was in that space of hopeless deadlock that Joyce came through. He had known she would understand his situation. He had expected her to put up some spirited fight to help him and Buzzard. But her bold swift move and the smashing success of it was more than he had dared pray for.

He saw her make him some slight sign, a mere gesture which the bandits, leering up at him, did not see. He read the meaning of that gesture: Joyce was preparing for some sudden action; she was signaling him to be ready. . . . .

Without a whisper of warning, so swiftly and neatly that the bandits looked around in dazed bewilderment, she half-rose in the canoe, dived headlong over the gunwale, and disappeared.

It came so suddenly that for seconds Alan himself hardly comprehended what she had done. When he did realize that she had given him his splendid chance, his finger tightened on the trigger, and the Browning leaped into play.

For twenty seconds, till there was danger of Joyce reappearing, he flailed and swept the two canoes with a rain of bullets. He was shooting wide; the plane had passed a little out of good range; his concentration was yards away from them; the throbbing, swaying cockpit was all different from the concrete pill-boxes he had been accustomed to. But he hit the canoes with half a dozen ricocheting bullets; he scorched one man, who jumped and yelled; the deadly hail drove them pell-mell, in terror of their lives, into shelter of the nearest flags.

FIFTY feet from where she had dived, Joyce reappeared a moment, cast a frightened glance back, tossed the dishevelled hair from her eyes, swam a stroke or two, and flipped under again like a young otter, making for a soggy reed bed on the other side of the lake.

"Low! Fly low!" Alan shouted into Buzzard's ears. "Sweep low over 'em! They'll try to get her again if we don't force the fight now!"

With rifles snarling at them from the flags below, with white puffs of smoke drifting away on the breeze, the plane banked and dived; and less than four hundred feet high, it soared over the bandits—its third time, its last and fatal time. . . . .

Nearly flung out bodily by the quick wrenching maneuvers, Alan braced himself and hung grimly to the Browning, and ran a burst at the flags that the bandits were firing from. He killed a man; he saw the criminal fling up his arms and stagger and fall face downward in the reeds and water.

With another burst, enfilading those flags from a side angle, he would have wiped out the other four. But that chance was not given him.

The thunder of the engine suddenly slackened; the motor spluttered and died; in place of the throbbing roar Alan heard only the swish of struts and hum of wires. In the sudden quiet he heard Buzzard's cry of consternation and saw his flight partner turn a white face toward him; and he knew the engine had been put out of commission by those snarling rifles in the flags below.

The next instant, with those rifles blazing away, a tremor seemed to hit the plane, as though other bullets had struck it. It lurched violently; its nose and right wing dropped, and it started a steep sideslip. With a gesture of sickened despair at this second mortal blow, Buzzard cut off ignition and battled with stick and rudder bar to keep the plane from plummeting nose-first into the bog.

In a measure he succeeded. He worked the disabled craft into a steep lurching glide, and fought it down and down; but it twisted and spun fearfully, and came down like a great wing-broken bird.

Two-thirds of a mile from the bandits, it fell heavily into the water on one wing and pontoon, rocked a moment uncertainly, righted itself and floated—but disabled, useless, out of the battle.

BEFORE the shower of spray from the plane's heavy fall had fairly settled, Alan was on his feet, stripping off helmet and jacket, looking back at the flags where the bandits lay hidden and the reedy bog where Joyce had found a temporary refuge.

For a moment, numbed by this sudden crash of all his plans, he stared hopelessly across that watery thousand yards. The launch was stranded miles away; Pedneault and Bill were both out of the reckoning; the plane was down; the bandits were free to recapture Joyce and escape in their canoes. In the space of five minutes his whole venture had come to nothing.

But after the first shock had passed, Alan shook himself doggedly, and his indomitable courage rose again. A fighting anger at his luck swept through him and brushed away that feeling of terrible helplessness. Thinking in quick flashes, he fought to see how he might salvage something out of all this wreckage.

From the bandits' covert to the bog where Joyce was hiding was a scant two hundred yards. Alan realized that whatever move he tried, he must act swiftly. In a very few minutes, when those men recovered their wits, they were going to seize their advantage; they were going to slip across, beat through the flags and find her again. She would never flit out of their hands a second time.

Whirling on Buzzard, he demanded sharply:

"What happened to the plane? They shot us down, but the damage—"

"Can't say. Have to look. But a couple controls are dead. Bullets must've cut the leads—"

"You can't taxi back there? Can't get me close enough to use the Browning?"

"Can't taxi a foot. Motor's out too. They hit something; that's why the engine konked on us. There's a bullet-hole through the right louvre. Think the wire to the timer box is cut—"

"How long—us to fix it?"

"That'd be quick. But the control leads—different matter. Take us an hour."

Even as Buzzard spoke, Alan saw the bandits rise up yonder in the flags and start shoving their canoes into the water. They were going to dart across and recapture Joyce.

At the sight of that, Alan's last hesitancy was swept away. At any cost he had to keep them from taking Joyce again. Snapping around to the fuselage cubby, he jerked out the frail canvas canoe and unfolded it. Buzzard had been thrusting pliers, wrench and tape into his pockets, but now he stopped and stared wide-eyed at his partner.

"Good Lord! You don't intend—"

"What else? Stand here and watch them hunt her down?"

"But man, you can't go up against them in that soap-bubble! Don't be crazy. You can't use the Browning in that boat. No stance for it—"

"I know it. Wont try. Going to make a dash for that reed clump over there near them."

"Across that open water? Right into their rifles? Them shooting into you from cover? Alan, don't! For God's sake, don't try that!"

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Alan jammed the last thwart-prop into its notch, lifted the canoe one-handed down upon the water, flung in the paddle and jumped down upon a float.

"Hand me the Browning and the cartridge webs. Come alive! Don't you see they're starting across to get Joyce? Why shouldn't I go after them on open water? Larry Younge did, once. Hand those things down—"

"But wait! Let's try to figure—"

"Figure what? You're down. The launch is stuck. In ten minutes they'll have Joyce, and then we can't lift a hand against them." He laid the heavy gun and cartridge-belts into the boat and stepped in.

"All right, then," Buzzard gave in. "But if *you're* going—" He seized the second paddle, caught up the light rifle Joyce had lent him, and flung a leg over the cockpit edge. "I'm in on that, son."

Alan fended him back with an arm. "Stay here! That's what I mean! You can't help—out there. If you'd go, if they'd sink the boat, we'd both be out. Get busy on this plane. Fix it. You've got her rifle to fight 'em away from you. If they put me out of business, you can whip down and get Pedneault and fly over to join Bill. You three can carry it on with them."

He pushed off Buzzard's restraining hand, skirled away from the plane and headed west toward that acre of thick flags where the bandits had been driven to cover.

Pliers in hand but his work forgotten, Buzzard climbed upon a wing to watch the outcome of that fearfully uneven battle.

ALAN'S goal was a little patch of reeds three hundred and fifty yards from the bandits. It was a miserable place to fight from, when those four rifles yonder would be snarling at him from perfect hiding. The patch was merely a few yards square. The reeds, only a couple feet high, were so sparse that one could see through the clump; and the approach of it across that open water was like a gantlet of death.

But it was all the cover Alan saw, and it was better at least than nothing. The reeds meant that the water there was shallow enough for him to plant the Browning. By paddling up fast, with the canoe bow-on, he believed he might run the gantlet. Once there, once the Browning leaped into play, he could smother those rifles in a few seconds.

The bandits had been shoving their heavy-laden canoes back through the flags to the open water of the pond that lay between them and Joyce. When they saw him skirling away from the plane, they stopped. After watching him for a few moments until his intention became unmistakable, they held a quick conference. And then, as though realizing how deadly that open-water stretch was, how impossible for him to cross in the face of four rifles, they pulled the canoes back and secreted themselves in the flags and coolly waited for him.

When he was still two hundred yards from the reed patch and nearly six hundred from the bandits, they opened on him. A rifle boomed dully like a caribou gun, and its heavy bullet ricocheted off the water a dozen feet to his left. Another barked at him. A third kicked up spume a little nearer. Then the fourth, a sharp-cracking high-power, spoke out. Better aimed, in the hands of a deadly marksman, it sent a bullet so close past Alan's head that involuntarily he winced and bent lower.

As he drove the clumsy canoe straight on with powerful strokes, the thought flashed across Alan's mind that the Dog-rib 'breed, this André whom Chink Woolley mentioned, was handling that sharp-speaking high-power yonder. The 'breed had carried such a weapon on the *Midnight Sun,* and it had been he who drilled Jimmy Montgomery through the heart.

With that first bullet clipping so close past him, Alan realized that the *méti* knew his gun and the range, and was a murderous shot. A little fearfully he speculated, "Missing by inches at six hundred yards, what will that glint-eyed 'breed do at three hundred and fifty?" A warning whispered: "You'll never make it; that 'breed'll drill you. One of those sharp-points will come singing your way and *splaat* into you."

Against his better judgment he drove straight ahead.

The fire on him quickened as he cut down the range for them. Bullets from the three heavier guns slugged into the water on both sides, or whanged past and struck beyond. Those three bandits were shooting too rapidly; they were relying not so much on aim as on a lucky bullet killing him. But the high-power *cr-aa-cked* deliberately, slowly, with a certain deadly assurance; and Alan flinched at its sharp report ringing across the water.

Its second bullet splintered a hole through the blade of his paddle uplifted for a stroke. Its third, still closer, struck the water between paddle and canoe, ricocheted off, spun endwise and tore through the fat side of the canvas craft, missing the middle thwart by an inch. The fourth, elevated a little, sang past in air, harmlessly, but with a murderously close *wh-aa-ng* that jerked a gasp from Alan's lips.

The fifth bullet hit Alan.

HIS left hand, gripping the paddle-end, was upraised for a stroke when the gun cracked. Before the report reached his ears, he felt a sharp blow on his left hand, and his grip was torn loose from the paddle. A fraction of a second later he heard the tremendously swift crescendo of the bullet which had come singing out across the water and which already had hit him.

His left hand felt numb and paralyzed. Glancing down at it, he saw the blood start spurting—falling in crimson splotches upon the white canvas. And then he saw that his ring finger, almost severed, hung by a mere shred of skin.

That one glance told him his finger was beyond any surgery to restore. The dangling thing hampered his grip on the paddle. As though its loss was of no consequence in those moments of life or death, he took firm hold of it and pulled it off. The pain came then, in darting throbs that shot up to his elbow and made him shiver.

As he gripped the paddle and turned his eyes ahead again toward the thin patch of reeds, he was hit a second time, by the sixth and last bullet in the 'breed's magazine. For a second he was dazed—so dazed he could not realize where he had been struck. Then he felt a pain like a hot iron pressed along his forehead. Something warm and crimson began trickling down into his eyes and half-blinded him.

The high-power did not shoot again just then. The 'breed was evidently reloading and lowering his elevation sight. In the comparative silence, Alan became aware that Buzzard was shouting at him. Dimly he heard the pleading frantic yells:

"Back away! For God's sake, back away! They'll kill you. Look across. To your right, Alan! Something like cover. Back away, swing over there!"

Sickened by pain and bullet-shock, Alan scooped up a handful of water and dashed it across his eyes so that he could see. Glancing north, vaguely wondering what cover Buzzard meant, he saw a little reed bed two hundred yards away. It was a tiny thing, hardly bigger than the floor of a room. He had seen it from the plane; but it had been half-screened by a fringe of flags and had seemed no better a goal than the thin patch of reeds.

As he glanced at it now, he saw that it was dry ground, standing a foot above the water. A swan's nest there, a huge structure of willow sticks and reeds and tussock heads, almost covered it.

Backing off a few dozen yards, he swerved the canoe and flung his whole strength into reaching that swan's nest.

HIS boat offered a broadside target now —a target so big that even the three heavy rifles quickly found it. His wounds were draining his strength away, though he did not feel or realize it; and a nausea was creeping over him. His breath was coming in great sobbing gasps; the trickle of red was blinding him; repeatedly he swiped a shirt-sleeve across his eyes to see where he was heading.

The three bandits, knowing he was hard hit, seeing the wobbly erratic course of the canoe, came bursting out of the flags with eager shouts to finish him off; and yelling like wolves ganging for a kill, they ran out into ankle-deep water, fifty yards nearer, and opened on him.

A bullet, striking a few feet short, ricocheted off the water and tore through the prow. Providentially it was inches above the wind-water line, or it would have sunk the canoe. Another, aimed higher, drilled through both sides of the craft, just in front of Alan's knees. A third, striking the wind-water line, tore a jagged big hole through the canvas, struck the barrel of the Browning, shattered part of the ventilator and flounced out under the opposite gunwale.

Alan laid the Browning down flat on the bottom to keep the precious weapon safe; and thrusting his boot against the jagged hole, he tried to stop the spout of water that was flooding his craft.

In a hazy way he was conscious that the dreaded high-power was not shooting at him. He was still clear enough of mind to realize there must be some reason, some ominous reason, for that fact. What

was staying the murderous gun—when he had but a hundred yards to the safety of the swan's nest? Pausing a second, jerking his head around, he saw the cause. The 'breed had leaped out of covert, like the others, but had raced up along the flags-edge and splashed out into knee-deep water. In deadly range now, he intended to end the battle with one magazine of cartridges.

A moment after Alan turned to look, the 'breed crouched, steadied his rifle and drew aim. Alan ducked down; the bullet screamed over his neck. It had been aimed at his head. By the fraction of a second he had saved his life. The next bullet struck him, burned through his shirt-sleeve, tore a gaping fearful wound through the muscles of his forearm and passed in front of his body, three inches from his heart.

Knowing that the next bullet would surely kill him, Alan flung himself bodily out of the canoe to escape that murderous rifle. Submerging himself, with the craft between him and the 'breed, he clutched the gunwale with his shattered and bleeding hand. Pushing the clumsy craft, he started to swim, making a last goaded effort to reach the safety of the tiny islet. . . . .

The canoe was rapidly filling. He felt the smack and tremor of bullets slugging into it. Water-logged, a dead weight, it could barely be shoved with his one-handed swimming. His heavy sodden clothes seemed to be dragging him down; his strength was swiftly ebbing; the three wounds and their copious bleeding were getting in their work on him.

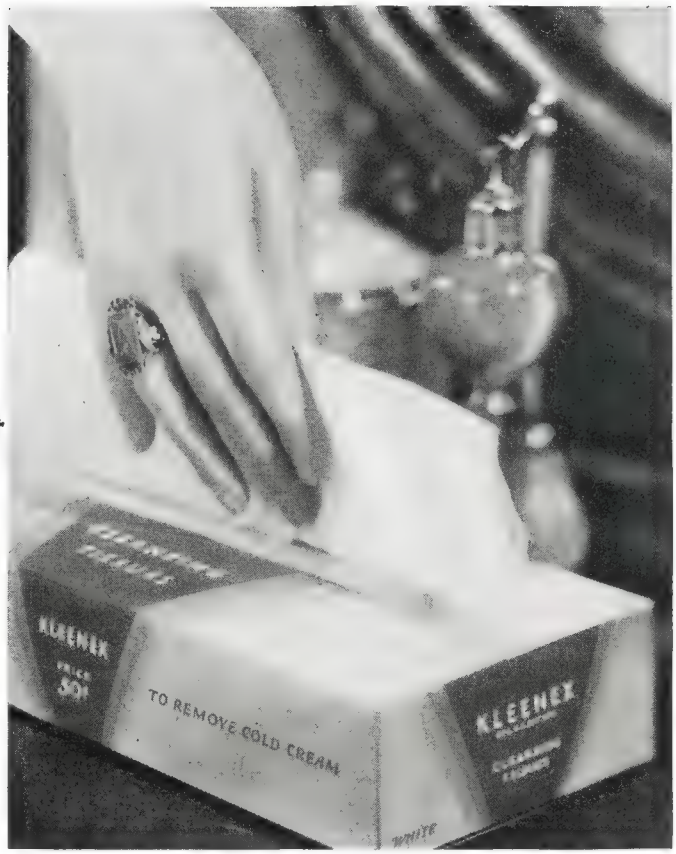
Fifty yards from the swan's nest his feet touched bottom. A dozen yards farther on, in hip-deep water, a spinning slug struck the middle thwart of the canoe squarely and the frail craft caved in. Grabbing the heavy gun and cartridge webs out of it, Alan flashed a glance at the bandits, rose and dashed for his cover.

Staggering under his heavy burden, with his feet sinking into the quivering muck underfoot, he splashed frantically through the water, throwing all his exhausted strength of body, all his undying strength of heart and will, into those two-score yards. The warm trickle into his eyes blinded him; his little haven of safety became dim—a looming red blur seen through a reddish mist. He was struck in the leg. The shock staggered him, and he dropped a web of cartridges. But he gripped the others tighter and lurched on.

Nearly blinded, breathing in hoarse gasps, his great strength ebbing away, he groped and stumbled through those last few yards and reached the tiny islet, and collapsed there behind the big swan's nest.

FOR a little time, a minute or two, he lay quiet, breathing heavily, fighting down a nausea of pain. Dimly he heard those rifles still snarling at him; heard the singsong of their bullets whanging overhead and their *plup* into the mud and dry reeds.

In a vague way he realized that the triumph was his now if his hands had strength to seize it. If only he could rise up, he could stance the Browning behind this nest and splatter every square inch



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of the bandits' covert. The gun would be planted on solid earth, not on quivering bog with tripod under water, where muck and broken flags would likely cause a fatal jam. And he would not be shooting at dead-level range, but would have a couple or three feet drop across the water. With the bandits hugging the ground, that elevation would be of tremendous help.

As he lay there, nearly helpless, fighting for one last flicker of strength to rise and use the machine-gun, he heard Buzzard shouting at him across those seven hundred yards. He could not distinguish the frantic words; he thought Buzzard must be trying to hearten him to one more effort. But then he heard Joyce's voice, crying to him. Closer, vibrant with terror, the warning came to him clearly:

"Alan! Alan! He's coming for you! Alan! Stop him. Shoot him!"

The panic and terror of her voice roused Alan. He understood that some peril was looming upon him from those bandits. With a great effort he rose to an elbow, drunk with pain, giddy from loss of blood. A few seconds later, he crept on elbows and knees to the water edge and laved his face and managed to tie a kerchief around his forehead wound.

The bandage stopped the blood from running down and blinding him. The cold shock of water drove the nausea away for a little time. Again he heard Joyce crying out to him, but now it was a cry inarticulate, despair-stricken.

HE crept back to the swan's nest and cautiously raised his head; and he saw the peril that his two friends had tried to rouse him to meet. The huge red-bearded leader had seen him collapse helplessly, and was coming across to put a bullet through his brain and seize the machine-gun. Wading out to chin-deep water, the man had swum across the deepest part, had struck shoal; and now, fifty yards away, was splashing in to the tiny islet, a belt-gun in his hand.

Sinking back unseen, Alan drew his heavy automatic, slipped the trigger safety, and waited. As he heard that splashing in the knee-deep shallows, he tensed himself. A few moments later, when his enemy had come within a dozen paces, he suddenly reared up, up above the swan's nest, shooting as he rose.

The seven heavy bullets caught the bandit leader in the breast, knocked him over, killed him instantly; and he fell half-sprawled upon the farther edge of the swan's nest.

Crouching down again behind that pile of willow sticks and reeds, Alan turned to the Browning. There was a certain grim deliberateness in his manner. He was thinking not so much of the racking gantlet of death that he himself had just gone through, as of that moment on the *Midnight Sun* when he had bent over the still form of his murdered friend Jimmy Montgomery.

Methodically, he spread the tripod and planted it firmly and clicked the Browning into its mount. Very carefully he fed in a web of cartridges till it was caught. Rising to one knee then, clasping the spade-grip, he cautiously raised his eyes above his shelter.

The 'breed with the deadly high-power, who had sent three bullets into his body and had drilled Jimmy Montgomery through the heart, was trying to make it back to the flags. Shouting hoarsely, he kept jerking his head around to see what his enemy was doing. Alan swerved the Browning a few degrees, looked down the sights, and his trigger finger tightened. . . . . The 'breed stumbled as that hail of death caught him, stumbled and flung up his arms and pitched forward in the ankle-deep water.

Releasing for a moment, Alan trained the Browning upon that clump of flags where two rifles were still screaming at him; and when he had determined his concentration, the Browning went into play again. Methodically, the gun drumming out its message of death, he swept the clump from end to end, spraying it with bullets, mowing the flags down, splattering the bandits' hiding with a raking slow-weaving fire.

There in the flags a figure leaped up and blindly tried to escape. Alan swung upon it; the figure vanished; there was a thrashing for a moment among the reeds. To the right a single rifle still held out, shooting at him. He located the spot and poured a storm of bullets into it. . . . . With a shrill yell a small wiry man sprang up, flung his rifle spasmodically into the air, doubled up limply and sank down in the flags and muck.

Alan stood up then. He thought to swim across and get one of those canoes and go after Joyce. But he had not the strength. The nausea was overpowering him again; his wounds had bled him weak, and the pain of them sickened him. A fearful reaction was setting in. Staggering, he sat down on the swan's nest, with the world swimming in front of him and all his senses reeling.

A silence had fallen over the marsh and reedy bogs and sun-glistening waters. A thousand yards distant, a colony of little tern settled slowly back upon their rookery tussocks. Far-away in the northwest a red-throated loon, like a voice of the wild watery Thal-Azzah, gibbered crazily—a raucous insane laughter beating upon the stillness of death.

Chapter Twenty-four

AN hour after Superintendent Williamson arrived at Fort Endurance, Haskell had finished taking him on an inspection tour of the post.

A little distance from the barracks they were standing together on the slope, talking. A respectful three paces behind them Corporal Whipple waited, notepaper in hand, ready to scrape and salute if they glanced his way or asked for any figures. Half a dozen Indian men, loafing around the post, kept staring in awe at the two *tyee Shagalasha*. The purple shadows of evening were lengthening out over the mighty Mackenzie, but across the river the late sun still stood warm and mellow on Alan Baker's wilderness of pine hills.

Haskell was elated; he was secretly exultant, at his success so far in "working" his superior officer. Williamson was openly pleased with the inspection. Barracks, cabins, dog-teams, canoes, guns—

everything was in capital shape. Usually so sparing of praise, the old officer had said warmly:

"Haskell, you've got the most regimental post along the whole Three Rivers. The post is a compliment to you and a credit to the Force."

Bent on making a good outward showing, it did not matter at all to Haskell that a band of Indians, two hundred miles west in the sub-Arctic Rockies, were dying of smallpox, and that his men, instead of whitewashing stones along the barrack walks, should have been sent out there to fight that devastating scourge and keep it from spreading to the *Yukoniho-Tannah*. It did not matter that the Pelican Channel and Wolf River breeds were quarreling over trapping grounds, that one man had been murdered, that an ugly feud was brewing and ought to be sharply halted. What did matter to Haskell, he was making a fine showing and pulling the wool over Williamson's eyes and strengthening his defenses against Alan Baker.

THIS auspicious beginning was all well enough, he felt, but his trouble with Baker was the all-crucial thing. It was going to make or break him. The whole outcome depended on Williamson, depended on whether the division commander would believe his story or Baker's. As yet he did not know what Williamson thought. The Superintendent had heard a few of the bare facts on his way down the Mackenzie, but he had left headquarters before Baker's buying-out papers had reached there for his signature. He had taken no stock in pick-up rumors, and had dropped no hint of his opinions.

Haskell decided that the old officer had been favorably prepared for the story now; and he led into it, gradually, shrewdly. Starting with the *Midnight Sun* robbery, he gave a detailed account of this last month, down to the afternoon when Pedneault stole the launch and joined Baker's venture.

"What hurts me the worst, sir," he added, with a consummate show of real sorrow, "is the refusal of these men to coöperate with me or let me help them. Maybe I'm at fault; I don't know. But just by way of example, sir—if Corporal Hardsock had told me about needing gas and oil, he could have had every drop at the post. But he wouldn't tell me; he st—I mean, he took it. An Indian brought me word about him waiting at En Traverse Lake for Baker. I figured Baker might need extra supplies or help, so with Whipple I went down there right away. We tried desperately to get in connection with Baker. Even shot signals for him to wait. But he scorned our offer."

"Hmph! That seems a bit small of him—to throw you down when you wanted to help him on his private venture."

"When I got back here," Haskell went on, "I planned to go up the Alooska and take supplies to him. I wanted to put everything I had at his disposal; he's the best man-hunter in the country, and I felt he would get those criminals if anybody could. I didn't give a damn—if you'll pardon me, sir—about him being so hostile to me personally. All I cared about was to help him run down those bandits. If they escape, it will be a blot on the splendid record here at Endurance. But as I explained, Pedneault told me a lie about some trouble at an Indian camp, and ran off with the launch."

AS he watched his superior's reactions, Haskell smiled to himself. His generous praise of an enemy was having its calculated effect. He was doubly damning Baker by praising him.

For moments afterwards Williamson made no comment. Surprised and alarmed at discovering so bad a situation here at an important post, the old officer gazed silently down upon the purpling river.

His gray eyes, which through forty years of self-sacrificing service had looked upon human weakness and hardships and heroisms, were filled with a profound sorrow. What cut him to the quick was this blow at his faith in Alan Baker. He had always liked Alan, trusting him as he trusted few men, and had fought for his promotion. Not two months ago he had made a heavy sacrifice of personnel and appropriation in his division in trade for a promise that Baker would be the next man commissioned in the Mounted. He had done all this because he believed that Alan was made of that Roman stuff to produce a splendid officer and leader of Northern men.

Now, according to Inspector Haskell's account, Baker had quit because his commission last fall had not come. At the beck of a higher salary he had tossed aside loyalty and his invaluable work here in the North. He had made a miserable failure of a patrol, had embued the other men with insubordination, and then bought out.

The story sounded so incredible of Alan Baker that Williamson at first did not believe it. In his wise way he asked himself whether there might not be a human factor in this trouble. Might Haskell be personally hostile to Baker and so have given a false version of the affair? But that *couldn't* be so; it was a flagrant injustice to the Inspector. Haskell had gone out of his way, had humbled himself and his office, to try to help Baker. And just now in his account he had had nothing but praise for the Sergeant: "Baker was worth any three men, sir—dependable, steady, hard-working. He talks all the Indian languages; he knows conditions here to the last jot; he's a thorough Northern man."

Stern and impartial, Williamson could not help feeling that Haskell, though a newcomer and not fully experienced yet, had been fair, and more than fair, in this trouble with Baker and these other men. Baker had certainly had a fearful moral lapse from the man he used to be.

Presently, in slow decisive tones, Williamson said:

"You did the right thing to demote Baker after that patrol. It was foolhardy of him to split his detail. Constable Younge over there will pay the price of that mistake for the rest of his life. And about these other men—I think the rough sledding you've had with them is easy to understand. Baker was in charge before you came; he was rather lax on discipline so long as the work got done. One of the

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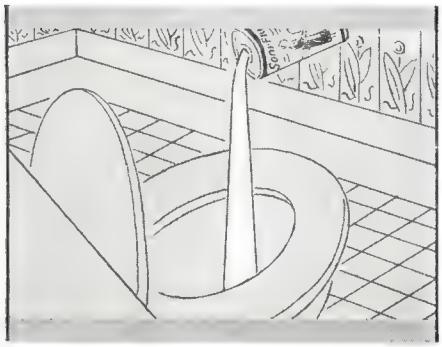

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things urged against him when he was up for commission was the fact that he was too familiar with his subordinates. When you came and insisted on stricter discipline, I presume they resented it. They were entirely wrong. I'm backing you to the limit against them and against Baker too if he tries to stir up any further trouble."

Haskell drew a deep breath. His story had gone across handsomely. In half an hour of skillful talk he had accomplished more than Baker had done in a month of labor and heavy expenses and danger. He had shot the white-water rapids in his frail craft and was floating serenely in the quiet pool below.

(The climax of this impressive drama of the wilderness will appear in the next, the April, issue.)

BROKEN DATE

(Continued from page 62)

down the shade, and in a few minutes the light went out—and there I was, with the cheerful duty on my hands of having to go tell Lacy she was a woman spurned.

She was sitting there in the middle of that little stretch of sheltered beach, with her knees hunched up and her arms clasped tightly around them, and her pale, shining face tilted up to the moon. She was as motionless as a statue, but it was a sort of suspended motion—you knew she was ready to quiver into life at the lightest touch.

"Lacy—" I began.

She jumped up and whirled toward me. "What's the matter?" she said. Evidently she could tell from my voice that things weren't what they should be.

"He's— They're through," I said, the words scratching my throat like sandpaper. "He's—he's gone to bed."

"Gone to bed?" she said dazedly, and then, in a whisper: "Oh, *Phyl!*"

I didn't even look at her.

"Well," she said after a while, in a voice that stretched itself out pretty thin, but didn't break, "we'd better go too. . . . . It's wonderful to belong to this free untrammeled younger generation, isn't it? Simply wonderful!"

"I can't figure it out," I said helplessly. "We both know he's crazy about you."

"Which is quite a different thing from considering me eligible material for a wife—particularly just when he's getting an important new job. That's what we lost sight of. He'd like to play around with me, I suppose—but he's been showing all summer what a little fool he thinks I am."

WHEN we got up to the cottage she put her hands up to her burning cheeks, and gave a rather awful little laugh, and said: "Well—so this is what it feels like to be jilted. . . . . More darned fun! More people killed!"

Nobody was killed, but the next morning both she and Johnny B. looked as if they ought to be, to be put out of their misery. Johnny B. wired for his Aunt Mary to come back and take care of the Lodge for the few days that were left of the season, and told us all that he was leaving Monday, as Mr. Takamato wanted to take him back to Japan with him on the same boat.

It did seem to me Johnny B. might have done something to break the blow—might have lied, and said he thought Lacy ought to finish school, or something of the sort. But he simply said nothing, and there was nothing to believe except that when he found he could have her he didn't want her. All indications, I had to admit, were that there might be something to this maidenly modesty stuff, after all.

He came out to the kitchen Monday noon, just before he left, and shook hands with all the girls. Lacy wasn't there, and I thought he looked relieved. But just as he finished with the rest of us and started out to the car, she came up on the porch on her way into the kitchen.

She was trapped—there was no running away.

He stopped, and shook hands, and said "Good-by, Lacy. It's been a wonderful summer—that's something, isn't it? Tell Bill good-by for me, will you? Good luck to you both."

He started on out to the car, then turned and caught her just as she opened the screen door. "Oh, by the way," he said with a ghastly attempt at the airy manner it had taken him all summer to acquire, "I never delivered that sample I promised you, did I?"

He tilted up her chin, and delivered the sample. I don't claim to be a connoisseur, but I've been kissed once or twice in my time, and it was never like that. He finally wrenched his lips away from hers, jumped into the car, and drove away without looking back once.

Lacy turned, and ran stumblingly down the path to our cottage. I found her lying across the bed, crying, catching her breath in long, silent, shaking sobs. "He's a devil!" she gasped furiously into her pillow. "He did that to—h-humiliate me! That's what comes of being—m-modern and free!"

You can imagine how bright and chipper I felt, listening to all of that—especially the wail about being modern and free.

"Heaven help me," I swore solemnly to myself, "if I ever give anybody another syllable of advice, I hope I get lockjaw!" But who, I ask you, could possibly have suspected Johnny B. of being the kiss-'em-and-leave-'em kind?

NEXT day Lacy put on plenty of make-up and gayety, and seemed to be trying hard to snap out of it. I was proud of her, and relieved to see that at least she wasn't going to let it send her into a decline. Then I discovered that the red spots in her cheeks were real instead of artificial, and noticed that her gayety was too hectic and spasmodic. In the midst of a conversation, or when people in the dining-room were giving her their orders, her eyes were apt to turn blank, and stare off into space with such painful absorption that you realized she wasn't hearing a word.

Johnny B.'s Aunt Mary would arrive the next morning, and I knew she'd throw up her plump hands in horror when she found out we were waiting on tables, and put a stop to it. Unlimited leisure certainly wouldn't be any help to Lacy in her

present state of mind, and yet there wasn't any real reason for our going on, except that it seemed foolish not to finish out the summer. The crowds were thinning out considerably.

At dinner Tuesday night Lacy didn't have anyone at all at her tables, and only one of mine was filled. I went scouting for her when I got through, quite early, and found her just where I expected to—on the stretch of beach where she had signed away her pride. She was sitting, too, just as I had found her that night, with her knees hunched up and her arms clasped around them, watching the sunset this time instead of the moon. I sat down and watched it with her.

"I telephoned Bill," she said after a while. "I've decided to go up to the Stallings' for the rest of the house-party. Bill's coming after me in the morning."

I thought that over. The look of desperation that hung about her wasn't so good.

"Well," I said doubtfully, "that sounds on the surface like a good idea. But you aren't contemplating anything rash, are you?"

"Depends on what you call rash," she said without moving.

"Matrimony," said I. "Bill's sort of a sweet sap—too nice to be handed a rotten deal."

"A rotten deal isn't a rotten deal, is it,"—she thought it out slowly,—"if the person who gets it can be made to think it's a good one?"

"Bill's not that dumb," I warned her.

She flushed. "Don't you think I'm a good enough sport to see it through?"

"Darling," said I, "I'm nothing but a young virgin, and at times like this an awful doubt assails me that maybe I've never even been in love. But even I know that no matter how good a sport you are, you can't feed a husband a lemon and make him think he's eating a pomegranate!"

I WAS so proud of that one I was about to say it over again, when I realized she wasn't listening to me. Her eyes were straining out over the lake. Up where the sunset faded into the rest of the sky there was a queer sort of speck, that grew while you watched it, and came on and on, straight toward us. I darted a look at Lacy—the red spots had gone out of her cheeks, and the knuckles of her clasped hands showed white through the skin—and then sat and held my breath while the plane came on to the opposite shore of the lake. It swooped down in a long, swift glide, landed on the water with a shower of spray, skimmed across the lake and roared up on our beach on the other side of the boathouse.

Johnny B. climbed out and started over to us on a run. "Hurry, Lacy!" he called. "You're on your way to Japan! I'll explain later. We have to start back in ten minutes!"

Lacy was standing by that time, white-faced and rigid. "You're mistaken. I'm not going anywhere."

"Darling, there's no time to argue. If we miss the mail plane at Minneapolis, we'll miss the boat!" He took her by the arm and ran up toward our cottage, dragging her along with him without even listening to her furious protests.

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I knew she'd need help with her packing, but it seemed to me that pair ought to have a couple of minutes alone. So I went over and inspected the seaplane, along with a few of the guests who had been out on the lawn, and who were about to pass out with excitement and curiosity.

"What's it all about?" I asked the pilot. "Hasn't he already missed his boat?"

"Not if we leave here in ten minutes. He's got it fixed to ride a mail plane out of Minneapolis, and get to San Francisco about two hours before his boat sails. But your girl friend had better put some speed on."

SO I dashed on up to the cottage. The few minutes alone didn't seem to have done the lovers much good. Lacy was standing in the doorway, watching with blazing eyes while he dumped things out of the closet and the dresser-drawers into two bags that he had laid out open on the bed.

"This your big coat? You'll need it," he was saying. "Better take both these heavy dresses. How much underwear? Six of these—these things be enough? And how about all that stuff in this other drawer?"

"Hey, that's mine," I interrupted, and pitched in and helped him.

"I never got your note at all, Lacy. Takamato got it mixed up with his papers and found it just this side of Salt Lake. Lacy, you darling, what a note that was! . . . . Got everything, Phyl?"

Lacy's cheeks had suddenly flamed. "So then you felt obliged to come back after me," she said.

"That's everything," said I, and he snapped the bags shut.

"I'm not going, you know," said Lacy. "You're wasting time."

He went over and put his arms around her, and his cheek against hers. But she stayed as rigid as a poker—he might as well have been trying to love a marble statue.

"You're the one who's wasting time," he said. "We've got to hurry. Oh, Lacy, I love you so!"

She relaxed then, and crumpled up against him and began to cry.

"Wh-why didn't you say so in the first place?" she sobbed.

WORD had got around by that time as to what was going on, and there was quite a little crowd gathered around the seaplane waiting to see them off. The pilot had it headed out to the lake, ready to take off, and already had the engine running. Johnny B. came dashing down the driveway, almost carrying Lacy along with him, and picked her up and swung her into the cabin. She was half laughing and half crying, and in spite of the fact that she hadn't so much as washed her face or combed her hair, she was the grandest-looking bride I ever saw.

"Wire my family," she called to me breathlessly, "—they're still in Los Angeles—tell them to meet us at the boat."

"And telephone Bill," I added to myself. Suddenly another thought popped into my head. "Say," I yelled, waving frantically to Johnny B., "where are you going to be married?"

His face turned so absolutely blank that everybody on the beach shouted with laughter. His head had been so busy with plans he'd evidently forgotten to arrange for the ceremony. He grinned sheepishly.

"Somewhere!" he promised, shouting back over the roar of the engine.

The crowd laughed again, and a few jovial souls who had been to the kitchen for supplies threw a shower of rice. The pilot opened his throttle—Lacy waved again—and the plane skimmed out over the lake, and lifted, and sailed back the way it had come, straight over what was left of the sunset, till there was nothing but a speck and finally not even that.

By that time there was an egg-sized lump in my throat. I know now why people cry at weddings: watching other people fall in love and get married is as cheery a pastime as standing outside in the dark, looking through a window at somebody else's lighted Christmas tree.

Briskly batting my eyes, I turned and started up to the cottage—and ran head-on into God's gift to athletics.

He stopped, with his usual tact, and said: "Hey, weeping willow, where do you think you're going?"

"I'm not a weeping willow," I gulped. "I'm a sad, ungathered rose!"

SOUNDS ALL RIGHT

(Continued from page 67)

I'm too tired in the afternoon for further practice, but the next day I sneaks off for another session with Gilley. While he speaks encouragingly of the progress I'm making, he doesn't give me a Chinaman's chance of overleaping my friend the Captain.

"You may be right," says I, "but you never can tell. I may get the well-known breaks. Sackett might slip on the take-off or bust a garter or something. Anyhow, what's the difference? The worst that can happen to me is a ducking in the snow. I don't stand to lose anything."

As a matter of fact, I've figured out that I don't. With Sackett around I see no percentage in sticking at Lake Lucid. As for a sudden departure before breakfast, I can frame up some alibi that'll get by with the Missus. In a pinch I can tell her that I was hurt in the jump and need five or six bone-setters to fix me up. Costigan, however, can get no comfort out of that line of reasoning.

"Please let me drop a banana peel," he begs. "Sackett's certain to make a sap out of you, and this roost'll be a hell with you gone and that epidemic raging around."

"Forget it," I advises. "It's a swell gamble. If I should slip one over, you'll be rid of the flat-tire for good."

"Not a chance," wails the boy friend. "I hope a blizzard comes along and crabs the act."

BUT there's no blizzard. The big night's crisp and clear and flooded with moonlight. Shortly after dinner the wife dikes me out like a winter magazine-cover in white-tasseled cap and scarf, and I treks off to the starting-point. To give

me moral support, Dan Gilley's put on his skis and come to the top of the hill. There awaiting us is the Captain, and clustered far below are Costigan and his guests.

"You go first," I suggests to Sackett. "You know this jump better than I do. I'll follow."

"As you wish," says he with a sardonic grin, and off he slides. Quickly he develops a terrific momentum, and he's practically flying when he hits the platform and shoves off. Far above the heads of the spectators the Captain shoots, his body held gracefully. A gosh-awful distance away he alights, and without losing his footing.

"Beauty!" exclaims Gilley. "I couldn't do much better myself. Wait till he gets clear."

I remains silent while Sackett moves off toward the fringe of trees where the gang is, but I'm not silent for long. A sudden idea hits me between the ears, and grabbing Dan by the arm I pulls him off to a side and out of sight.

"Take my cap and scarf," I orders, "and give me yours. You're going to make the jump."

"Me!" he gasps.

"Yeh, you!" I snaps. "For me! There's a hundred bucks in it. They can't tell us apart in the air. I'll sneak down through the trees and meet you at the edge of the woods after you've landed. Then you make yourself scarce, and I'll join the mob. Get the idea?"

"You're on," says Gilley; and shedding his black cap and scarf, he takes mine in exchange. Without further wait I hurries off through the timber. I'm more than halfway down the slope when I hears the swish of Dan's take-off and takes a quick look. He's sailing fast and high. There's not a moment to waste, and I dashes on to the rendezvous.

I finally stops and hugs myself with delight. Gilley's landed prettily, and his marks in the snow are at least twenty-five feet beyond the Captain's. I whistles to attract the youngster's attention, and in a few seconds he joins me in the shadow of the forest fringe.

"Great!" I whispers. "Now beat it while I go to receive the plaudits I've so justly merited."

Dan vanishes, and I trudges to where the boys and girls of the house-party are waiting. The first pan I catch sight of is Sackett's. It's dark and bitter with disappointment. Costigan and Grimm, however, are jumping around like a couple of school-kids. Kate rushes toward me and throws her arms around my neck.

"You're wonderful!" she exclaims. "But, honey,"—she draws back,—"what have you done with the pretty cap and scarf I gave you?"

My mouth sags wide open, and I staggers against a tree. In the excitement I'd forgotten to trade back with Gilley!

"Oh—er—," I mumbles at length, "I changed with Dan. He liked it, and I—"

"You changed with Dan, did you?" snarls the Captain, pushing his face into mine. "I thought I recognized something familiar in the landing. Where's Gilley?"

"Gilley?" I repeats dully. "Oh, Gilley. I sent him to the station to make a reservation for me. I'm leavin' in the morning—before breakfast."

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SOME DAY HE'LL COME ALONG

(Continued from page 31)

in the world knew or bothered to wonder where *she* was, made her gray eyes somber.

Adolphe, the doorman, smiled in pleasure and surprise when he saw her. "Mademoiselle is not alone? But the apartment is empty! It is two days since the housekeeper was taken to the hospital. Appendicitis—the poor woman!"

AN hour spent in a visit to the hospital, —where she found Mrs. Jeffer sleeping peacefully and well on the road to recovery,—and Snip was back at the apartment.

"Mademoiselle will go to a hotel?" inquired Adolphe.

Even her home was empty and closed to her! Snip gulped.

"No, I think I'll go up anyway. You have a key, Adolphe?"

Snip had cried very little in her twenty years, but when the apartment door was closed and she was alone, she shuffled blindly across the living-room and flung herself on the couch and sobbed. For a long time she lay crying. It didn't matter how long she cried. There was no other place where she had to be at any hour, no person whom she must face, not even a servant! If she had been shipwrecked upon a desert island, she could not have been more removed from humanity.

She got up, finally, and looked out the window, across the street at the park. The trees were still bare; spring was a month away. She walked down the hall and opened the door that led into her own suite. Clean and orderly and deathly quiet. She paused and stood, stock-still, listening to the silence.

Snip Havilane had never in her life been alone before. Nurses, then governesses, then chaperons. Now she was twenty, and a woman. She sat down upon her bed and bent her head against the pillow. What did people do when they were alone? How did they bear it?

She had lunched on the train, but she was hungry. Perhaps if she had a cup of tea, it would cheer her. Automatically her eyes turned to the bell beside her bed, and she gasped. She could ring it as long as she liked; she could sit with her finger pressed against it for a week—but no one would come!

She took off her coat and hat and advanced almost timorously into the kitchen. Her heart was thumping so fiercely that she could hear it; like Bluebeard's youngest wife, she paused on the threshold and stared into the room. Stove and sink and cabinets of dishes and pots and pans and groceries. This was the kitchen! This was the room whence, when one rang, tea and cinnamon toast appeared, or little rounds of bread spread with caviar. Coffee and rolls and iced grapefruit emerged from this chamber. Whole dinners, with course after course which she, in the safety of the dining-room, had accepted unquestioningly.

Snip felt like *Alice*, after she had stepped through the Looking Glass. She too was on the Other Side.

How did all those things emerge from this one small room? Mrs. Jeffer and the cook and Dora and Clark were all here, then. . . . .

A white apron dangled from a hook, Mrs. Jeffer's apron. Snip's eyes danced. She seized the apron and tied it about her beige frock.

"Tea, please," she commanded haughtily. "And cinnamon toast." Her voice sounded queer in the emptiness.

She looked at the stove as she would have looked at any strange machine—intently and intelligently. She struck a match and turned on the gas. It made an angry noise as it lighted, and she started back, then stood contemplating the blue flame proudly. She filled the tea-kettle and set it upon the burner.

The tea was in a marked canister, but there was no bread. The ice-box disclosed a small piece of butter and some cheese, and there were crackers. Snip's heart swelled pridefully as she carried the tea-tray into the living-room and set it on the little table before the fireplace.

"Will you have Clark make a fire, Dora?"

Now she was to make it herself! She departed excitedly in the direction from which Clark always appeared, amazed that anyone could know so little about the mechanics of life as herself. She found wood and newspapers and stood looking upon the blaze with the exultant pride of the creator. The tea and fire were warming, but her own sense of accomplishment was warmer. She glowed with the sense of it.

"I'll dine at home," she told the empty room. "Lamb-chops and some salad and a pastry."

By what alchemy did food appear in that empty pantry? Some one must go and market for it! Snip wondered whether her mother knew all these things.

THE telephone, ringing shrilly, made her dark hair bristle upon her head. Then she laughed at herself, and answered it.

"Is Miss Havilane there? . . . . Snip, you lamb! This is Nan Carter. Darling, I just had a hunch you were home! When'd you get back?"

Snip listened as to a voice from another planet. Nan Carter, indeed! She wasn't going to let anyone intrude upon this queer new world she had found for herself!

"Darling, you must come for dinner tonight! We have the most divine man—he's an engineer, and he's going off to South America or somewhere in a couple of days! Wouldn't I just go with him, if he'd ask me! Tony Drew, his name is. I've told him all about you, and he's wild to meet you! Eight o'clock—"

She was so sorry that she had an engagement, said Snip calmly—one that she could not possibly break. She set back the receiver and went down and interviewed Adolphe. Where did one buy—some lamb-chops?

Adolphe was distressed. If Mademoiselle insisted upon remaining in the apartment, he would have his wife come and care for her.

"Not a chance!" said Snip, firmly, and her eyes danced.

Marketing was an adventure, and she wouldn't trust the provision man to deliver her purchases, but trudged home with her arms full of bundles. Adolphe took no pains to conceal the emotion which he felt when he opened the door for her.

The afternoon had turned warm, golden and sunny, a foretaste of the spring which waited just around the corner. Snip opened all the windows, got a cookbook from the kitchen and sat down and read it breathlessly.

AT eight o'clock, a few blocks down the Avenue, Nan Carter was sitting down to dine with the Divine Man. And at eight o'clock, in exquisite evening toilet, Snip Havilane sat down and enjoyed a meal as she had never enjoyed one before.

From the opposite wall a long mirror reflected her, a solitary and gay figure in a scarlet brocade frock and scarlet slippers. About her brown throat lay a tenuous chain, like a spider's trapeze, from which there trembled a single and outrageously large diamond. It was the one piece of jewelry for which Snip cared; as she lingered over her excellent coffee, she could see its glitter upon her neck, in the mirror.

Swathed again in Mrs. Jeffer's apron, Snip Havilane washed and wiped the dishes, and with what could only have been instinct, scoured the porcelain sink until it gleamed. She frowned fiercely at a bread-crumb upon the linoleum floor and got the broom and swept vigorously. She had a moment's hesitation as to the proper disposal of the dust, but solved that neatly by emptying it out the open window. *"We'll build a little ho-o-ome—just meant for two-o-oo—"* her young voice accompanied her efforts, sweetly.

She turned on the living-room lights and sat down to read, her nose thrust deep in her book. *"Take a piece of butter the size of an egg,"* read Snip, positively breathless with interest. At ten o'clock, she had reached "Hot Puddings." At eleven, she was contemplating the photograph of a jelly bag. It looked, she decided, like a good example of the best in Modern Art. *"Pick over the berries and wash carefully."* At midnight, she had finished the Household Hints. "How to Remove Inkstains. Peach-stains. Wine." Her eyes were very bright when she closed the book and stood up.

She was deliciously sleepy and filled with an odd contentment. It was exciting to be quite alone in the apartment. She was not afraid.

The doorbell, ripping brutally through the stillness, questioned that rather sardonically. Her breath caught, but she lifted her chin in defiance of her thumping heart and flung open the door. A sad-eyed messenger looked at her without interest.

"Havilane?"

Not only Havilane, but Miss Patricia Anne Havilane. Snip looked at the yellow envelope suspiciously.

SNIP YOU IDIOT WILL TELEPHONE YOU AT THE APARTMENT NOON TOMORROW BE THERE

MOTHER

"Oh—damn!" said Snip sadly, and returned to the living-room. How had they known? Who had told them?

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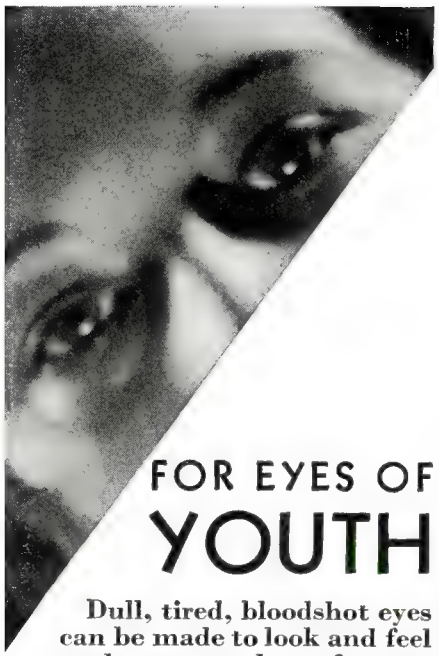

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Her sleepiness vanished before her irritation; she moved dispiritedly about the room, tearing the telegram into small pieces and dropping them to the floor. She paused before the open window, and a wave of air made her blink rapidly and she sniffed it like a puppy. Why, it was spring! Really spring! Impulsively she scurried into her room and seized a cloak. She'd take a turn up the Avenue, before she went to bed.

The night elevator-man did not know her, and the night doorman was a gregarious soul, unlike the fatherly Adolphe. Snip gathered the silver folds of her cloak about her and stepped out upon the sidewalk.

It was as though all the world were abetting her in this new desire for solitude. A lone taxi moved up the street and disappeared; except for that, a policeman who turned a corner into a side street as she watched, was the only human being abroad. Her high heels clattered upon the pavement and sent a little volley of staccato echoes ringing behind her.

She passed the apartment building wherein Nan Carter and the Divine Man were undoubtedly playing contract, and she looked up at the lighted windows without regret or guilt for her refusal to join them. The breeze blew through her dark curls and whipped back the stiff folds of her cloak. This was better than cards—and men! The thought of the traitorous Freddy filled her with distaste for the entire sex. Across the Avenue, the park was mysterious, like a great black bush, blossoming with globular flowers which cast circles of light upon the branches. She looked at it wistfully.

When she turned her eyes ahead once more, her heart missed a beat. Which, she told herself severely, was silly. It should be far more frightening if no one else were abroad than if a single figure were moving slowly toward her. Her argument gave her no comfort. There was something sinister about that lone figure, shambling forward. . . . . She caught her breath, beating back her impulse to turn and run. In a moment more, unless one of them swerved, they would collide.

SNIP turned toward the curbing, and like a reflection in a mirror, the dark figure moved also. She gasped. If only people would always move to the right, she scolded, to herself. A foreigner, undoubtedly. She swung leftward, toward the wall of an apartment building, and the figure duplicated her movement. They were barely six feet apart, now, and terror caught Snip by the throat. She could see the man's face, and it was lean and ugly, punctuated by two pallid, burning eyes. And the eyes were fastened, not upon her face, but upon something that glistened against her neck.

Snip Havilane turned and ran; and like a shadow which must duplicate her every motion, the man ran too. But he was not a shadow, for he overtook the substance. Snip screamed at the top of her lungs.

She heard the echoing clatter of feet hurrying behind them, but she dared not turn. Her hands and the hands of the lean-faced man were grappling fiercely together against her throat. The third shadow which joined them might be accomplice or rescuer—Snip did not know, until she felt the lean-faced man torn from her. Her fingers groped for her diamond; miraculously, not even the spider-thread chain was broken. Vaguely, her eyes were beginning to distinguish a figure in evening clothes, when a bright flash of steel caught the street light and her own undivided attention.

The muscles in Snip's brown arm swelled as her strong fingers closed about the wrist above the steel, bearing downward. Confusion, complete. . . . . She heard the impact of a fist striking flesh—the sound of a body tumbling to the pavement—felt a sharp, biting flame of pain.

"Good God, girl!" said a deep voice.

Snip opened her eyes, and the confusion vanished. The lean-faced man lay in a heap upon the sidewalk, and the man in evening clothes stood with his arm about her.

"Hurray for Our Side!" Snip said to him, a little faintly.

"Damned hop-head!" said the man, but he was not addressing her. "You're hurt, child!" he exclaimed then.

Snip looked calmly at her leg, where trickling blood repeated the scarlet of her dress in a weaving clock upon her chiffon stocking.

"If you'll pardon my indelicacy—" she murmured, and lifted her skirt gingerly and surveyed her leg with profound interest. A jagged cut was dark against her tanned flesh, just above the knee. "Not so deep as a well nor so wide as a barn door!" she stated brightly.

The man stared at her, and Snip felt like staring at herself. What in the world had made her say that? And what was it from? She remembered with a flash; at fifteen, she had been desperately in love with one *Mercutio.*

"You're a game little devil!" he said admiringly. "And what's more, you saved my life! That knife was aimed at my ribs." Far down the Avenue, the measured footsteps of a policeman approached them. "Look here," said the man quickly, "d'you want to appear against this brute, or would you rather duck it?"

"Oh, please!" cried Snip. "I can't appear in court!" They'd never give her a chance to be alone again, if they found this out! Her eyes darkened in alarm. "Can't we get away?"

The man nodded. For a second he stood looking down at her, brows knit over steady blue eyes. Then without ceremony, he picked her up in his arms, strode unhurriedly to the corner, and turned east toward Madison Avenue.

A TAXI scuttled up to them and stopped.

"Do you trust me to take you to a doctor?" asked the man. "You ought to go at once, and I'm really quite a respectable person. My name is Anthony Drew and—"

Snip, cradled comfortably in Mr. Drew's strong arms, looked up at him with bright, amused eyes. "You," she pronounced, "are the Divine Man!"

He looked startled. Then, "How did you know?" he murmured.

"I'm a gypsy!" said Snip. "I have

strange ways of knowing. For instance, you've just come from dining with a red-headed woman! Her name—it begins with an *N*—" She scowled fiercely. "It is *Nan Carter!*" she proclaimed then triumphantly.

Anthony Drew blinked. "And your name—"

"Is Cassandra!" cried Snip. "No, it isn't! She prophesied falsely, didn't she?" Again she paused to marvel at herself. First Shakespeare, then Homer! Gosh, the man would think she was educated, if she wasn't careful. She laughed softly. "How would Snip do?"

He had lifted her into the cab, given an address. "I see an *H*," he murmured. "An *H*—is it for *Heroic* or *Havilane?*"

"So nice to have met you," Snip murmured politely. "And how is your family? And all the little mines?"

He had a nice grin. "So that's that," he said, and the cab stopped. "We will now wake up old Dr. Douglas and make him work."

SNIP admired the doctor's bandages. "You don't think I'll lose my leg?" she asked politely.

He laughed. "You're a brave young woman," he told her. "Sometimes this sort of wound hurts more than a serious one. You'll probably be a little lame for a week or so."

"How romantic!" said Snip. And how inconvenient! Just how was she going to explain *that* to the family?

Tony Drew looked at her oddly when they went out. "If you'll pardon my asking," he said, "is that—er—object about your neck real?"

Snip's eyes widened. "Of course it is." What would Snip Havilane be doing with a diamond that size that was not?

"My mistake," he retorted. "But I shouldn't, in that case, consider it an essential to a solitary walk. Not like a walking-stick."

She flushed. "I didn't think," she admitted. "I put it on for—for fun. If I'd lost it—" Her face grew grave.

"What then?" he asked.

She looked at him curiously. "You do ask the funniest questions!"

He grinned. They were walking slowly toward the Avenue once more, in search of a cab.

"Well, here's another: Are you hungry?"

"That's not funny," said Snip. "It's becoming tragic."

IT was two o'clock when they finished their wheat-cakes at Child's.

"Ice-cream? Apple pie?" asked Tony Drew.

She shook her head, but neither of them moved to go. The thought of the empty apartment was suddenly no longer alluring, and besides that, except for a slight throbbing in her leg, Snip was quite contented where she was. She looked at Tony Drew thoughtfully.

"Penny," he offered.

"I was thinking that I'd never agreed with Nan Carter before," she answered, and then turned crimson at the implication in her words. Still, he couldn't know what Nan had said over the telephone. That she would go with Tony Drew to South America if he asked her! She

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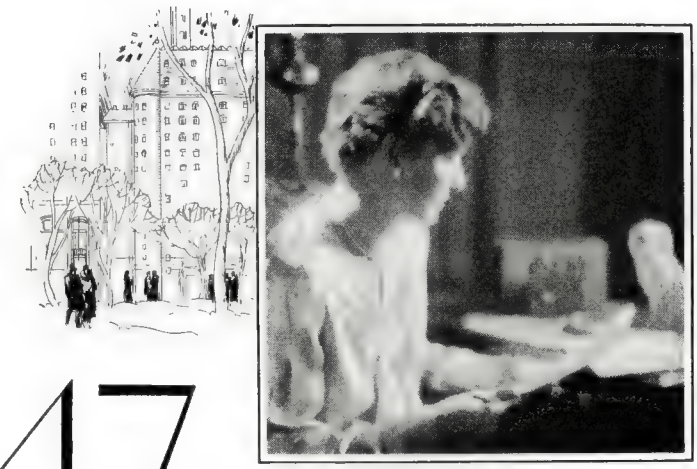

47

Social Secretaries, unchallenged authorities on what's what in Society

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looked away, and suddenly Freddy's taunts commenced singing through her head. And what have *you* to offer him, this Strong, Silent One? She lifted her chin, in defiance of Freddy. Well, for one thing, she had saved his life!

"You know, I wish I wasn't going away so soon," he told her.

Snip's heart swelled—and then shriveled. But he *was* going away! "When do you go?" she asked.

"In two days." He paused. "Will you have lunch with me today—Miss Havilane?"

He had hesitated over her name, and she put out her hand impulsively. "Why don't you call me Snip?"

"You like that name?" he asked.

"Don't you?"

Tony Drew smiled slowly, and little lines unfolded, fanlike, about his eyes. "Snip it shall be! Shall I call for you at one?"

Her face fell. "Oh, but I can't! I forgot—"

"Engagement?" he inquired, and his voice was disappointed.

"No. But I have to stay at the apartment."

He shrugged. "If that's all, ask me to lunch there. And we'll go out for dinner!"

Snip chuckled. "Ask you for lunch—" Excitement brightened her eyes. "Very well, I will," she said, threateningly. "And what would you like to eat, Mr. Tony Drew?"

"Anything," he answered. "Though I'm partial to hot muffins."

"Ha!" said Snip, and chuckled again.

They shook hands in the apartment-house foyer, and her eyes met his shyly. Her hand felt so little and weak in his strong fingers! She forgot completely to be afraid when she entered the apartment. The thought of Tony Drew remained with her, protectingly. And tomorrow, at noon, she would make him muffins! Not that she had the remotest idea how it was to be done. She couldn't keep from singing, low under her breath, as she undressed.

"He'll look at me and smile—I'll understand—"

That tune had been running through her head all day.

SNIP'S hands were covered with dough; there was flour on her nose, and butter on her chin, and a little of everything on Mrs. Jeffer's apron, when the telephone rang.

Her mother's voice sounded cool and far away. "Snip Havilane, what are you doing?"

"Why, nothing," Snip protested, innocently. If she said "Making muffins," Patty would probably think it was a new slang phrase! "I don't know what you mean, Moth!"

"You don't! Telegram from Freddy yesterday asking if you were really meeting me in New York. He said—"

"The—skunk!" cried Snip, bitterly. If Freddy had ever had a chance, it was gone forever now.

"Telegram from Mrs. Jeffer two days ago," continued the maternal voice inexorably, "saying that—"

"Oh, I know," Snip said resignedly.

"Who's with you at the apartment?"

"Why—Adolphe said his wife would take care of me," Snip answered, truthfully. "I thought you wouldn't mind."

"Hmm," replied her mother thoughtfully.

"Where are you and Dad, anyway?" Snip diverted the subject.

"Virginia." A moment's pause. "Want to come down?"

"No, thanks." Snip reflected. "I'm just staying over for a party at Nan's. Then I think I'll go to Mount Kisko for a week or so with the Mortons. I'll write you."

On the whole, Patty Havilane's mind was at rest. Snip was a helpless child, but the most truthful one ever born. Snip giggled to herself as she hung up the receiver and limped back to the kitchen.

The table was already set in the dining-room, but Snip had not changed her dress when Tony Drew arrived, half an hour early. She opened the door to him with sticky hands.

"Did you ever know," she greeted him, "that there were black golf-balls in the middle of alligator pears?"

HE surveyed her wonderingly, and then without speaking, led her to a mirror. Snip looked at her reflection complacently; nor was her complacence without reason. Her cheeks were very pink; her rumpled hair clung in tendrils to her hot forehead, and her lips couldn't lose their triumphant smile.

"That," she announced, pointing to a smear upon one rose-colored cheek, "is salad dressing. This"—she flicked a curved eyebrow carelessly—"looks like tomato soup. I got that burn from the tea-kettle—" She extended a bare arm, palm upward, beneath his interested eyes. "And this one on the oven!"

Tony Drew took out his handkerchief and wiped her face. Still without speaking, he lifted her arm and gently kissed the burn from the tea-kettle, lifted the wounded forefinger and kissed the burn from the oven.

"Better?" he asked.

Snip's heart pounded and she nodded. "You see there's no one here but us," she explained. "Housekeeper's got appendicitis, and all the rest are on vacation."

"So you're the cook?"

"And butler. And maid. And everything." She was like a child in her excitement. "Oh, gosh, my muffins!" She sang as she limped to the stove and opened the oven door. *"And he'll be big and strong—the man I love—"* she was singing to herself, with a child's unconsciousness.

Tony Drew watched her from the threshold with bright eyes.

An experienced cook, of course, can curdle tomato bisque quite easily. Snip, obeying every word of the recipe, brought in two turquoise blue bowls of such nectar as she for one and Tony Drew for another had never tasted.

"Delicious!" said Tony.

"Isn't it?" she agreed, shamelessly.

She had never heard that omelettes were difficult, so it never occurred to her to be nervous. Snip's omelette was as fluffy as a French chef's, delicately browned about the edges. The muffins, as she declared herself, practically melted in one's mouth. The French dressing for the chilled avocado was unquestionably inspired. There she had abandoned the cook-book in favor of her own palate.

"Of course," said Tony Drew, judiciously, "you are a born cook." He had been too busy eating to say much before.

"Aren't I, just?" murmured Snip, delightedly.

No one could ruin bar-le-duc preserve or cream cheese, and anyone would know enough to heat the crackers so that they were crisp and buttery. Coffee was clear and strong.

"In Bolivia," said Tony Drew, "they have a queer sort of stew. You take—"

Snip listened intently and, still seated at the table, they discussed food and cooking for an hour. Snip's vocabulary was professional.

Suddenly Tony laughed. "You know, I don't believe I want to call you Snip after all," he said. "It doesn't go with your cooking!"

She smiled. "I s'pose it doesn't. What will you call me?"

"Penelope, I think," he decided. "She was—" He paused, and they leaned back in their chairs and smiled across the table.

"Well, Æneas," Snip said, "let's go into the other room where it's comfortable and you can tell me about your trip!" But if Tony Drew was Æneas, Snip was not the patient Penelope, but the maiden Nausicaä, leaning against a pillar and watching the stranger with adoring eyes.

An entranced Nausicaä, she listened breathlessly to his tales. "Oh, how I'd love to go to all those places!" she cried, when he paused for breath.

He looked at her sharply. "Why don't you?"

She was silent. She'd love to go. But not alone; not even with Patty and Jeff. . . . .

Tony Drew had risen. "Let's have dinner early," he said. "I'd better get on, now—I have a few things to do." He grinned, suddenly. "And that'll leave us all tomorrow free! Will you cook for me again, Penelope?"

She nodded. She'd like to cook for him, again.

They dined at a justly famous restaurant, just off Park Avenue, and criticized the food with more arrogance than reason.

"Tomorrow night," said Snip, "we'll try that rice dish you were telling me about."

"Fine!" he said. "And will you let me go marketing with you—carry the basket, or something?"

AFTER the theater, they danced, and Tony Drew danced as a man should. They tired of dancing, and sat quietly, ignoring the world about them, scarcely noticing when the floor cleared for the cabaret. The young Nausicaä was again listening, wide-eyed, to the much-traveled Æneas.

"We're closing now, sir," a waiter apologized, and Snip returned to New York and reality with a start.

Closing so soon—and tomorrow was Tony Drew's last day!

"How long will you be gone?" she asked him, in the cab, trying to make her voice sound casual.

"About a year." He looked at her, with his swift grin. "Of course the sen-

sible thing would be to take you with me! Should you get tired of cooking?"

Snip shook her head, and then lowered her shining eyes. To go with him—"Where should we live?" she asked, lightly.

"Oh, sometimes in tents, sometimes in houses. Hovels and palaces—"

"But always a kitchen?"

"And with you in it, always a palace!" he retorted.

They both laughed, low laughter, vaguely excited, and were silent until the taxi stopped at her door.

"Will it be too early if I come at two?" Tony Drew asked her. "I couldn't get out of a business lunch—"

He took it for granted that she wanted to be with him, on his last day, as much as he wanted to be with her. Well—she did!

"No, it wont be too early," said Snip, simply, and held out her hand.

TOO early! The morning dragged by like a week, a month, the whole year that he was going to be gone. Her fingers trembled so with excitement that she could scarcely dress. And it was a very pretty dress that she chose, of golden brown crêpe, with many little buttons. She tucked her curls beneath a tiny hat, and pulled soft gloves over her hands, burned from the cooking of the day before. She smiled at the mirror. She liked her reflection.

And Tony Drew, arriving promptly upon the hour, liked the reality. Yet Snip felt something unsaid, some unspoken restraint, behind his greeting.

"Well! If it isn't Miss Havilane of Fifth Avenue, again!"

The marketing was a serious business and they treated it seriously, prolonging it over the entire afternoon. Again Adolphe's face contracted with pain when he opened the door for them and their bundles. Snip smiled at him gayly, but bundles of that sort were bundles, and Adolphe was not to be cajoled. He turned grimly away, and Tony Drew chuckled.

"Pleasant doorman," he commented.

Snip laughed. "He's shocked at me."

Tony Drew's eyebrows arched quickly. "Why?"

"Bundles," answered Snip.

The dinner was delicious—she really was a born cook—but the sudden heaviness which descended upon Snip's spirit was not to be lightened by mere food.

"Want to go out somewhere and dance?" he asked.

She shook her head. She didn't feel like dancing.

"What time do you sail?" she asked.

"At ten," he answered.

"Oh," said Snip.

"You'd better come with me," he said.

Snip looked at him squarely. "And what if I did?" she demanded.

Tony Drew took her hand. "I'd be very well fed, wouldn't I?" He looked at her severely. "Why, what's that?" he asked. "More real diamonds?" His finger accusingly caught a tear that was trickling down Snip's cheek.

She smiled, bravely. "I guess I'm tired. I—" Then a second tear followed it. He was going away, forever, and she didn't want him to! Cadenced words

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sing-songed through her head. *"And if he comes my wa-a-ay—I'll do my best—to make—him—sta-a-ay!"*

Tony was looking at her deeply, and Snip held her breath.

"And though it seems absurd—I know we both—wont say—a—word—"

"I wonder," said Tony, in a low voice, "why Æneas didn't take Penelope with him?" Snip sat very still. "I suppose," he answered himself, "that she wasn't like you." Still Snip did not speak. "I have to sail at ten," said Tony. "Would that be too early for you?"

Snip looked at him without speaking.

The tweed of his coat was rough. He fell silent—and his arms were strong, as he stood up and pulled her to her feet.

"You darling!" he said, and kissed her. "Darling little Penelope! Will you come with me?"

"Yes," said Snip, and burrowed her face against his jacket. It was deliciously bristly and smelled of pipe-tobacco, besides! "Of course," she murmured, against it, "I've deceived you scandalously. Perhaps you wont want to take me when—"

"Did you think you'd deceived me?" he interrupted, indulgently.

It was a stark reflection upon her cooking, and Snip bristled.

Tony Drew laughed. "Little idiot, I knew you weren't Snip Havilane! Even if you hadn't cooked for me—Nan told me all about the Snip, and I know her type. Spoiled, useless society girl—why, even when you quoted Shakespeare there on the sidewalk, I knew!"

"Well!" said Snip, and laughed rather breathlessly. *"Well!"*

"Of course," he said, "in about twelve hours, you'll be Mrs. Anthony Drew, but until then, just who are you, anyway?"

She hesitated and he took her hands and looked deeply into her eyes. "My dear, I wouldn't care if you were the cleaning-woman! D'you think I don't know *you?*"

"But—but if I *were* Snip Havilane—" Snip faltered. Gosh! As she paused, she saw realization dawn slowly, almost reluctantly, in his face. "Please!" she pleaded, earnestly, "I never did cook before in my life, but you said yourself I was a born cook! *Tony!* I can work for you and scrub and—"

"Snip Havilane!" repeated the man.

"You could call me Penelope, if you liked," she said.

The swift grin that she loved so flashed across his face, and the fanlike wrinkles leaped about his eyes. "Why, you darned little—*snip!*" he cried.

"Uh-huh," said Snip happily, and burrowed her face against the rough tweed again.

THE MURDERS ON THE SHIP

(Continued from page 37)

occurred to me to ask her— Good morning, good morning, my man." Mr. Sanford bowed smartly to a sleepy seaman swabbing down the port side of the deck, and stepped delicately around pools of water. "Shall I ask her? I mean has the fact of Mrs. Sanford being alone when Miss Sidderby screamed anything to do with the investigation? You are making an investigation?"

"Yes, Mr. Sanford. Captain Sohme and I are both making one."

"Then you've definitely decided that that poor fellow was murdered? You found some wound or something on his body?"

"Nothing beyond the marks on his neck. I examined him before turning in."

"But you do think he was strangled?"

"Yes, Mr. Sanford."

"It's outrageous that men of that type should be shipped under the American flag."

Valcour stared at him curiously. "What type?" he said.

"The murdering type. Why, it makes it unsafe for all of us, for the passengers. As Mrs. Sanford put it just before the last time we tried to get to sleep, the man may be possessed by a homicidal mania."

"You think the murderer was a member of the crew?"

MR. SANFORD stopped twittering (he gave the effect of twittering, even when he wasn't talking) and said: "Oh, but my dear Mr. Valcour, surely you don't *think—"*

Valcour shrugged faintly. "Why should we exclude any person on the ship from suspicion?"

"But the passengers—the passengers—why on earth should one of us want to kill a wireless-operator? Surely you must agree with me that the murder was just an unhappy outcome of—well, shall we say a maritime feud?"

"You may be right."

"I'm sure of it, sure of it." Mr. Sanford was again involved in the twitters.

"Did you happen to be anywhere near the boat-deck when Miss Sidderby screamed?"

"Dear me, no, or I should have hastened to that poor lady's assistance immediately."

"You were alone at the time?"

The twittering missed fire for a moment, and then went on: "Yes, Mr. Valcour, quite alone."

"Where, Mr. Sanford?"

"Where? Now let me see—if one only had something relative to pin it on, as they do in the memory courses—"

"There's the scream to pin it on."

"Of course, of course—that. Well, if you must know, Mr. Valcour, I wasn't on the boat at all."

Valcour said very softly: "You what?"

Mr. Sanford's laugh was both ingratiating and nervous. "I wasn't here at all. My body was, but I wasn't."

AT that, Valcour smiled a little. "Just where, with the exclusion of your body, were you?"

"In the clouds, dear Mr. Valcour, up in the clouds."

"And your body?"

"My body?"

"Yes, where was your body, Mr. Sanford?"

Mr. Sanford looked nervously over his shoulder, back along the deck. "I'll be frank with you," he said. "I'm given to spells."

"What sort of spells?"

"Perhaps I shouldn't have said spells. Lapses, that's what they are, Mr. Valcour, little lapses."

"Yes, but lapses of what?"

"Memory."

"You are under a doctor's care, Mr. Sanford?"

"Oh, yes—oh, dear me, yes. Hutchins is his name—has offices in the Herkimer Building—trained nurses and everything. He prescribed this trip for me in the hope that it would prove soothingly beneficial." His voice grew testy. "Well, it hasn't. What is it they put men into on ships? Irons, isn't it? You *will* catch the fellow sometime during the day and put him in irons, wont you? I simply cannot endure another night with my cabin door shut and bolted. It would stifle me. . . . . Ah, Sue, darling—"

Mr. Sanford twittered off to the doorway leading into the after passage. Mrs. Sanford was filling it, an anemic blue fascinator drawn about her foularded shoulders, and her face all washed-looking and flat. She managed to inject one ladleful of syrup into her smile toward Valcour; then she muttered something to her husband, who had joined her across the combing, and they shut the door.

VALCOUR leaned back against the railing and stared thoughtfully at the closed door, its circular port blank and empty, with Mrs. Sanford's washed-out face somewhere behind it, exhausted of treacle, dripping words and words and words upon her thin gray husband. . . . . Miss Sidderby, the elder, was coming along the deck, staring down at it, searching for something haltingly. She smiled nervously as she came abreast of Valcour and said: "Good morning. It's just about here that I lost them."

"Good morning, Miss Sidderby." He observed that her toilet had been perfunctory. Her touched-up hair was jammed rather than arranged beneath her felt hat, and such make-up as she had put on was streaky and of a deadly raspberry shade in the cold gray light. "You say you've lost something?"

"I've lost my scissors, my sewing scissors. I'm sure I had them yesterday afternoon." She indicated a near-by deck-chair, its foot-rest folded back upon its seat, its slatted wood very damp and cold-looking. "That's where I was sitting, and I think they must have fallen to the deck. I don't see them, do you?"

Valcour's eyes narrowed slightly. "What sort of scissors were they, Miss Sidderby?"

"Sewing scissors."

"Yes, but their size, their shape?"

"They're long straight ones. They're too big, really, but the steel is magnetized for picking up needles and pins, and they were a gift from Ella, so I've got to use them anyway."

"How long would you say they were, Miss Sidderby? Five or six inches—the blades, I mean?"

"I should think so. I do hope they haven't gone over the side."

"I don't very well see how they could have. You've looked in your cabin?"

"Oh, yes."

"What made you think of them so early this morning, Miss Sidderby?"

"I've been thinking about them all night. I hate losing things, and Ella's bound to raise Ned about them." Miss Sidderby was fretful and showed it. "Ella's funny about things she gives. She feels they should be sacred—not the silly things themselves—you know what I mean: she wouldn't go so far as to come out flat and say, 'That sacred pair of scissors.' But it's what she calls the love and thought behind a gift that she says is sacred. I do wish she'd bought them two inches shorter."

"The scissors?"

"Yes, but they were the only pair she could get at the moment that had magnetic steel." The fretfulness increased, and Miss Sidderby pushed some streaming hair back under her hat. "Ella always gives things on the moment, instead of waiting for Christmas, or some appropriate time to give gifts. She's just as like as not to give you nothing on Christmas at all. I think it's confusing."

Valcour stared thoughtfully at filmed metallic planes of passing water.

"About what time during the afternoon were you using the scissors, Miss Sidderby?"

"Late, I think. Yes, it was just before dinner. I'm sure I left them in my sewing-bag when I got up to go and see that porpoise."

BUT Valcour remembered no porpoise, and in any case he was fairly certain that they traveled in schools, and decidedly certain that had a school been sighted, the fact would have become general property. It would instantly have become an event, just as every oddity becomes an event when voyaging at sea, in a subconscious reaching after release from all voyages' singular monotony.

"Who told you that a porpoise had been sighted, Miss Sidderby?"

"That peculiar Mr. Sanford. He is peculiar, don't you think? I mean just funny little things about him? Ella says he's a sissy." Miss Sidderby's fretfulness approached its peak. "There wasn't any porpoise, and I *do* think his face looks like—like the face of a horse."

"Did you go back again to your deck-chair?"

"No, because dinner was ready. I just went over and picked up my sewing-bag, and I don't see why the scissors weren't in it. Nobody would steal a pair of scissors, would they, Mr. Valcour?"

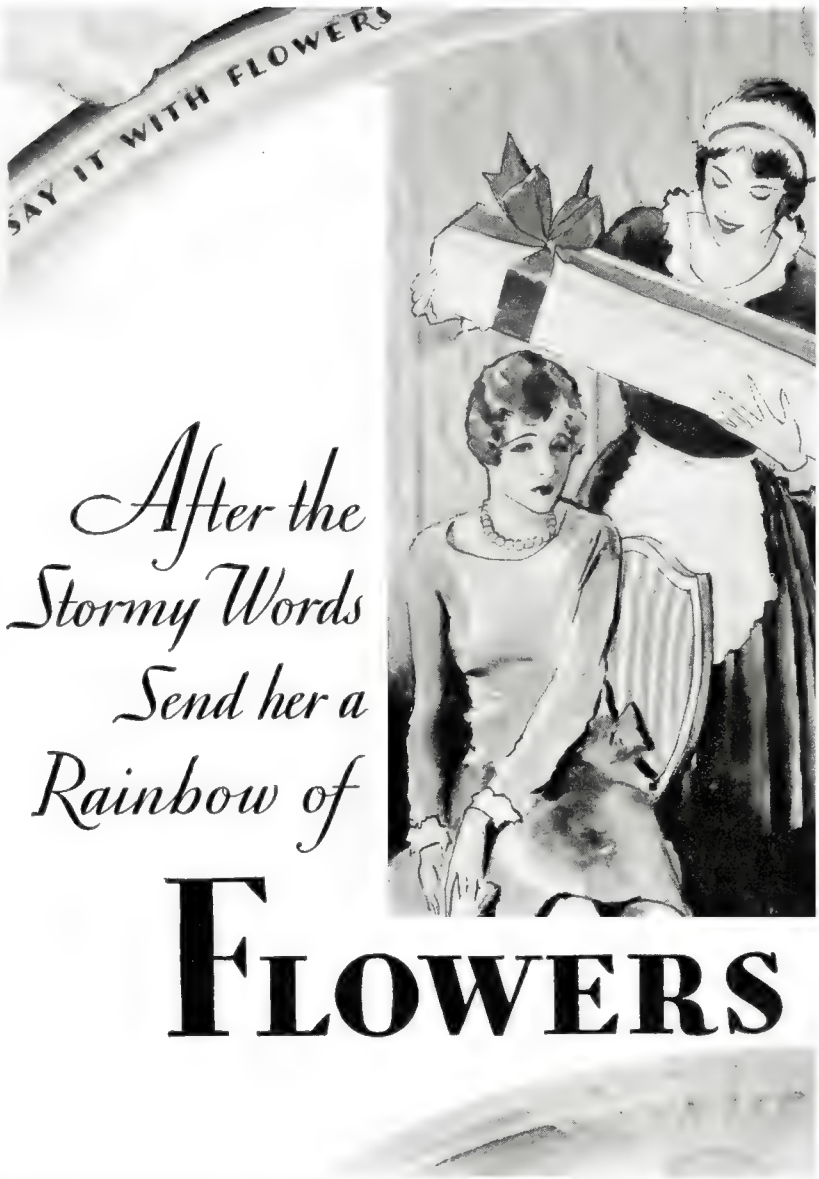
"Not unless they thought they'd come in handy."

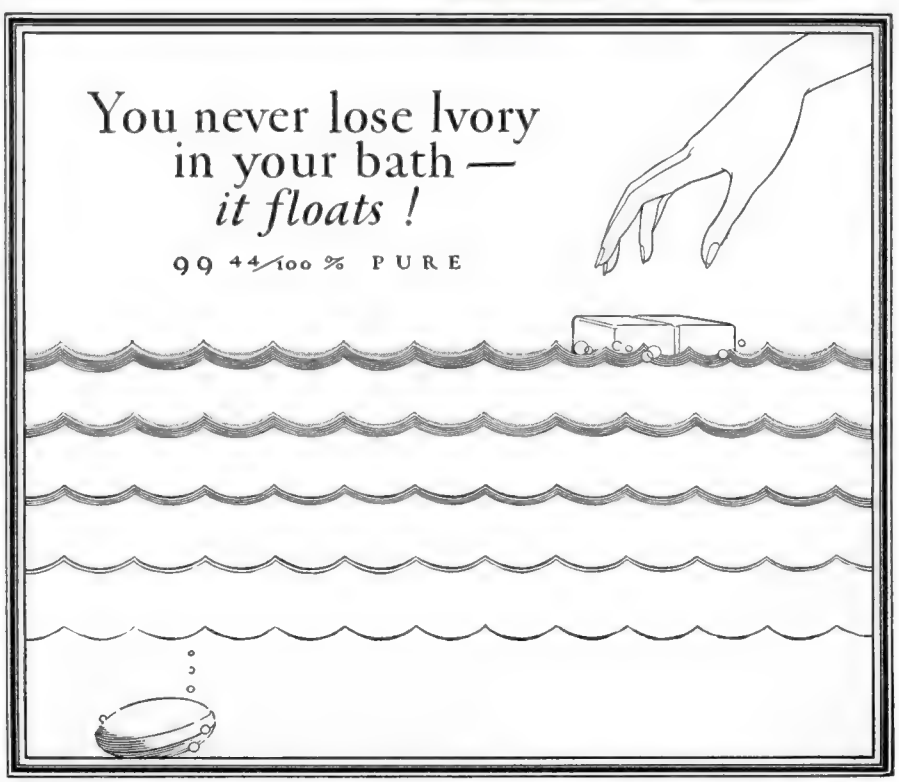
"For sewing? But they're not. They're too long."

"Not necessarily for sewing, Miss Sidderby."

She stared at him curiously. "But they wouldn't be good for anything else," she said; and then added, slowly, "—would they, Mr. Valcour?"

Valcour pulled himself abruptly from a disagreeable picture of Miss Sidderby's lost and magnetic scissors separated into single slender sharp blades, and said: "No, Miss Sidderby, they couldn't possibly be good for anything else."





A chalet on the shores of the light-green lake of Brienz.

Photo from Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

"With All The World To Choose From, I Would Like To Live In Switzerland"

says Mary Hastings Bradley

NO one else knows the joys and rewards of travel better than the novelist Mary Hastings Bradley. For she has not only visited the more usual places, but has sailed the Seven Seas and trudged with her safari through remote tropical jungles. Only in this way could she have acquired the knowledge which enables her to give you powerful and picturesque stories like "Drums in the Dark," "The Ghost Girl," and others which from time to time will appear in these pages.

These journeys have given her, moreover, unique memories to treasure. On the roof above their Chicago apartment is a terraced garden about a studio and trophy room. And there is assembled an extraordinary collection — lion-skins and elephant tusks and a cast of a giant gorilla from Africa, tiger-skins and other trophies from Sumatra and Indo-China. Unique among all her mementoes, however, is the photograph reproduced below, for it records an experience which has probably never before befallen man or woman in all the world's history. Mrs. Bradley shot that lion, and posed for a picture with him. But just at the instant the camera-shutter snapped, the lion woke up with a roar. Mr. Bradley and Mr. Carl Akely, who were present, jumped for their rifles, but Mrs. Bradley was in time to give the only-stunned lion the *coup de grâce* herself.

Mrs. Bradley and the lion that woke up.

"Where would I live in Europe," she writes, "if I had to live in one country exclusively? Well — just like that—I'd take Switzerland. Because I love the out-of-doors and the Alps and the mountain air. Because it is so clean. Because nobody is going to invade it. Because the people are so honest. Because the nursemaids in the parks are so kind to the little children. Because I love Swiss cheese and carved brown bears. Because it has such sturdy, self-respecting traditions — such intelligent groups in the little cities and such individual independence in the lonely places. Because they speak my kind of French and German.

"If I had to live out my life in an alien house, I would choose a little chalet that I know of, perched high on a peak in space hung with other peaks—a chalet with the maker's name proudly over one door and over the other this verse of good counsel:

"Es gehen zwei Gäste ein und aus,
So lang du wohnst in diesem Haus.
Sie sind geheissen Lieb und Leid—
Du must sie wohl empfangen beid'."

"Two guests will go in and out,
As long as thou shall dwell in this house.
They are called Love and Grief—
Thou must receive them both well."

"And another good reason for Switzerland is that I'd see lots of Americans there—and I like Americans!"

She came a little closer to him and said: "Have you come to any decision about that unhappy thing last night? Do you still think he did not die a natural death, Mr. Valcour?"

"Yes, Miss Sidderby."

Her eyes were small drops of fright.

"Then some one did it." She laughed nervously and said: "It isn't as if we were on a street-car."

BREAKFAST, that morning, was a drab and dismal business. Mrs. Poole's chair was vacant; Captain Sohme's chair was vacant; and so was the chair of Mr. Dumarque. The ports were open, but a thin drizzle that had started outside completely muffled the already deadened air, and the little dining-saloon was stuffy. Over everything in it hung the faint odor of forgotten food. Lethargy caused by an exhausting and sleepless night gripped everyone, and after perfunctory morning greetings conversation ebbed.

Valcour, in his seat between young Mr. Force and Mr. Wright, waited until Miss Sidderby finished deciding audibly whether she would take some cereal or not, and then said: "I suppose we ought to attend it."

The sentence ripped gently out through the table's dull placidity.

"Attend what?" said Mr. Stickney, looking over the top of a typewritten menu.

"The burial," Lieutenant Valcour said quietly. "The funeral services for Mr. Gans."

The Misses Sidderby looked vaguely startled, and Mrs. Sanford continued staring blankly at an empty plate.

"Absolutely," said Mr. Stickney. "As a mark of respect."

Young Force made the uncomfortable stillness more uncomfortable still by saying: "Respect for what?"

Mrs. Sanford, with all the sugar gone from her eyes, looked at him without any expression at all and said: "A respect for death, young man."

"I see." Young Force laughed shortly, making his singularly beautiful features a little less beautiful. "It's a general principle."

The Misses Sidderby were distinctly shocked and withdrew into mutual whisperings.

"You do not respect death?" Valcour said pleasantly, and turned his head slightly to observe young Force. "Possibly you look upon it as so many young people do—perhaps because they feel themselves so far removed from it, as something that is simply set aside for the future to be dreaded?"

Young Force wasn't smiling any more. "No, Mr. Valcour," he said. "As something to be seized."

"At any time?"

"At any convenient time."

Young Force raised a glass of water to his lips; and Valcour, remembering Mr. Dumarque's injunction, looked at his hands.

"Are you an artist, Mr. Force?" he said.

Young Force flushed faintly and said: "Commercial. Why?"

"You have the hands of one," Valcour explained.

"That's sort of overrated, isn't it? I

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mean about people's physical characteristics being significant of their vocations?"

"Not in its broader classifications, and not if you use the idea negatively."

"Negatively?"

"Yes. You often can tell things that people couldn't possibly be, just by looking at them, even though you can't spot exactly what they could be. It serves to eliminate, narrows the field. —Coffee, please, steward, poached eggs on toast, and nothing else, thank you."

"Yes sir."

"Oh, but my dear Valcour," Mr. Sanford said, "you ought to take a fruit every morning—even the simple juice of an orange. . . . . And have you caught the man yet and put him in irons?"

Valcour smiled faintly and answered: "Not yet."

Mr. Stickney wanted details. "Which department do you think he's in?" he said. "Personally, I'm betting on the deck department. They're in closer contact with the wireless than the engineers are, don't you think?"

"Not necessarily."

"Well, then, which department do you think?"

"All of them, all of them," Mr. Sanford twittered, "—even us."

"Us?" Mr. Stickney pushed his chair somewhat back from the table. His eyes bulged at Valcour. "Do you mean to say that you're including us?"

VALCOUR did not look directly at Mr. Stickney. He looked at no one at all. "Well," he said carefully, "why not?"

The Misses Sidderby were two frightened rabbits huddled in chairs that seemed suddenly overlarge, and Mrs. Sanford receded into pallid vagueness in the manner of a glob of protoplasm at a faked séance. The greasy look of Mr. Wright's pudgy features became more pronounced, and sweat rested on his forehead as a mild dew.

"You're implying that it might be one of us—here—now?" Wright said.

Valcour's voice remained impersonal. "Mr. Dumarque is not as yet with us. Why should we fail to include him?"

Young Force had turned his chair and was almost facing Valcour. "What's the idea, Mr. Valcour?"

"For not considering ourselves immune from suspicion, Mr. Force?"

"Yes." The air was brittle with anger, and young Force's eyes hardened a little. "It's a rotten accusation to make, and you can see the position it puts us in."

The dining-saloon was a well of stillness peopled with a group from Madame Tussaud's.

"You use a pumice-stone, don't you, Mr. Force?" Valcour said.

The hardened look about Force's eyes deepened. "What of it?"

Mrs. Poole was standing just inside the open doorway; and Valcour, when he heard her speak, wondered how long it was she had been standing there.

"Doesn't everybody?" she said. She went to her chair at the table and sat down. "Ted does." She felt Ted's hand reaching for hers beneath the table. Her own lay warmly in it, flaccidly possessive, its palm flat pressed against his palm and circled by his firm young fingers. Happiness rose up about her like a lake, and everything beyond an immediate pleasure of floating in its waters was negligible. "I use a pumice too."

"The weird angles taken by breakfast conversations have always intrigued me." Mr. Dumarque was in the room and going to his seat, and sitting down. He looked precisely as he had looked the day before —neither fresher nor less fresh. One vaguely was conscious of creams and pomades rather than of soap and water—of scentless creams and scentless pomades, most carefully applied and meticulously removed. "Why speak of pumice?" he said.

MRS. POOLE smiled languidly, pressing her hand a little more closely into Ted's. "It has something to do with the murder."

"Ah—that is good."

Miss Sidderby, who felt that she was about to stifle, managed to utter a faint, "Good?"

"Yes, my dear Miss Sidderby. It is good because it is bizarre. I am bored with prints of feet and fingers. I am not bored by pumice."

Mr. Stickney, having finished with a snort, said: "Well, you wont be so blamed bored when you hear we're included in the suspects."

"For the murder?"

"Yes, Mr. Dumarque,"—Valcour was exceedingly matter-of-fact,—"there is no valid reason for excluding anyone on the ship."

"Oh, don't—please don't." Miss Sidderby stood up and moved uncertainly toward the door. "You mustn't, please, say things like that. I found him, you see, and—"

"Come with me to the cabin, darling," Ella said, and drew her toward the doorway. Ella turned when they had reached it and said with a bitterness that was somehow ineffective:

"Do you think that was quite necessary, Mr. Valcour?"

"Sure it was." Mr. Stickney grew heavily sarcastic. "You got to be warned in case one of us might feel like sticking a knife into you in the night. Yes ma'am, every time you take a seat at this table you'll know that maybe you're eating in company with a murderer. Sure, Valcour had to—"

"Gentlemen!" Captain Sohme, red-eyed from sleeplessness, towered in the doorway above the two rabbit-like Misses Sidderby. "The burial of Mr. Gans is about to commence. Those of you who care to, please step outside and line up by the forward railing of the boat-deck. The body of the deceased will be given to the sea from the starboard side. I must ask you to come at once, as I do not care to have the ship hove-to any longer than is necessary."

"That poor—that dear young man done up in canvas—so terribly alone in so much water—"

"Hush, darling—"

"Can any of you ladies sing?" Captain Sohme's red eyes flitted over the heads of the near-by Misses Sidderby, from Mrs. Sanford's large bleakness, to Mrs. Poole. "If so, it would be orderly and proper for one of you to sing a hymn. I do not believe that the owners will consider it an extravagance if we keep the

ship hove-to long enough for that. I am myself no good at hymns."

Miss Sidderby felt a curious revulsion from her weakness.

"I should be very glad, Captain Sohme," she said firmly, "to sing."

Chapter Eight

Lat. 35° 1′ North
Long. 64° 32′ West

"*LEAD, kindly light, amidst encircling gloom—*" Gray sky and wet gray sea, thin drifts of drizzle drifting out of bleakness endlessly, damping the ship and all its white, strained faces, then drifting apathetically off again along their endless journey. *"Lead thou me on—"*

It was a clear voice that Miss Sidderby had, and it cut like a slender blade through the gray and miserable day. She stood quite near to the ungainly canvas bundle that was resting on a plank; and Captain Sohme, a steady solid mass of bone and flesh and salt and wind and sea, stood beside her.

"The night is dark—"

How silly and how interesting that sailors should cry—a messboy, wasn't it? Surely he'd assisted in serving at one of their meals—nothing but a tall and gawky Scandinavian child who, when he smiled, showed the lack of at least seven important teeth. But he wasn't smiling now; he was crying, because his cheeks were wet where fat and unhappy tears ran dripping out of his eyes . . . . How tight the canvas must be pressing on that thin young face—

"—and I am far from home. Lead thou me on—"

It wasn't even as if Mr. Gans had been a genuine sailor. Wireless-men weren't, she knew, genuine sailors—the sea wasn't bred into their flesh and blood the way it was with sailors, who were born of it and who, when they died, could more fittingly go back to it again, as men of the earth went back to earth again. . . . . Captain Sohme was signaling something quietly with his hand; and Mr. Swithers, with his face in a knot, had stepped forward close to the bundle—

"I shall not want or strive for loss or bitter gain—"

They were lifting the inboard end of the plank. "Must you, *must* you—" she heard herself saying, and Captain Sohme's great hand pressed steadily about her arm and his, "Please continue singing, ma'am," whispered harshly in her ear.

"Lead thou me on—" That dreadful sound, the splash—

"Forevermore to"—young Mr. Swithers was crying out a, "So long, kid!"—*"remain."*

VALCOUR joined Captain Sohme immediately after the services for Mr. Gans had been concluded, and the *Eastern Bay* was again proceeding along her course. His face was grave and a little drawn-looking.

"An impressive and pitiful business, Captain," he said.

"It is a pity that for an instant Miss Sidderby forgot to sing. I was afraid we were to have a hitch, but she recovered herself in very orderly fashion. I have changed my opinion of her, Valcour. She

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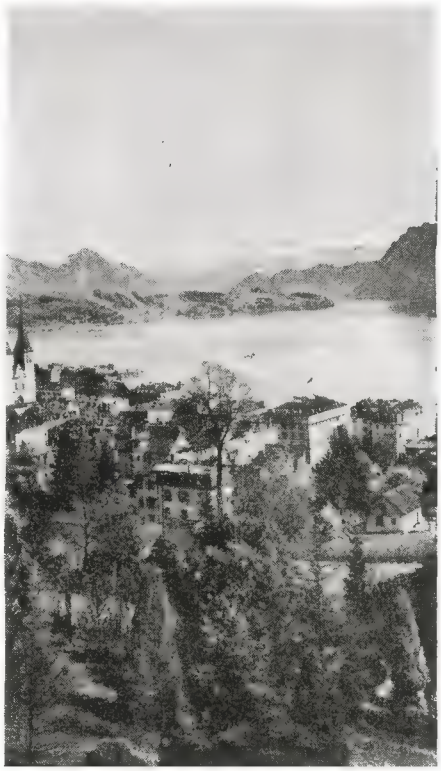

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is a very nice little woman, and I am beginning to like her."

"She has some curiously fine and uncommon qualities."

They had reached the entrance to Captain Sohme's quarters. They went inside, and Captain Sohme closed the door. He went at once to a locker and got out a bottle of brandy and two glasses. He filled them and offered one to Valcour. They drank.

"And now," Captain Sohme said, "what was it you learned from the expressions during the services? You have decided which man is the guilty party, and we will immediately be able to clap him in irons?"

Valcour stared gravely at Captain Sohme, and his voice, when he spoke, was exactly audible in the quiet closed room.

"The man we want," he said, "is not quite normal."

Captain Sohme's strained and weary features sagged further. "Surely we have enough to put up with on this wretched passage without that."

He sat very still, very upright on the edge of his bunk, massively planed against the room's dark wood, his face picked out in ochres and siennas above blue shadowed drill.

"I have before met madness on a ship," he went on. "The *Belle*—a packet operating out of Bombay. He cut three throats, this madman, with a slicing knife stolen from the galley, and which he had kept concealed stuck in his shoe beneath his dungarees. He broke from us and jumped over the side. Mr. Hendrickson, who was then our chief engineer (I was myself the third mate), beat this man over the head with an iron belaying-pin when he tried to climb back on board by way of the anchor-chain. Did I tell you that we were in harbor? The water for several minutes was noticeably stained. If I thought we were to look forward to such a shambles I would put every man passenger on board in irons and keep them there, even if the owners were to discharge me for it."

CAPTAIN SOHME'S large body sagged a little, and the strength in his voice was lessened by helplessness. "They would, you see," he went on, "discharge me for it. I could not go to them and say: 'Look here, now, let me tell you that because our wireless-man died, I at once clapped all our men passengers in irons.' 'It is you,' they would tell me, 'who have gone mad. You have been a very good captain up to date, but you have suddenly gone crazy. Here we spend,' they would say to me, 'heavens knows how much money in advertising and building up a passenger trade, and when a death occurs which you think is murder' (because of some obscure marks about a neck and a little piece of blank paper—for that is the way they would look at it, Valcour), 'you at once fly off the handle and subject these expensively advertised-for passengers to indignities and clap them in irons. Why not,' they would say, 'suspect the crew, if you had to go and suspect anybody. You can put as many of the crew into irons as you like.' No, no, Valcour, they would fire me as quickly as that! I should have nothing left to face. For all the rest of my life, if deprived of my command, I should have nothing left to face. I have seen them, these old men who have suffered, however unjustly, that disgrace. They are like old and unwanted ships, working what is left of their souls and hearts out for lesser and lesser cargoes, shoved off some place into the obscurer corners of the seas, only to sink in uncared-about disreputableness upon a lonesome and forgotten reef."

IT was about him again. Valcour could feel it drifting grayly through the drizzled ports, chaining him with impalpable links, this fog that had muffled his movements slowly, since the beginning of this strange, strange case. "I do not mean that sort of madness, Captain—the violent sort of which you have just told me. I am speaking of the abnormality which lies in all of us, only in this man I believe it to be more pronounced."

Captain Sohme's voice exploded into irrepressible irritation. "'This man'—'this man!' *Which* man?"

Valcour shrugged. "I still don't know, and that is why I say he is especially abnormal—which is, of course, a euphemism for madness."

"I do not know what you mean by a euphemism, and I am bitterly disappointed at this continued uncertainty, Valcour."

"I will try to be plain: no rational and completely normal person commits murder. This man has, I believe, already committed two—the one in New York, and that of Mr. Gans. I say that he is exceptionally abnormal, because I firmly believe him to be one of our men passengers. If that is so, we have been in constant contact with him since the ship sailed, and yet by no shade or decisive expression has he betrayed himself. That is cunning, and it is a type of cunning that is only possessed by the very abnormal when it is exhibited in such an unusual degree. For those reasons I say that he is mad."

"But you do not think that he will steal a slicing-knife and cut throats promiscuously?"

"No, Captain; nothing like that. His objective centers in or closely about Mrs. Poole."

Captain Sohme gestured helplessly. "I have nothing but your opinion for all of this. Do not think that I undervalue it, Valcour; I am simply a very confused man. I frankly do not know what to do, and I shall give grateful thanks to God when we reach our port and can clear the ship of this confusion. I have already received a strong kick from one of the passengers—that Mr. Stickney. He tells me you announced at breakfast that you included the passengers among the suspects for the killing of Gans. He says that unless you prove your statement before the voyage is over, he will sue the owners for defamation of his character."

"And what did you say, Captain?"

Captain Sohme's eyes were suddenly cleared of confusions. "I told him, Valcour, that I and I alone was responsible for the conduct of the persons on board this ship, and that whatever you did and whatever you said had my unqualified approval. I do not like that man one little bit."

"Thank you, Captain."

"I may be easily upset and confused, but I am not a fool, Valcour. If you made such a statement at breakfast, I be-

lieve that you had a good and sufficient reason."

"I had. Establishing Gans' death as a murder and including everyone on the ship among the suspects, makes it possible to question the passengers on some sort of an official standing. I intend doing so after lunch. Then we may get some place."

"And I thank the dear God for that."

THERE was a knock on the door. Captain Sohme looked inquiringly toward Valcour, who nodded, and he then said: "Come in!"

Mr. Dumarque opened the door and held it open until Mrs. Poole had stepped inside. She went directly up to Valcour.

"You have that will?" she said.

"Yes, Mrs. Poole." He took the paper from his pocket and gave it to her.

She turned to Captain Sohme and said: "I knew that you were in here, Captain, with Mr. Valcour, and it seemed a good opportunity to ask both of you to witness this. I persuaded Mr. Dumarque to come along and make a third. It's my will."

The world, for Captain Sohme, had become a kaleidoscope. "Your what, Mrs. Poole?"

"It's my will—my last will and testament, to give it its full title. Mr. Valcour typed it out for me last night, and now I want to sign it. You have a safe, haven't you?"

"Yes, Mrs. Poole."

"Then perhaps you'll be good enough to lock the will up in it for me until we get to port." She added, almost defiantly: "I'm leaving everything to Ted. Shall we use your desk? I see there is a fountain pen there. I'll sign first, as I understand that the witnesses have to affirm that the signature was affixed in their presence."

Valcour watched her moving whitely in the gray dim cabin over to the desk and flattening the document out on it. She picked up a fountain pen, unscrewed its cap, and signed in the blank space left for her name. It was, he felt, the end of the reprieve.

"I believe," she said, in her efficient, not unpleasant voice, "that this attestation clause should be read aloud in the presence of all the witnesses before they sign. If you'll listen, please, I'll read it." She did so. "Now if you'll sign, Captain Sohme—"

Captain Sohme moved heavily to the desk and automatically wrote his name on the line she indicated. "And you, Mr. Valcour?" Mrs. Poole gently loosened the pen from Captain Sohme's fingers and offered it to Valcour.

"You're still positive that you want to do this, Mrs. Poole, even after sleeping on it overnight?" Valcour said.

"Quite." She smiled absently and said: "And I shouldn't have called it a sleepful night."

Valcour signed his name, his address, and gave the pen to Mr. Dumarque. There was a singular smile on Mr. Dumarque's characterless lips as he took it. "My cup," he said, "is almost overfilled."

VALCOUR stood staring at Mrs. Poole. She was the solvent for these obscurities, if he could only read her—or could determine whether it was willfulness or genuine ignorance which prevented her from reading herself. Mr. Dumarque had finished with witnessing the will, and Mrs. Poole was handing it to Captain Sohme. If he could unlock those obstinate doors of her memory before the fog thinned out to show its dangers!

Captain Sohme had opened the safe and had put the will inside of it. He was closing the safe and asking Mrs. Poole whether or not she wanted a written receipt for the will, explaining that such was customary when passengers left valuables in his charge. Now the reprieve was ended, and the will, because of black lines written on its white blank surface, had become again, in Valcour's eyes, an instrument of death. . . . . Somewhere, surely, was the key that could unlock that stubborn vault. . . . . The husband—the three-days-husband? Scarcely. ("But of course not, Captain," Mrs. Poole was saying. "The paper is of no conceivable value in itself, and if some one were to steal it, I should simply draw up another one. I dare say you would be aware at once if the safe were tampered with.") Light suddenly crashed swiftly at Valcour through the murk: what about the maid?

Chapter Nine

Lat. 35° 3′ North
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(Cable from Port Authorities at Bermuda to Commissioner of the New York Police Department:

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"WHAT is your name, please?"

"Anna Wickstod, sir."

They were alone in the cabin of the *Eastern Bay's* sole stewardess. Mrs. Poole's maid occupied its only chair, and Valcour sat upon its hard thin-cushioned settee.

"I am, as you perhaps know, Lieutenant Valcour of the New York police force."

"Yes sir."

Her middle-aged face was bony beneath a vanishing softness which had rounded it so pleasingly in youth. Her eyes were steady and very calm, and fringed with short thin lashes. Her whole body showed a placidity that was fundamentally one of temperament, and her features were receptively expressionless.

"Have you been a long time in Mrs. Poole's service, Miss Wickstod?"

Anna Wickstod's mental processes were as placid and as fundamental as her physical traits: when the law questioned, one answered as truthfully and as correctly as possible; otherwise one went to jail, and suffered numerous disagreeable excitements. This man was the law.

"For twenty years, sir."

Valcour stared at her speculatively, seeing her down through those two decades: a secure and landlocked harborage of placidity into which Mrs. Poole must so successively have sailed from marital and worldly storms.

"Mrs. Poole was very young when you entered her service?"

"I do not know. She was then a grown woman and looked older than she does

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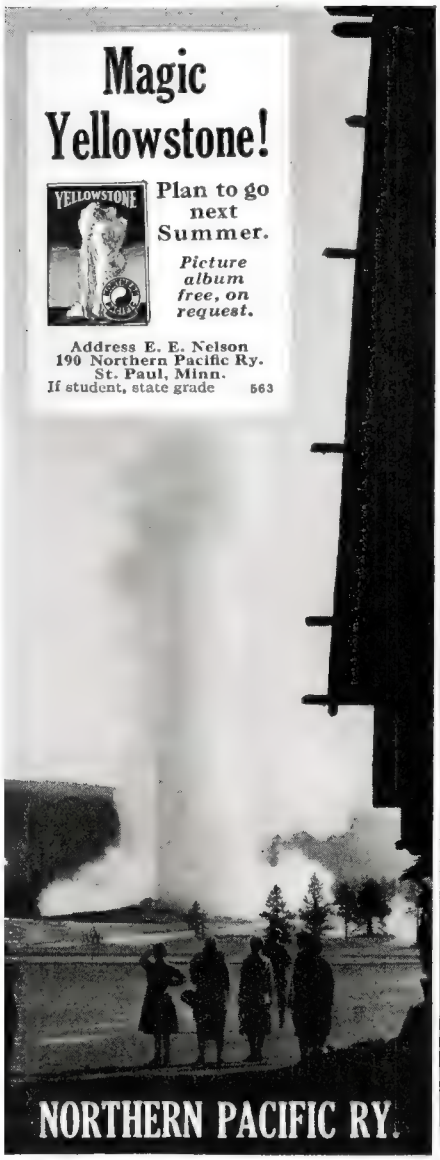

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now, because she had a pompadour and long dresses. I did not know her age. I do not know it now. I would be pleased if you would ask me these questions before her. I do not like to talk behind her back."

"I am questioning you entirely for Mrs. Poole's own good, Miss Wickstod. I wonder whether I can convince you of that?"

"She is in trouble?" Anna Wickstod was getting the necessary bodily machinery under way in order to rise.

"At the present moment, no." Valcour injected a persuasive earnestness and an impressive note of authority into his manner. "But unless you assist me, Miss Wickstod, Mrs. Poole will find herself in serious danger. I am referring to her safety—to, bluntly, her life."

ANNA WICKSTOD receded again into her chair. Her eyes looked frightened. She was frightened, and her mastery over her adopted tongue grew incomplete. "Kill—killing? It is to be more kills, with maybe one of her?"

"There is certainly a danger, which I believe we can avert. Mrs. Poole was married, wasn't she, when you entered her service?"

Anna Wickstod's fright was as leisurely in its exit as it had been in its entrance. "Yes sir. Her name should then be Lane. He was a good big man, very handsome, and the best of all her husbands. I am told in my country that the first one is always the best of all the husbands. Well, it was so with her."

Valcour thought briefly of the last time he had seen Lane, only shortly over a week ago, flattened on the tiles of the "Lorelei's" wash-room, his drunken, pink-shot eyes staring in astonishment at the ceiling.

"What position did you hold at that time, Miss Wickstod? Were you Mrs. Poole's maid then, too?"

"Yes sir, but not all of the time."

"What do you mean by that?"

"She had other maids, and one who traveled with her. There were then three houses: one down in Virginia, one in New York, and one at Southampton. There was a staff of servants kept in each house, and the houses were kept open all through the year. She did not like hotels, and she did not like to open up and shut up houses."

"Which house were you in, Miss Wickstod?"

"The house in Virginia, sir. It was the house which Mr. Lane liked best, and which they stayed in least."

"The marriage lasted for about four years, if I remember correctly?"

"Yes sir. He was very good to her, and she could have everything she liked. It was a house of goodness."

"I understand that there were no children, that Mrs. Poole has never had a child."

"Oh, yes, there was a child. She wanted one; and so Mr. Lane, he gave her a child."

Valcour felt a curious tensing of his nerves. "Excuse me if I speak bluntly, but did Mrs. Poole give birth to this child, or was it adopted?"

"She did not give any birth to it. That is a thing she has never done, which in my country is considered a pity and something of a shame, but the customs of different countries are different. I do not think the child was even adopted, but when her second husband disapproved, she made provision for it."

"Disapproved?"

"Yes. Mr. Jones, he did not like children, and so she fixed it that the child should be paid a certain sum by her lawyers every year. That was her goodness."

VALCOUR stepped softly on this precious ice that was mirroring so valuably the past. "How old was the child when she sent it away and made provision for it?"

"I do not know exactly. I think it had about nine years. She does not speak of ages, and I was not then familiar with the ages of children."

The light was growing astoundingly clear—too clear. Valcour could vision it so easily: this child, acquired from heavens-knows-where, as a caprice to please a rich and willful woman; a pampered, petted, played-with child, swamped in undulgences up to the problematic age of nine, and then, with "goodness," discarded into some dreary-ill-favored realm provided for it by lawyer-paid checks, for impressionable years of bitter brooding. ("My dear good man, he warned himself, you are plunging into melodrama, and this solution is much too good to be true.")

"Where is this child now?" he said.

"The lawyers do not know," she replied. "For the last few years the checks have been returned undelivered."

"But surely Mrs. Poole knows?"

"She does not speak about the child. She tells me it is bad to talk about the past. She says that talking about a thing makes it live all over again, and if we do not talk about the past, there is no past, and if there is no past, no one can get old." It was a lesson learned by rote.

"What was his given name—the color of his hair and of his eyes? Were there any identifying marks—birthmarks, scars, or anything? Any deformities?" Valcour was blindly eager.

"'His,' sir?"

"Yes, Miss Wickstod, the child's."

"Oh, the child was a girl, sir. She had brown eyes and yellow curls and her name was Toody. I do not know about any scars, as I only saw little Toody in her dresses."

Valcour still clung on. "There were, in later years, no other children?"

"No sir. After Toody, she got tired of children. When she was finished with Toody, she was finished with children."

Valcour stood up. He went to the cabin door. "Thank you, Miss Wickstod," he said.

"Yes sir."

She remained seated in her unshakable placidity, and he tried to grasp what was going on behind her calm blank eyes, if there were any deeps behind them for things to go on in. He went outside and closed the cabin door, and he wondered, as he walked along the dim and deserted passage, which man among the men passengers was a woman.

A dramatic crisis in this strangest of all Lieutenant Valcour's cases occurs in the ensuing chapters—in the next, the April—issue of Redbook.

HIS SIDE OF IT

(Continued from page 54)

turned his heart over. "Did you have a good time?" she asked.

"Yes. Nothing much happened. The men I wanted to see weren't ready to do business. It was a good contact to make, though."

"I suppose."

"Yes. They're nice fellows. They gave me a good time. That Racquet Club is quite a place."

"So I've heard. Did you lose a lot of money?"

"I won some on the train tonight." He pulled the bills out of his pocket and put them on her dressing-table. "There's yours."

"Thanks."

He drew her to her feet and to his arms.

"Buy yourself something nice."

He loved that feeling of having given her something. But she was a little too relaxed under his caresses. She did not seem to have her mind on them.

"I think I'll apply this on the grocery bill," she said, going over to count the money. "How much is there?"

"Are you broke again, Fanny?" he asked very indulgently and without criticism. "What do you do with the money I give you, anyway?"

"You don't really give it to me, do you? In a way, I suppose I earn it."

"Everything I have belongs to you, darling. You don't have to say that. I only want to earn money to give it to you."

"But I mean," she said, "that after all, you'd have to pay any housekeeper—or any mistress."

"That's a poor way to talk, Fanny."

"I don't see why. The best thing about that arrangement seems to me to be that there's a clear financial understanding all around. It's one way in which the illegal household does beat the legal one."

"I don't know what you're driving at, Fanny."

"Nothing new. Except that you never seem to understand what I've said before—that wives really have some money coming to them—not tips, or bribes—but earnings."

He was stiff now.

"I'm not conscious of having refused you anything," he answered.

She laughed.

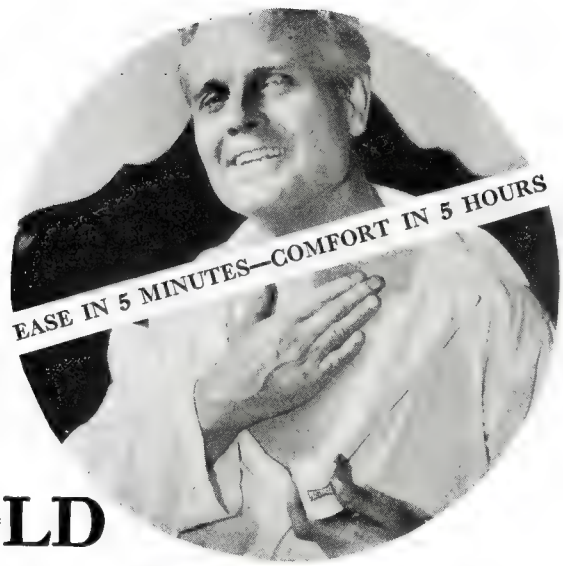
"You simply don't get what I'm talking about. But don't bother. Of course you're generous! But women ought not to have to live on a theory or chance of generosity. Suppose you changed your mind and got miserly. Then your wife would be stuck. There ought to be a kind of minimum wage for wives. Don't you see?"

"I'm afraid not. You have an allowance, as you wanted. You get a definite part of my income every month. If it isn't enough I must try to make it more. Unfortunately I can't do it at the moment."

"Don't be silly," said Fanny. "I'm not trying to make a touch!"

She laid the money down in a careless, crumpled heap.

"I suppose, from the graceful way you slid by the question, that you lost a lot at



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(Continued from page 15)

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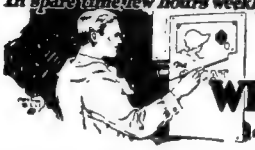

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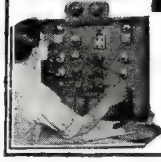

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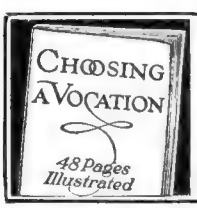

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the Racquet Club. It's none of my business. But, just in passing, Jerry, that's where a lot of money goes. I mean a lot of the money that is yours and mine and theirs and ours, to be fair to all the pronouns."

"Oh," Jerry said, "that's all right. I break about even in the long run."

"Do you really?"

It was an indifferent question, wanting and expecting no answer. She sipped her drink and stared at the fire.

"I like flames. It's nice to have you back, Jerry."

With even that much she could twist his mood, because she could say a simple thing so graciously and with such grave truth.

"Did you miss me, Fanny? Just a little?"

"In attacks. I never knew when one would hit me. I would be eating an oyster or brushing my hair or going into second gear on a hill, and I'd be taken with a fit of missing you."

"I hate being separated from you, dearest. Even for this long."

"Still, you managed to have a good time."

"So did you," he said accusingly.

"Didn't I? I went to the Fosters dinner dance on Wednesday and kicked my heels for hours. Last night at the Munros was a little like the underworld, but we had a good time."

"Who brought you home?"

"Hugh."

She paused on that and Jerry asked nothing more about it. He knew that she felt it was her own business. But over his wave of curiosity broke another one of resentment.

BARTLETT was certainly acting like a fine specimen—hanging around another man's wife. Those birds with money always thought that they could get away with murder. He wondered what Bartlett's line was. Fanny had talked a lot about money lately. And now she was starting on this raw stuff about mistresses. Bartlett had better keep off the grass.

"Speaking of money," said Fanny, rather unfortunately, "I know how I can make some. I was thinking of handling those etchings and aquatones of Fechman's for him. He hasn't a local agent and wrote me, half-suggesting it. His stuff is catching on, and I did something like that once before and made a good rake-off. But Dorothy suggested something else tonight. How does this strike you?"

She went into an explanation of the Sackwell venture.

"You don't want to do a thing like that, do you?" he asked when she had finished.

"Where's the harm?"

"I think it's cheapening."

"It's a fair commercial proposition," she said; "the people who have their pictures used know what they're getting; so do Sackwells, and so would I."

She put down her glass and got into bed. The red satin eiderdown puff was glowing scarlet where the firelight touched it.

"Will you put my windows up?"

He sat down on the edge of her bed and pushed her hair back over her forehead. He liked to see all of her brow. It gave her face peace. She was so familiar and so strange, so within reach and so distant.

"How have you been feeling?" he asked.

"Oh," said Fanny, "I saw the doctor yesterday. I'm elected, all right."

The miracle was before them. Their love had come to life.

"To think that this should happen to us!" he said gently.

"What else did you expect? It would have been an off-chance if it hadn't. We're both healthy."

"You're glad, dearest?"

"Of course. I'm frightfully pleased."

"Dear Fanny—dear little mother," he murmured, with his lips against that fair brow.

But Fanny shook him off and sat up, her hands clasped around a small mound of knees and eiderdown.

"Don't try to make a chromo picture of it, Jerry. I'm not the dear little mother type. I'm a tall girl and I haven't shrunk. I'm glad about the baby, but I simply can't take up knitting soft things and hiding them away."

"You don't have to," he laughed.

"I want to go about normally and have a good time. Don't go bringing me cushions and footstools all the time the way Henry did to Lois before the twins were born. If you do, I'll throw them at you."

"All right—I'll ignore you."

"Having a baby is a perfectly natural thing. They've deliberately made it into a frightening old wives' tale."

HE stood up and searched his pockets for a missing packet of cigarettes.

"There's a lot in what you say," he agreed; "it's a normal experience."

"Of course," said Fanny, "it's no summer picnic, I suppose. But with a good doctor nearly everybody seems to come through it all right."

"Sure they do."

But that wasn't what she wanted him to say either, apparently.

"Men certainly are the innocent bystanders," she remarked, "when it comes to this little affair."

"That's what makes it hard for them," said Jerome.

"Hard?"

"Do you think it's easy to stand by and see you go through this for me? To watch you suffer to give me a child?"

"But, darling, I'm not going through it for you. I'm not going to force any gratitude on that theory. I hate the way women put that over. I'm going through it because it's my business to have children. Because I chose to get married. I'm not giving you a child. Nor even giving one to myself. It's to the world, to life. Strange, isn't it?"

Her voice had been meditative, her face half turned away. But now she looked at him and he saw with a great twinge of pity that her eyes were shining through unshed tears.

"Oh, Fanny—you mustn't shut me out!"

"I don't want to. But what can I do about it? This being a person is a lonely business, Jerry."

"Lonely? When we're together?"

"Sometimes that almost seems to make it worse."

He felt himself blocked and humiliated.

"Well, if you feel that way, I can at least take myself off," he said curtly.

He hoped she would stop him, or give him an excuse for turning. But she did not. He closed his door without slamming it, for he remembered her condition in time. A sense of wastefulness and unnecessary destruction pursued him. Things would be all right in the morning, of course, after they'd both had a sleep. But something delicate was crumpled and torn irreparably. Perhaps it had no great value, but Jerome had thought it pretty. It was like the lace edge of a valentine.

Chapter Six

E. G. RANSOM saw his daughter Fanny quite by accident one February afternoon. He was standing in the entrance to an office building where he was sheltered from the wind, while he tossed up a plan or two to see what he would do next. He had just come from an interview which had netted him absolutely nothing. That was apt to happen to his interviews these days, and he knew very well why. They all thought him a dead duck. No one believed that he would or could make a political comeback.

Since he no longer had either office or job he was rather often on the streets these days. It was not exactly loafing, for he was always just going to see some one or coming from seeing some one else. He had a very large group of acquaintances to draw on. But most of them were too preoccupied with their own affairs to consider his. Those who were glad to gossip with him were not usually the sort of people with whom gossip was valuable. Mr. Ransom had not been a politician for twenty-five years without knowing all the signs of waning power. He recognized the occasional avoidance, the lack of confidence, the whispers of new alliances which reached him, for exactly what they were. All these same methods he had often used on people himself, whom he felt, at one time and another, were out of the running. Politics was, he knew, a merciless game and an outcry against its rules the sign of an amateur. It was a game, too, in which one could never afford to accept a rebuff. That was what had sent him to this recent interview with a person whom he knew would be almost bound to act in the cold, disinterested way he had encountered. There were plenty of things Ransom knew about that man to his discredit. They couldn't be used, of course. That was altogether too dangerous a business. But it was strange, even to him, that this city about whose failings and misdemeanors and minor corruptions he was so well informed could dare to ignore him. He could find his way blindfolded in the maze of secret and illegitimate relations which lay just below the surface of its business and government.

He looked at Fanny rather impersonally, as if he were figuring her out. She was the one of his daughters for whom he felt most natural admiration and affection. He had never been very intimate with either of them. But then for years he had not been really intimate with anyone. His relation to Cameron had been the closest one he had maintained, and now Cameron had ditched him—to save his own skin.

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS—Continued from page 148

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Fanny was talking to some good-looking girl who was leaning out of a limousine window, and they were both much amused by their conversation, whatever it was. Mr. Ransom was well aware that his daughters, and especially Fanny, had distanced him socially. He himself never went up casually to talk to people who belonged in limousines like that one.

AN elderly man crossed the sidewalk with the portly tread of overweight and shook hands cordially with Fanny before he entered the car which was evidently waiting for him. Mr. Ransom knew him. It was Mark Allen, and that must be his daughter, all wrapped in furs. A memory of Mark Allen which didn't fit in at all with his present appearance, came very clearly to Mr. Ransom. There was the old crook now, with his money all salted away in respectable securities and every right to be arrogant. He was out of the woods. But there had been a time when Allen had been scared. Mr. Ransom was in the legislature then, member for another district than this one. He recalled distinctly that day when Allen had come to his room in the St. Regis Hotel, yellow-white with fear, ready to promise anything if only his tracks could be covered up.

"You've got to fix things up so that I don't appear in this, Ransom," he had said. "I can't afford to have my name mixed up in it. It would ruin me!"

Well, it had been arranged. Ransom had done the work and been paid off. He'd taken a few favors in return for what he had been able to do. Allen had used his influence, which was even then considerable, to make the legislators who were under his thumb back the Turney timber bill, and Ransom was working for Turney on the quiet just then. The whole intricate piece of trading came back to him clearly. He'd done a nice piece of work on it. That was how he'd happened to save the skin of that white-livered Allen, who certainly deserved a visit to the penitentiary in his early days, though he'd taken to committees for civic reform now. But that was the way things went.

The car that he was watching moved on and Fanny turned and came his way. Mr. Ransom stepped out of the doorway and joined her.

"Hello, Fanny."

"Hello, Father. How are you?" she said, stopping short.

That, of course, he couldn't tell her. He couldn't very well say openly that he was just about at the end of his rope, that a man from whom he'd had a right to ask a favor had refused it this afternoon because there was no penalty attached to not granting it; that he was badly crippled by debts and that requests for payment of them were becoming daily more insistent; that the banks wouldn't renew old notes; that he had been left off the executive committee of the state central one of his party, which was as bad a slap in the face as a politician of his standing could get; that the general opinion was that he was through; and that secretly the thing that clawed at him, making his troubles doubly galling, was the fact that Cameron had deliberately made him the scapegoat and nearly everyone else had got off with a whole skin. Even if Ransom had wanted to say all this, he might not have managed it, for the habit of frankness had long since gone from him. He never told the whole truth about anything if he could help it.

"Pretty good," he said; "so—so."

There was sympathy in her eyes and a kind of distress. He knew that it meant that some of his luck must be stamped upon his face. He was beset by two impulses, one which wanted to carry misfortune off with a high hand, pretending that he was all right and the other which suggested that he might turn her concern for him to advantage.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Home after a bit. It gets dark early these afternoons."

"Have you got your car?"

"No. I didn't bring it down today."

There was something wrong with the gear-shift and at the garage an unpaid bill was making it hard to get any kind of service. The thought of that crystallized in his mind and made one impulse outweigh the other.

"Let me run you home," offered Fanny.

"Thanks. It's getting colder again. Can I buy you a hot chocolate or something?"

"I'd love it. Let's go into the Yew Tree."

The Yew Tree confectionery shop was warm and heavy with an over-sweet fragrance. They sat on high stools before a counter which faced a mirrored wall and Fanny's vivid charm repeated itself. Mr. Ransom admired her. He thought irrelevantly that she didn't look like her mother. She was more like his people, like his sister Ruth, who was dead now but in her day had been a beauty. He was vaguely proud to be seen with Fanny and yet a little shy of her, as if she were too fashionable for him.

"How is Jerry?"

"Quite all right. Not busy. He hasn't a lot to do this time of year."

"Well, so long as his salary goes on, that's all right."

"I suppose so. Still, there ought to be enough work to go around. What are you doing these days?"

THAT was his chance and he knew it.

"Not much. I've been making plans—turning things over in my mind."

She sipped her chocolate and let him go on, as he did, uncertainly.

"Politics isn't like any other business, you know. Of course they managed to crowd me out—"

"What was there to that, anyway?" she asked straightforwardly.

He looked about. But they were alone at the counter and even the boy who had served them was now a hundred feet away.

"Oh, in politics they have to nail somebody to the cross every now and then, to save the big fellows."

She frowned.

"You mean there really was a lot of corruption? As they all hinted?"

"It's a long story, my dear. But I can tell you this—that if I told all I knew, some of the people who hold important places would be in pretty deep—the ones in Washington."

"Why do you shield them?"

She couldn't be told the real reason.

"Well," said Mr. Ransom, "of course there's such a thing as loyalty. But it makes me sore to be the goat."

"I'd tell them so. I wouldn't stand it."

"I could—if I were on the ground in Washington. But it's quite a trip—and expensive."

HE did not tell her that he had written Cameron and that Cameron was not answering the letters. But if he got down there on the ground he could make Cameron listen to reason. He could always frighten Cameron if he got close enough to him.

"You can't afford it," said Fanny, but not in a questioning voice.

"I can't, just now. That's what makes it difficult. You see you girls got married, and Lois' was a pretty expensive affair. And if I went to Washington I'd have to stay there for a week or two. You can't always see people on the instant. But if I could once get there I know I could clear this matter up very quickly and something pretty good is apt to open up for me."

She had been brought up on that phrase, heard it too many times around the household to have it surprise her. But sometimes good things really had turned up, come to the surface of some involved political machinations.

"I should think at the bank—" said Fanny doubtfully.

Mr. Ransom was avoiding the bank. What they wanted was over-due interest on what he already owed. They wouldn't carry him any longer at the banks where he had had previous dealings and no other would give him so much as an interview. Nor was there a personal friend he could go to—or hadn't been to. They had come across now and then to be sure. But when a man started to get behind, there was no catching up with fifty dollars here and twenty-five there.

"I don't like to bother you with this, Fanny," he said.

"But I'd like to help. It's really only fair that one of us should. You could turn to sons, if you had them."

He remembered with a slight twinge that he had said something like that to Jerry when Jerry had helped him out right after Christmas.

"I'm making a little money of my own now," she added.

"You haven't gone to work, Fanny?"

"No. It's just an odd job. But rather well paid and there may be four or five hundred dollars in it before I'm through. I don't really need it and I suppose it would help you a little."

"I can't take the money you earn, Fanny. Of course there's no denying that it would straighten out this whole thing. You'd get it back. But I can't do that."

"But of course you could. Money's just money. Why shouldn't I help if I'm able to?"

"Jerry—" he began.

"It's not Jerry's affair at all," she said, with a trace of impatience; "it's entirely my business what I do with money I earn on the side. He wouldn't ask me and I wouldn't tell him. Of course I haven't actually got it yet. But in three weeks I ought to have it in hand."

Mr. Ransom would have liked just

then to tell Fanny the whole story—in all its sordidness and shabbiness and cruelty, to have shared it with some one of his own blood instead of dragging it around with him all the time. But habit was too much for him. "You're a great girl," he said awkwardly, "but you mustn't worry about me."

"I'd like to see you straighten this out," answered Fanny. "Of course there was no definite reason ever given for your resignation but I always felt that it was misinterpreted."

He said: "Well, of course politics is politics."

"I'm sure I can do something," she answered, "do you want to go along?"

BUT after she had left him at the door of her old home, noting the narrow, half-shoveled path through the snow and pleading hurry and engagements as the reasons for not going in to see her mother, Fanny went on to another district, that substantial, well-kept one where Lois lived. There the sidewalks were shoveled clear of snow and smoothly swept, and lights had begun to shine in the pretty drawing-rooms, which so rarely had shades or curtains drawn to hide their charms from the passers-by. Lois' house was as neat as its neighbors and much like them, though she always prided herself on certain distinctions. She had, she said, a very unusual fan-light over her front door. Also her housemaid always wore gray instead of black and had white net frills on her cap instead of the usual lace ones. In such small and safe ways Lois could build up enough distinction to content her.

"You're just in time to see the children," she said to Fanny at once. "They have to be fed in just a few minutes and after that I never like to disturb them. Do you know that they're getting cereal now?"

"I can't envy them that," answered Fanny.

"And scraped beef—just a very little, of course."

"Not an ox roasted whole for your masterly children?"

Lois was entirely serious.

"They don't often give children of five months so varied a diet. But the babies are doing wonderfully well on it. And it is remarkable, because, since they are twins, everyone says that I might have expected at least one of them to be frail. But Dr. Warren says that he's never seen more remarkable specimens. Look at them, Fanny! Aren't they enchanting?"

They were. Plump little babies, whose tiny bones were hidden in soft, pink flesh, they stared at the world with blue eyes undarkened yet by thoughts. When she was with them, Lois was all confidence and assurance. She had a new manner, not quite boastful but one which seemed to reflect a pleasant consciousness of being more capable than the average woman. To bring two babies into the world instead of the one she had expected had left her aghast for a moment and then she had taken the second one to her heart and enjoyed doubling the arrangements and rearranging her budget to fit the situation. It was her hour of drama and the two rubber-wheeled baby beds, touched with pink and blue, gave her a never-failing sense of accomplishment.

"Mike and Ike," said Fanny, looking at them. "How new and clean they seem. And how impersonal. Do you really feel, Lois, as if you had anything to do with them?"

Lois smiled.

"Wait until you have one of your own," she said and her glance threw a question which Fanny ignored.

"That might be one way to find out," she agreed noncommittally. "Is it all right if I pick one of these beautiful atoms up?"

"Of course. Look out for his back." Lois went on with an air of precept. "Until you've had a child, you haven't really lived. I know I hadn't."

"Just what was it you were doing before?" inquired Fanny.

"You know what I mean. When a woman has a child she realizes her full destiny. It's the only way she can."

"You're rough on spinsters," said her sister. "Or ought they to go right ahead and pick up a destiny where they can?"

"Don't be absurd, Fanny."

"I'm not being absurd. I'm just logical."

"I mean that there's something about being a mother—about being a parent," amended Lois generously, "which shows you how wonderful human relationship can be. You sound its depths."

THERE was a slightly worn glibness about that statement. It seemed as if it had been used before, as if she kept it on tap.

"Speaking of parents," said Fanny and put the baby down very gently, "that was what I wanted to talk about. I have an idea that ours are in rather a bad way."

Lois made little proprietary gestures about the cribs.

"Bad way?" she repeated. "Is anyone ill?"

"I don't mean in that way. I mean financially. Or maybe spiritually. I don't like Father's being out of a job. I saw him on the street an hour ago and he looked down at the heel."

"He's never careful about his looks."

"It wasn't that. He wasn't actually shabby. But he had that drifting look you sometimes notice in men who aren't occupied. And since he resigned from the customs office, of course he hasn't had anything to do."

"I don't see why he did resign."

"I think he didn't have any choice."

"That's what Henry seems to think. He says very little about it but he hinted that Father had to. But I can't understand how, if Father knew that it might reflect on his family—on innocent little babies like these—he could allow anything that wasn't strictly honorable to go on."

"Don't be an idiot," said Fanny, "the innocents aren't in politics. You know as well as I do, Lois, that Father's been up against queer situations lots of times. It's not just himself. It's the kind of work he's done, the kind of thing he's been paid for and that supported us. I suppose that this time somebody went too far. Maybe he was responsible and maybe it was somebody else. But anyway the result is frightfully hard on Mother. She doesn't say much, but she's chilled to the bone over the whole thing. And she's doing all the housework herself—"

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"Still, there are just the two of them."

"She's not well," said Fanny, "she's never been really well since that operation. And I know they're exceedingly hard up. I made her take some money six weeks ago, because I happened to be there when a very uncivil bill collector came. I'll never forget her face. She's so deadly quiet when things hurt her. I couldn't bear to go into the house tonight to see her because I didn't want to go again without something cheerful to tell her."

"I try to get her to come to see the children more often," suggested Lois; "that would cheer her up."

"Maybe. But I don't think she wants to play with babies. She's not the doting, knitting grandmother type, Lois. She's a woman terribly puzzled about life. And the situation about Father does prey on her. He is badly stuck unless he gets a job of some kind. He's been a politician for years and he's never saved anything."

"Still, he's always managed," said Lois vaguely, "and now we're off his hands."

"We left a nice little trail of bills behind us. Your wedding isn't paid for yet."

LOIS frowned censuringly.

"Those bills wouldn't be allowed to run this long, Fanny. That's nonsense."

"Maybe the actual accounts are paid. But Father borrowed money to do it and that debt hangs over him, so it amounts to the same thing. But the point is that he's convinced that if he could make a trip to Washington now it would help him out. I suppose he wants to see Cameron. It might be useful. And at least he'd be out of Mother's way for a while and that in itself would give her a chance to get adjusted. They don't seem close together, Lois, but what happens to one of them preys on the other. There's something horrible in the fact of those two aging people in that house with only trouble to share, Lois."

"But what can we do?"

"Can't we scare up enough money to get him to Washington? I think he's borrowed up to the hilt. When I spoke of the bank's lending him money today he turned the question."

"I don't know where I could get much money," said Lois doubtfully.

"It wouldn't take more than five hundred dollars."

"I can run my house for a whole month on that amount, Fanny!"

"Well—what has that to do with it?" she asked.

"I mean I just couldn't afford it. You know I manage everything by a budget. I allow so much for food, so much for service, so much for clothes—"

Fanny's look interrupted before the words did.

"I see," she said, "never mind. I suppose it would give the budget nervous prostration. I don't suppose you could get five hundred out of Henry in your loving way? He's doing well, they say."

Lois became very serious.

"He is doing well, of course. But he works hard, Fanny. Handling Mr. Mackail's business is a tremendous load and of course Henry doesn't get an enormous retainer."

"I should think he could get rich just rubbing up against that many millions—that he couldn't help it."

"You don't know Mr. Mackail. I hardly see, Fanny, how I could ask Henry for that money. He would have to know where it was going. You see we know all about each other's expenses. I wish I could help."

"No matter," said Fanny; "don't get tied up in knots over it. I'll go pluck it off the idle rich. I'll get some more photographs for Sackwell. I get five dollars a whack. And I want that picture of you that looks so angel-face, by the way. For the young mothers' competition."

"I wouldn't dream of it!"

"You're crazy," said Fanny, "you might win it. You look so beautifully ethereal in that photograph. I have one of Cora Miller taken by Stanz in New York that isn't a patch on it."

"Did Cora Miller give you one?" asked Lois in italics of astonishment.

"Did she? She sent the chauffeur down hot-foot with four, and calls me up daily to know if I've heard anything."

"People like that?" marveled Lois.

"All people," said Fanny, "practically everyone I've asked has come across, except the McCurdy girls and one or two like them. But I have swell reproductions of all the dashing crowd. The photographers have never been so busy."

She bent over the cribs once more.

"God bless the porridge," she said. "I must be on my way. I've a home of my own, and a man to bring home to it."

Lois followed her downstairs.

"Of course," she said, "if that picture of mine is of any real use to you, Fanny, I don't mind letting you have it—since it's you."

Fanny laughed.

"That's what they all say," she answered cheerfully. "All right. I'll take it on your terms. Just drop it at my house some day very soon." There was still something on Lois's mind.

"And I'll go to see Mother tomorrow," she promised. "Don't think me selfish, Fanny. It's just that Henry and I have so many responsibilities."

"Of course you have. It's all right."

AS she went out into the darkening twilight, Fanny felt that it was still colder. There was a bitter wind blowing and she wondered if the water in her radiator would freeze, remembering that she had not put any alcohol into it this morning as Jerry had warned her to do. A little steam began to sift out of it after she had driven a mile or two, and she stopped beside an unknown drugstore to get some alcohol, for there was no garage at hand. It occurred to her that she had better telephone Jerry that she wouldn't be able to call for him tonight as she had expected to do. It would be better to get the car into the garage and he could get a ride with some one easily enough or else come home on the street-car.

There were a couple of telephone-booths at the back of the store, half concealed behind a counter piled high with cheap books and stale boxes of candies. Fanny went into the nearest one while the clerk was putting some alcohol into a jug and she was fumbling in her purse for a nickel when she heard a man's voice in the adjoining booth. The wood partition

was a bar only to sight and she could not help hearing it. For just a second she half consciously wondered why it seemed familiar. Then she knew. She had heard those tones before, heard that voice slide just that way, plausibly, pleasantly, amorously. It was Henry Pollard's voice.

At first she thought he was talking to Lois and listened deliberately, intending to break in upon him. But after a few sentences she knew that she should have heard nothing.

"Happy girl? That's right. Thinking just a little of me? . . . . So you got it? Was the color what you wanted? Then remember what you said, Rose. . . . . Yes, I do. . . . . Yes, you did, dear."

Fanny went out of the booth as if she had stolen something and was about to be caught. She told the apathetic clerk that she could not get her number and was in a hurry, paying for the alcohol with fingers that were awkward with haste. But she did not wait to put it into the radiator. She wanted to get away from that place, but she could not get away quickly enough to believe that she had been mistaken. For she saw Henry Pollard's closed car standing across the street. It bore only a tail-light and was in the shadow, but the license number hung under the red glow seemed to leap at her. It was not a number easily forgotten or confused. Henry said it always made it easy to find his car in a crowd. It was N 555.

Fanny drove on, her radiator steaming and the curiously dishonest tones of that voice echoing in her ears. Once she stopped at a crossing and began to turn the car in the direction of Lois' house again. As the incident began to crystallize into fact, the irony of what Lois had said developed with it. Lois had said that she and her husband knew all about each other's expenses, shared all their responsibilities. For a moment Fanny seemed about to go back and tell Lois of what she had heard. Then she changed her mind and went steadily on in the other direction. Perhaps she felt that if there were some way of guarding Lois or protecting her she must find it without going back to that pleasant, bright house, whose very foundations were order and acceptance and which was full of the presence of babies born in pride and trust.

Chapter Seven

JERRY had practically said that he couldn't go in on it. He hated to, because they were all good friends of his and it was a very nice proposition. But he didn't see how he could, even if his little flyer was successful. He hadn't actually turned the boys down when they put it up to him. But he said to Bill Lovett that he didn't see where he'd get the money.

"You?" repeated Bill, "you ought to be going pretty good, Jerry. And anyway a chance like this doesn't come along every day. If Parker weren't going East definitely he'd never sell that lodge of his for anything like this price. Bear Lake is the best location in the whole North Woods for hunting. Rough, of course—you can't give dances or take your lady friends up there. But it's real country. Deer—duck—partridge. And he's letting the whole thing go for a song. He's going down on Long Island to catch mosquitoes or ride ponies and have his picture taken. That's Parker's idea of sport. Anyway, I couldn't let it get by me. I thought if about ten of us went in to the tune of five or six hundred apiece we could form a little club or company and hold it. We don't want a crowd."

"It's a grand idea," Jerry agreed.

"Well, then—"

"It's this way, Bill—I'm just a little short. Being married isn't the cheapest thing in the world."

"I guess not." Bill looked at him keenly and shifted his cigar. "Well, of course, Jerry, there's no one we want in on this as much as you. But you see the way it is. Parker wants cash, and at that price he deserves it. None of the fellows are rich, and so we all said share-and-share alike and cash on the dot. There are a lot of men who'd like to be included. Why don't you go and touch your banker?"

"I'll think it over. I'll let you know," said Jerry.

"The only thing is that Parker wants to close the thing up before he goes away. We ought to get it settled by the end of next week."

"I'll tell you before then. Only don't count on me too strong, Bill."

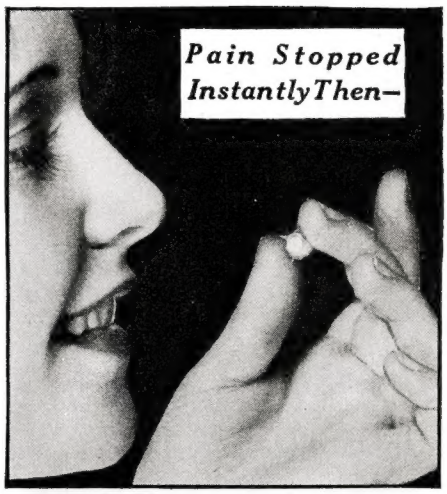
"All right. But you'd better come on in." Bill paused and said hesitantly: "I guess this marriage business can be just about as expensive as you want to make it. Of course, I'm not in society."

Jerry grinned at him affectionately.

"Get out," he said, with no rancor.

The point with Jerry was that he wanted to get his affairs straightened around. He'd been trying to do that. In case any readjustment came along in the business it would be better not to have too many obligations hanging over. He'd gone after his bills in earnest for the last few weeks and cleaned them up pretty well. He might have taken care of all of them if it hadn't been that he'd decided to have a very little flyer in Aluminum Motors. That had been what Beamsley had been talking about as sure to go up, and it certainly was doing it. If a fellow had something to start with, thought Jerry, he certainly could clean up in a crazy market like this. Even with the small sum he'd put up it had come to a nice little profit. He'd clear six hundred on it next week if things held steady. Not much for a rich man like Beamsley, but just about what Bill Lovett had asked for. Still, Bill couldn't have it—because Jerry wanted it for Fanny. He wanted to turn that six hundred dollars into a warm fur coat, a soft one to put on Fanny's shoulders, to wrap about both her and the child, he thought gently.

A memory of Bear Lake came back to him unsummoned. He knew all that district. It was a bargain, all right, and it didn't look like very good ball not to go in with the boys. Still, what could he do? He saw that little shingled lodge, the weed-grown paths leading to the lakes and the woods. He could remember the way dawn came up over the gray bushes and silent old pines, remember the feelings that a man didn't talk about, of shaking



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off a lot of unworthy things, of knowing what it was to be dependent on your own skill and strength and sense.

Well, there was no use wanting everything, and Fanny came first. She must. She did. He thought that she'd carry the heavy end of marriage for a while in having this child, and it made him more eager to do something for her that would balance his own end with sacrifice.

IT was almost time to go home when she telephoned that she wouldn't call for him.

"Feeling all right?"

"Of course. The radiator's frozen. That's all."

"Did you get the alcohol?"

"Yes. But not nearly soon enough."

It seemed to Jerry that she sounded queer.

"Nothing on your mind, old girl?"

"Only the usual light burdens."

"I'll be home soon."

She seemed all right when he got home. But she was distant. Jerry wanted her to be affectionate. He didn't want to tell her about his plans for the coat but he wanted to have her act as if she knew them. And her whole mind was taken up with this Sackwell business. Three times during dinner she left the table to take a telephone-call and the last time was just when he wanted her to ring for some more gravy. He finished his meat without it.

"Why don't you tell Hazel to take the number?" he asked when she came back to take her place again. "What's the use of jumping up for all those calls right during your dinner?"

"It's not for me to be uppish when I'm getting other people's money," said Fanny. "That was a brand new customer for the Sackwell contest."

"You don't need their money."

"Oh, you wrong me," she said. "Did you want some gravy?"

"Once upon a time I did."

"Sorry. You should have rung for yourself." But her mind was not on his dinner. "You know it's come to a point now where we've made it so fashionable that those who haven't been asked by Sackwell are insulted and feel that there's something wrong with their social standing or their complexions. Dorothy says it's amazing the way the sales have looked up. They all pretend that they are just doing it on my account, but really they're consumed with eagerness to win the prize. They don't admit what goes on in their minds even to themselves."

"That's a common enough habit."

"I suppose so." Fanny passed him a demi-tasse and thoughtfully dropped a piece of sugar into her own cup, her voice becoming less satirical, as if the subject of her thoughts had shifted. "I suppose," she went on, "that even when we think we know what goes on in the minds of the people we're closest to, we're all wrong. That we're bound to be."

"Up to a point," qualified Jerry.

"And then beyond."

He wondered what she was driving at. But just then the telephone rang again and when the maid came in to tell Fanny who was asking for her, Fanny gave a half mischievous, half-apologetic smile to Jerome. "Sorry. But you're almost through, anyway. I really have to go to talk to her."

HE found her at her desk in the living-room later, checking over a list of names. Standing beside her, he put one hand under her chin and lifted her face. Waves of delight at sharing a house with her often came over him. He kissed her with a trace of violence and suddenly she was all delicious response, rising to fling an arm about his neck with her familiar, natural gesture of abandonment.

"Oh, dearest, hold me closer," she cried. "Tell me that I'm the most desirable woman you've ever known—that I'm the only woman who means anything to you!"

"Is that all you want?" he teased her adoringly.

"I want just two things. To have you love me. And to be independent."

That spoiled the flavor.

"What's the point of the last?"

"So I could be strong enough to always have the truth," said Fanny.

It seemed obscure to Jerome. But the door-bell rang, this time. The maid brought in a photograph envelope after a minute. "Mrs. Pollard sent this over," she said.

The whole thing was, Jerry felt, a nuisance. Wherever he and Fanny were, the conversation always seemed to work around to Sackwell's contest and Fanny's part in it. Fanny's "price a head" became a standing joke among their friends and the amount of money she was making was exaggerated into rather a good story. The continual talk of it got on Jerome's nerves. He had to take it lightly, or people would think he was sore, and he didn't want anyone to believe that. But one night at the Waynes' it became unendurable.

They had been playing contract for stiff stakes and nearly all the men and some of the women had been drinking for hours in a steady, business way. The talk of money was pretty generally in the air as the party began to break up and people were settling their debts. Fanny had won. Marcia Allen paid her. So did Hugh Bartlett.

"Fanny, you're altogether too rich!"

"And think of all she gets out of the contest."

Fanny tucked away a check for twenty dollars.

"I can use it," she said. "I can use all I can get."

"What're you going to do with all your money? Buy oil stock or a seat on the Stock Exchange?"

"Lend it to her indigent friends," said Owen, "like me."

"Lend me some," said Dorcas. "I want that mink coat in Strauss' window."

"Mink coat!" exclaimed Fanny. "Don't talk coats to me. Haven't I been shivering all winter? I'm the girl who needs a hide."

"Well, you're making enough to buy yourself one," said Hugh; "you're earning a lot, aren't you?"

Jerry could have knocked him down. That was particularly offensive, coming from Hugh. But Fanny didn't seem to mind.

"I need it," she answered carelessly.

Owen Jones frowned over his highball and looked as if he wanted to say something. But he wasn't in time. Jerry was talking. He had changed the subject.

"Did you hear about that place of Parker's up in the North Woods? Yes, that property on Bear Lake. Some of the duck hunters are going to buy it. We're all chipping in. Didn't cost us much. Only five hundred apiece."

He had a feeling that he would show Hugh Bartlett that he had money, if he wanted to spend it, that his wife didn't have to earn money. He'd show Fanny a thing or two too, with all this brag and talk about the amount she could earn. He knew she was looking at him and rubbed it in. Somebody said, "You're making money too, Jerry. It takes the Lucases!"

"Now and then. I took a little flyer last week with a friendly stock."

FANNY did not mention it. Not when they got home, nor the next day was the matter broached. She acted a little disdainful of him and that drove his stubbornness in. The subject hung between them as if it could outstay their silence. But it was three days before Fanny said, very casually:

"Did you really buy a hunting place, as you said at the Waynes' the other night?"

"I only took a share in it with some other fellows."

"How did you get that much free money just now?"

"Why," said Jerry, "I picked up a little in the stock market. Six hundred profit. I paid five hundred for the North Woods property. And I paid the other hundred on that note at the bank."

It was only today that he had done it. It was irrevocable now. But Lovett had to know and Fanny had been high-handed in her silence.

"I don't suppose it even occurred to you to give me any of it," she said now, "or to buy me a coat instead of getting something for yourself."

He felt utterly in the wrong, hating himself for what he had done, for having thrown away the exquisite pleasure of giving her something. He knew that he had hurt her, injured both of them. It made him sullen and brutal, defending himself by striking again.

"You get your allowance," he said, "and you're always going around bragging about what you make. Why don't you get your coat out of all this Sackwell money?"

"Oh, *that* money," said Fanny, as if she'd just heard of it.

"There's no reason why I should give you what I make on the side."

"No reason on earth," she agreed.

"You can get your own coat, can't you?"

She let a moment of silence flow between them, and when she answered, her tone was as hard as his own.

"If I want to. But I think I'll use that money for something else that I want still more."

Mrs. Banning's impressive novel reaches some of its most deeply interesting episodes in the next installment — in our forthcoming April issue.

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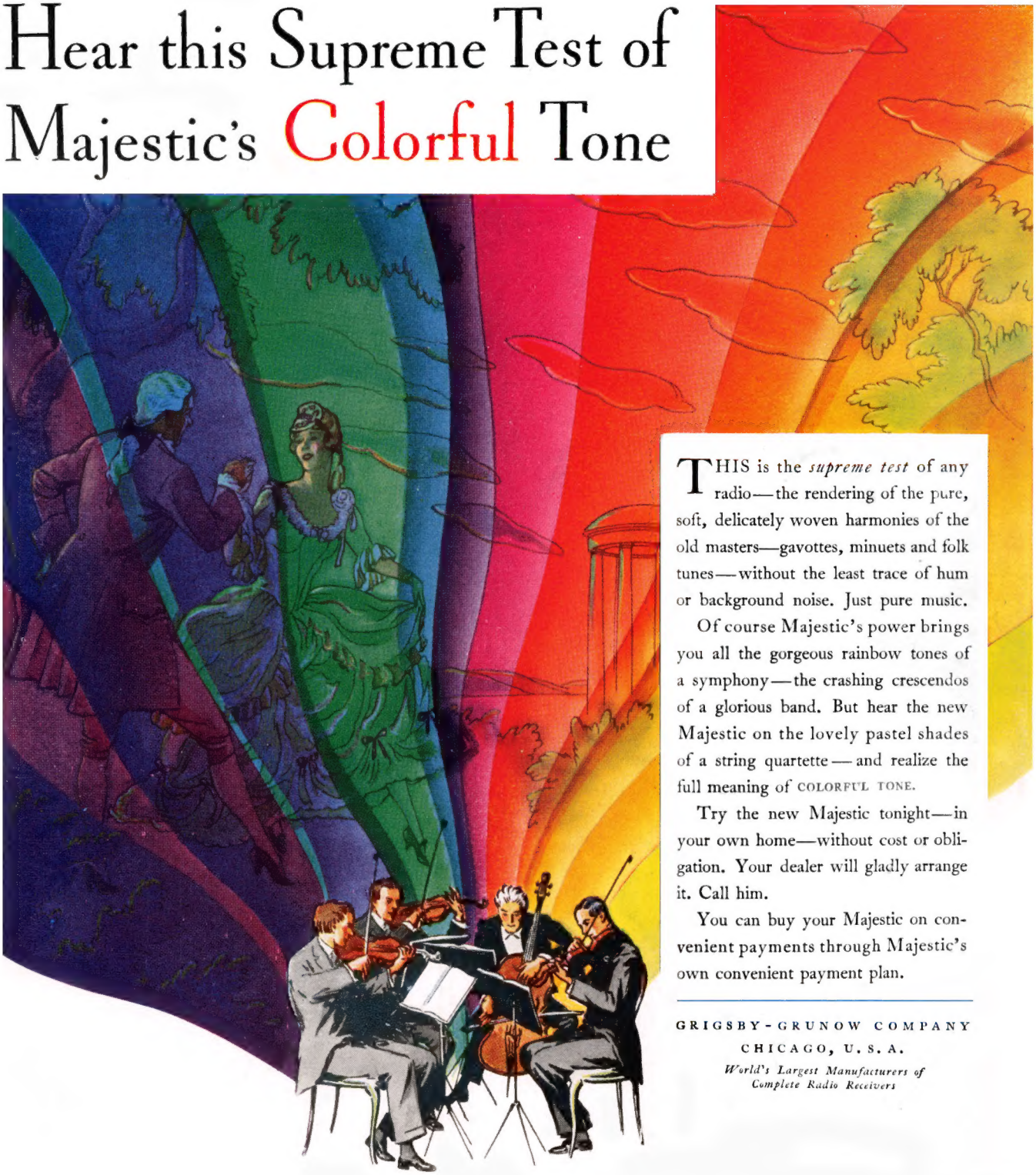

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